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GAYS R US? —p. 54

Clinton and the Military

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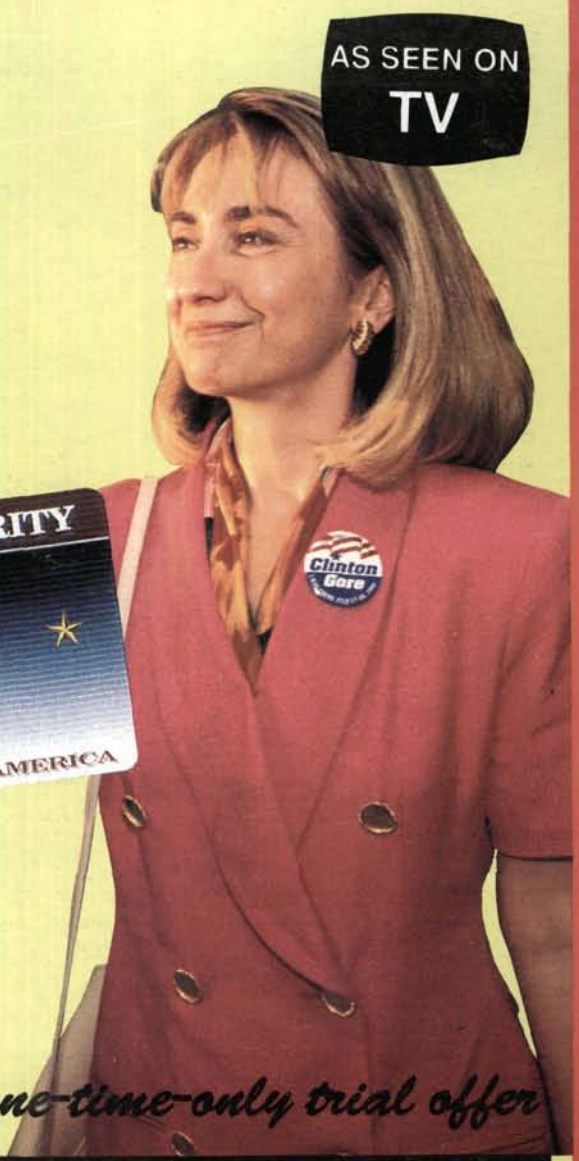

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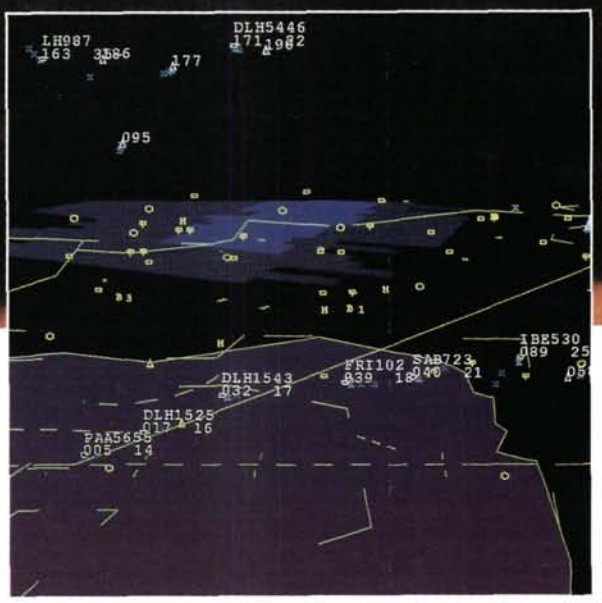

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 13, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 24

Special Supplement

Second Opinions
The Clinton plan looks sure to make bureaucrats feel better, but leave everyone else with limited choice and bigger bills. However, alternative plans abound, the most effective of which would let the market do the reforming. Dissecting the health-care debate are: **Edward R. Annis**, **John C. Goodman**, **Merrill Matthews Jr.**, **Molly Hering**, **Michael Tanner**, **Senator Don Nickles**, **John Hood**, and **David Klinghoffer**.

Articles

21 ***On the Scene***
William McGurn reports from the world's most dangerous fault-line: the Korean DMZ. . . . Nobody loves him but the populists, says **Matthew Scully** at Pat Buchanan's American Cause conference. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** finds Britain in a Major funk.

28 ***The Romanticization of Revolutionary Violence***
Plenty of students, **Jacob Cohen** recalls, mouthed slogans of revolution in the Sixties. But Kathy Power & Co. meant them—and killed a police officer to prove it.

36 ***Clinton's Military Problem—and Ours***
What is now military sniping at the President, warns **A. J. Bacevich**, could become a full-scale assault on civil–military relations.

40 ***Tired, Poor, on Welfare***
Immigration makes no economic sense, **George J. Borjas** argues, when immigrants can get off the boat and onto the dole.

42 ***Exploding Myths***
Michael Fumento's book exposed the myth of heterosexual AIDS; so publishers and booksellers tried to bury the book.

45 ***Black Power, Nineties Style***
Once outside the black mainstream, Louis Farrakhan is now part of it. The trouble is, says **Minoo Southgate**, Farrakhan didn't change, everyone else did.

48 ***Case Reopened***
Was it the CIA or the Left that tried to kill Comandante Cero? **Martha Honey** and **Martin Arostegui** debate.

Books, Arts & Manners

54 Bruce Bawer strives to make a civil argument for the social acceptance of gays in *A Place at the Table*—but refuses, **Richard John Neuhaus** finds, to make room for those with moral objections to homosexuality. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** admires Diana Trilling's graceful account of the private travails behind her public life with Lionel. . . . Timothy Garton Ash, comments **Radek Sikorski**, meshes first-rate political history with justfied misgivings about Germany unbound . . . . **John Simon** eats up *The Remains of the Day*—then gags on *My Life*. . . . **Taki** remembers when a chief rule of New York nightlife was: Keep Errol Flynn away from your date.

72 ***The Misanthrope's Corner***
As America goes soft under the influence of weepy feminists, **Florence King** remembers sterner—and more honorable—times.

Sections

2 ***Letters***
4 ***From the Editor***
6 ***For the Record***
8 ***The Week***
26 ***Random Walk***
34 hel
53 ***Letter from Al***
64 ***Books in Brief***
69 ***Trans-O-Gram***
70 ***On the Right***

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The Audit Bureau

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LETTERS

The Sins of Psychiatry

I appreciate the fact that your journal chose to review my book *Madness, Heresy, and the Rumor of Angels* ["Books in Brief," Sept. 20].

There are a few points I feel impelled to make. First, the reviewer neglected to mention that I am a psychologist. Thus, your readers may have thought that my argument is that of an uninformed outsider, rather than of a knowledgeable critic of my own profession.

In response to the reviewer's criticism that as "a revolutionary" I went "too far" in defending individual liberty, I will respond by citing a staunch conservative: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" (Barry Goldwater).

In his paraphrase of a statement made by Thomas Szasz in the foreword to my book, your reviewer omits a critical word ("claim") in order to lend credibility to his implication that Szasz, unlike myself, acknowledges psychiatry's ostensibly genuine accomplishments. In fact, Szasz is as uncompromising a critic of psychiatry as I am. As he states in the foreword, he and I agree that the "most distinguishing feature of the psychiatric profession [is] the deliberate, dehumanization of man, in the name of mental health."

Seth Farber
New York, N.Y.

To Cut, or Not to Cut?

My position on Christine Todd Whitman's proposed tax cut was misrepresented in your "Political Notebook" ["The Week," Nov. 1]. It stated that I was "among the large band of state Republicans who urged Mrs. Whitman to abandon her tax-cut plans."

That is simply not so. As co-chair of Mrs. Whitman's campaign, I persistently urged her to propose major tax cuts and vigorously supported her program when it was finally unveiled. I did privately advise her that her proposal would not appear to be credible unless it included major specific spending cuts as well.

New Jerseyans are very skeptical about politicians' promises on taxes after seeing tax pledges broken by Jim Florio, George Bush, Bill Clinton, and some Republican state legislators. It is because of these unkept promises that I advised Mrs. Whitman that she would have trouble selling New Jersey voters on her tax cuts without offering specific corresponding spending cuts.

Dick Zimmer
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

The source for the original story, a top-level member of the Whitman campaign, stands by his statement. The Whitman campaign would never officially state whether Mr. Zimmer did or did not support her plan specifically, only that as co-chairman he supported her candidacy. It was subsequent to publication of the article, and subsequent to Mrs. Whitman's releasing her plan, that Mr. Zimmer announced his support; not before. —GM

Botching 'Helena'?

So, according to John Simon [Oct. 4], "Helena" is not pronounced with the accent "on the penult." This will surprise every American-born He-LAY-na (or He-LEE-na), and I've known a surprising lot of them. If he wants to banish me to St. Helena, that would be fine. My parents live there. St. He-LEE-na, California, that is.

Mr. Simon apparently shares the attitude of my student from Argentina who was mystified that Americans "misspelled" our (one hopes) imminent free-trade partner with an *x* instead of a *j*. Even stranger to him was that the Mexicans misspelled it the same way.

Kenneth A. Killiany
Washington, D.C.

The Polemics of Phonemics

I generally agree with the reports on American schooling in your September 20 issue, but I do take exception to the reference to "Writing to Read" ["High-Tech Hustle," by Edward L. Lederman]. I know of no evaluations that contradict the Educational Testing Service report on its positive effects on students. I am currently administering the program and am excited about the results. Is it perfect? Absolutely *not*. I have yet to talk to a teacher who hasn't modified the program to increase its efficacy. But it is not an experiment. It is a proven program that has been used and evaluated since 1984.

"Writing to Read" is *not* a computer program. The computer is used only as a tool to enable students to begin to write the way they speak. They begin to write with phonemically spelled words, but *they begin to write.* In later grades, i.e., 2 to 5, we emphasize standard spelling. One of the biggest problems employers face is illiteracy. I believe that this program will prove itself in the years to come. It begins to develop a love for reading and writing and the ability to compose at an early age.

Patrick Hlavaty
Marietta, Ga.

Mr. Hlavaty's vague allusion to the "positive effects on students" of the Writing to Read program confirms my point. The issue is not whether a given activity positively affects students—it is whether that activity, given the same resources as traditional approaches, gets better results. Certainly IBM is to be commended for the time and energy it has put into public schools. But we should not allow our instinct to praise good works cloud our vision as to what hardware is "necessary" in our classrooms. —ELL

Garbage In, Garbage Out

I continue to be amused by articles like the recent one by Amitai Etzioni ["Lock Up Your TV Set," Oct. 18]. My wife and I have found a better solution. Five years ago, after yet another evening of shared disgust at the moronic offerings of television in the U.S., we agreed to eliminate TV from our lives. The next morning being "garbage day," I took the receiver to the end of the driveway and left it for the trash truck.

Since then our family plays together more, communicates more, and has learned to make its own entertainment—music, art, etc. Since we now read more than ever before, we are probably much better informed than 99 per cent of those who rely on TV for information. Our children are learning about the difference between facts and opinions. We do not, however, know anything about popular sit-coms, news-readers, or talk-show hosts. Dear me! None of us regret our choice.

Many of today's problems can be traced to TV, including our decline in educational standards and the rise of illiteracy. What this country needs is a roar of protest from intelligent citizens aimed at eliminating TV from our lives, not a weak article about V-ratings.

Louis M. Galie
Newtown, Conn.

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FROM THE EDITOR

New Democrats, Old Republicans

■ I watched the pundits congratulating President Clinton on his NAFTA victory. He was the first Democrat to "grow" in office. He had shown leadership, forged a new governing coalition, broken with the labor Neanderthals.

But I kept remembering the 1990 budget deal and the Establishment's compliments on Mr. Bush's leadership.

Mr. Bush's supporters, however, regarded this as betrayal and punished him in 1992. That was not supposed to happen—just as the labor unions were not supposed to continue objecting once NAFTA had been passed.

Still, there it is: you sometimes have to make sacrifices for "growth."

■ Some Republicans hope that this was just the first of many Republican–New Democrat coalitions. In the *Wall Street Journal* Vin Weber of Empower America (and a Contributing Editor of *NR*) tells us that, if the agenda is to their taste, Republicans "will jump at the chance to be part of a governing majority." (I never doubted it.)

By a strange coincidence—or am I becoming a conspiracy theorist?—an admiring letter in the same paper describes Newt Gingrich as a "revolutionary centrist" rather than "a traditional conservative of the 'ultra' or 'arch' or 'right-wing' varieties." (Ugh!)

It would be nice to interpret these straws as a Machiavellian plot to persuade Mr. Clinton to embrace policies that would divide his own party. But the plot seems more dangerous to the GOP than to Democrats. For what would happen to the conservative agenda of limited government in a coalition of government buffs?

Admittedly, Mr. Weber wants the President to swallow a capital-gains tax cut as part of the deal. Good luck. Still, suppose Mr. Clinton agrees. What would Mr. Weber swallow in return? The striker-replacement bill? After all, for nothing you get nothing.

Sometimes, indeed, for something you get nothing—especially if you are a Republican. When the deficit doubled and recession took hold after the bipartisan budget deal, the Democrats managed to blame everything on Mr. Bush and Ronald Reagan.

This time, the Democrats control the White House and both Houses of Congress. So they are in no position to shift the blame—or weren't until Republicans limped up to share it.

It's not as if the American people look up to Washington. Just now they see the two parties as a single monster out to cheat them. Confirming that fear by forming a series of ad-hoc coalitions would merely strengthen the appeal of anti-Establishment mavericks such as Ross Perot.

Not what Mr. Weber wants, surely.

■ Connoisseurs of hypocrisy have been savoring the admission, then retraction, by Ed Rollins that Republicans had paid black clergymen not to stir up the faithful to vote Democratic in the New Jersey election.

The media's conclusion is that the Republicans paid the bribes, but the black ministers didn't receive them. A crime was therefore committed by the Republicans, and a public inquiry should be held to see if there is such a crime under state or federal law.

But it goes without saying, it is repeatedly said, that the black ministers acted rightly throughout. They did not take money to keep quiet about the election, and if they did, it was their constitutional right to remain silent.

Furthermore, their congregations would not have listened to them if they had remained silent, nor if they had urged them to vote Democratic. That is why the black churches are so vital to their communities.

Mr. Rollins cannot be too severely condemned for slandering these churches and himself. If he has any evidence, he should produce it. Otherwise, let him apologize to himself unreservedly and leave the court without a stain on his character.

Speech is free but silence expensive.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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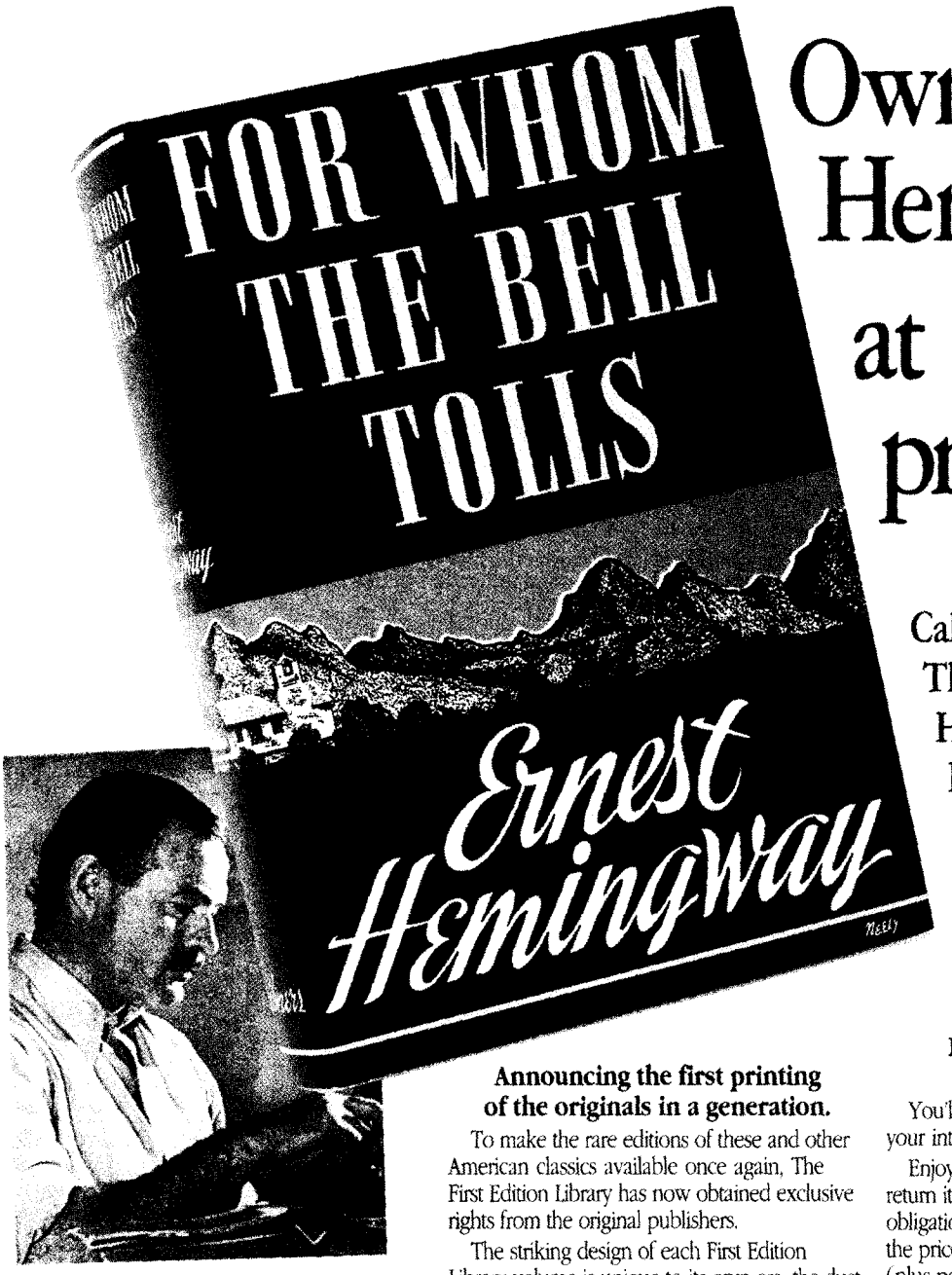

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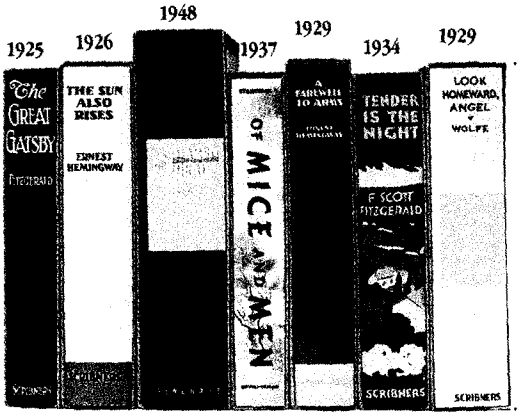

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FOR THE RECORD

■ If **Christine Whitman** ever does become governor of New Jersey, she plans to name as treasurer **Robert Grady**, deputy of **Bush** OMB Director **Richard Darman** and proponent of, among other things, Clean Air Act. One wit observed, "Now *there's* a reason to have her victory overturned." . . . Before **Ed Rollins** began talking about "walking-around money," **Jack Kemp** had signed him up to help with 1996 presidential bid, and conservative New Jersey Assembly leader **Chuck Haytaian** planned to have Rollins run his challenge to two-term Sen. **Frank Lautenberg**. Both Kemp and Haytaian have dropped him—for now. . . . Liberal Pennsylvania Republicans (led by Sen. **Arlen Specter**) are dismayed **Teresa Heinz**, widow of Sen. **John Heinz**, says she'll not run next year against Democrat **Harris Wofford**, who was appointed in 1991 to fill seat after Heinz's death. Decision bolsters chances of conservative Rep. **Rick Santorum**. . . . Former Michigan Gov. **George Romney** has a former daughter-in-law (**Ronna Romney**) running for Senate in Michigan and a son (**Mitt**) running for Senate in Massachusetts. Both are in tough primaries: she is up against former NRCC chairman **Spencer Abraham**; he is up against a growing crowd hoping to take a shot at Sen. **Edward Kennedy**, whose approval rating is around 40 per cent. Among Kennedy challengers: radio personality **Janet Jeghelian** and conservative **Mary Ann Glendon** (as **Matthew Scully** reports on p. 22). . . . Conservatives are lining up to challenge New York Gov. **Mario Cuomo** next year. Statewide **John Zogby** poll found 56 per cent of New Yorkers don't want Cuomo re-elected; 36 per cent do. **Herb London**—1990 Conservative Party candidate, who nearly outpaced Republican, **Pierre Rinfret**—topped GOP field in poll match-ups: Cuomo 41, London 37. Others in race are former State Republican Chairman **Pat Barrett**, former ambassador to France **Evan Galbraith**, and State Sen. **George Pataki** (Sen. **Al D'Amato**'s choice). No one, meanwhile, is on horizon to challenge three-term Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, also up for re-election in 1994. . . . In New York City's vote to impose term limits (ballot initiative pushed by conservative **Ronald Lauder**), strongest support came from Hispanics and blacks: some 83 per cent of Hispanics and 70 per cent of blacks favored eight-year limit.

■ **Dan Quayle** was quoted after debate on NAFTA: I would not have believed you "if you'd told me within one year of losing the election I'd be sitting in my living room rooting for **Al Gore**." . . . **Harold Ickes**—under consideration as White House deputy chief of staff in February until news reports revealed involvement with mob-controlled unions—is talked about as chief salesman for health plan. . . . In February address to Joint Session of Congress, **Bill Clinton** said he planned to use numbers from Congressional Budget Office rather than Office of Management and Budget: CBO is "closer to right." However, when Al Gore was asked recently about OMB estimate that $9 billion could be saved through his proposal, while CBO estimates $305 million, Veep said: "People have long acknowledged that the so-called scoring rules used by [CBO] don't reflect reality." . . . **Barry Goldwater** sent some of his favorite chili mix to **Hillary Clinton** (a "Goldwater Girl," he called her) for her recent birthday. . . . Politics of greeting cards: It seems that since **Donald Hall**, president of Hallmark, was friends with George Bush, the Clintons have decided to go with American Greetings, company who supplied cards for **Lyndon Johnson** and **Jimmy Carter**.

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

■ Sens. **Hank Brown** (R., Colo.), **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.), and **Claiborne Pell** (D., R.I.) plan to introduce bill authorizing contruction of "Memorial to Victims of Communism." . . . A student "revolt" against France's conservative government fizzled earlier this month because, says **Michele Gendreau-Massaloux**, director of the Sorbonne, "Unlike students in the 1960s . . . most students are choosing to study engineering hoping to find a job, not psychology hoping to find themselves." . . . **Milton Friedman** says most disappointing news he learned in trip to China was "the lack of any reduction in bureaucracy . . . trying to control the economy." . . . **Robert Manning**, State Dept. official during Bush Administration, says Clinton has no China policy: "There is a laundry list of special interests and they are all being given a moral equivalence so that nuclear weapons are the same as prison labor or [trade in] rhinoceros horns." . . . Shades of 1963: Hanoi has sentenced four Buddhist monks to jail on political charges: they took part in demonstrations in Hué after man immolated himself in a local pagoda. . . . Leading Japanese right-wing ideologue, **Shushuke Nomura**, killed himself in newspaper offices of *Asahi*, which had refused to apologize for removing one stroke from a Chinese character in a cartoon pillorying his organization, making it read, "The Society of Fleas" instead of "Wind Society."

■ Library of Congress held screening earlier this month for new release of 1939 classic, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, for members of Congress. None showed up.

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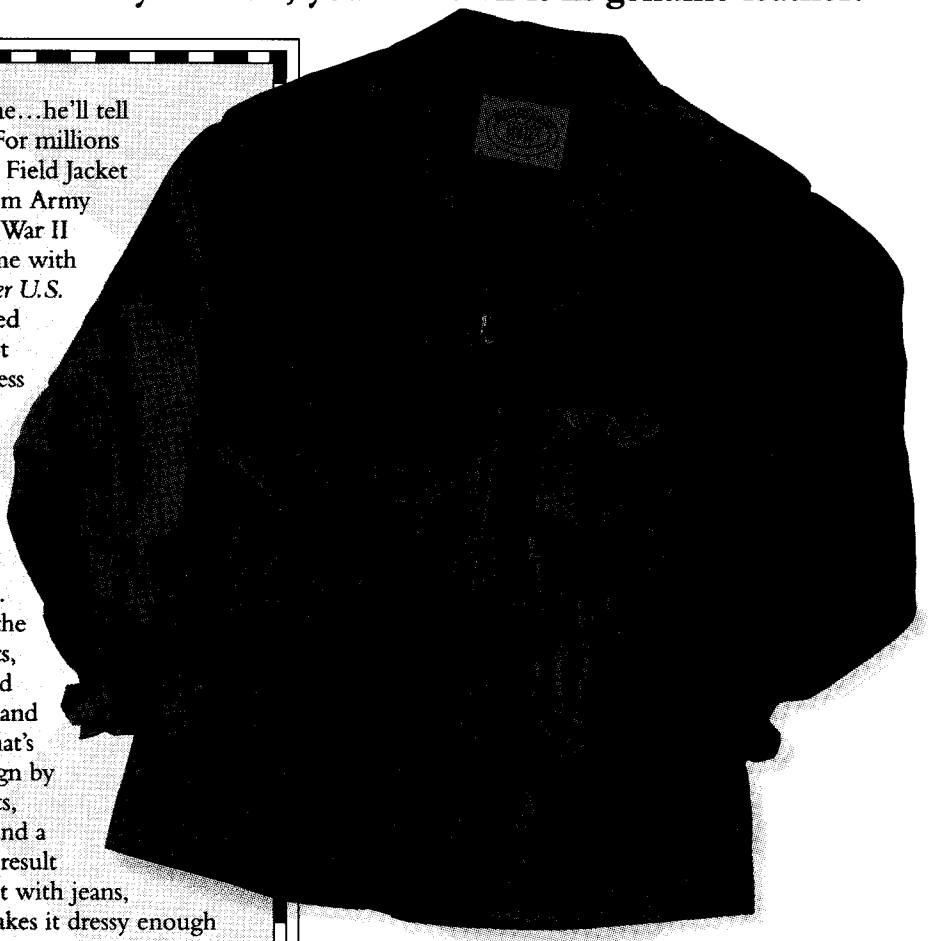

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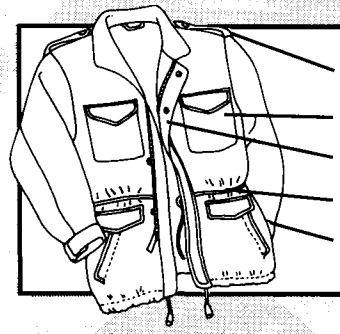

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THE WEEK

■ It turns out that Ross Perot was right. Just about the time NAFTA passed there was, indeed, a giant sucking sound heading South. But it turned out to be Ed Rollins's career.

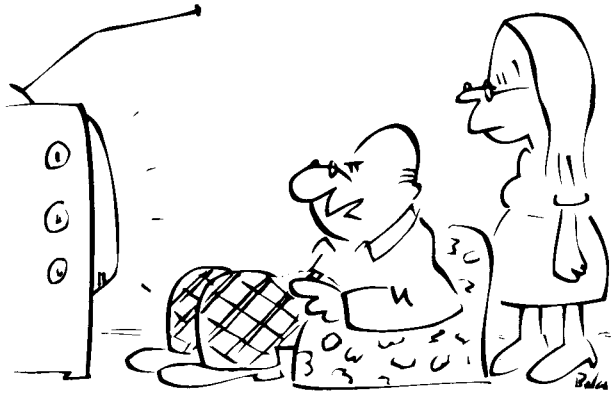
■ After two thousand books, many TV specials, and a movie, it is once again becoming the consensus of experts that Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, murdered JFK, as surely as Leon Czolgosz shot the hapless William McKinley. John Kennedy's Presidency would be as memorable as McKinley's (perhaps less so, since McKinley's Cuban venture succeeded) were it not for the power of image-making in a media age: not least among intellectuals, and among that generation touted as the most skeptical in history, the baby-boomers. Even when we have concluded that the glitter was dross, we still feel compelled to scour it away. Our absorption with the media will have to ratchet to some new level, of intensity or detachment, before we see Jack Kennedy for what he was: a charming and cunning pol, who still carried traces of a moderately crooked, and moderately conservative, background.

■ As concerns mount over North Korea's pursuit of a nuclear-weapon capability (see William McGurn's report, p. 21), House Republicans led by Benjamin Gilman have introduced H.J.Res. 292, which would approve and encourage the use by the President of "any means necessary and appropriate, including the use of diplomacy, economic sanctions, a blockade, and military force," to prevent North Korea's acquisition or use of The Bomb. The bill lays out with great clarity and erudition the more-than-sufficient legal basis whereby the U.S. and its allies can act, with or without UN approval. The resolution is just the kind of constructive support Republicans ought to give the President where defense of the national interest is concerned. Whether Mr. Clinton really wants such help is another matter; the resolution, if passed, would remove a number of excuses for the Administration's inaction. That, of course, makes it all the more important.

■ President Clinton's nominee to head the National Labor Relations Board, William Gould IV of Stanford Law School, seems to like majority rule no more than Lani Guinier does. He considers it a "roadblock" to unionization and thinks a 20 per cent vote should put unions at the collective-bargaining table. Majority rule, secret ballots, and the right to resign from a union during a strike tip "the scale in favor of the individual worker's rights," he complains. He advocates imposing union contracts on successor companies and forbidding striker replacements. He believes the NLRB should expand the list of unfair labor practices, with miscreant employers zapped by triple damages. But be of good cheer. Mr. Gould reassured senators that his paper trail gave no clue as to how he would interpret labor law at the NLRB.

■ Guess which deficit reductionists, led by Mr. Clinton, are working frantically to prevent real deficit reduction? That's right. All of them.

■ What troubles the Pharaoh in this post-gridlock, reinvented-government era? A bill by Representatives Penny (D., Minn.) and Kasich (R., Ohio) to cut federal spending by $90 billion (not enough, God knows, but enough to be a *statement* that deficit reduction ought to reduce the deficit) and a similar bipartisan bill offered by Senator Bob Kerrey (D., Neb.). Mr. Clinton hastened to hike his counter-offer of $2.55 billion in cuts—not even pocket change by federal standards—to $26.7 billion over five years, still trivial, but he's spent all his other cuts already and must be desperate. He would also like to offer to cut federal jobs by 252,000, but he used that one to reinvent government and he can't use it again because, follow closely, the savings that were supposed to be saved were spent to increase spending on the crime bill and for more welfare, and you probably didn't hear about any of that but it's the way government unreinvents itself every day. HHS Secretary Shalala calls the Penny–Kasich and Kerrey measures "mean-spirited" for siphoning off billions in savings that she and the President want to get credit for in health-care reform, not that there are any savings in the health-care reform package, but this *is* Miss



"Not only does he look *like a Muppet, I think I see Hillary's lips moving."*

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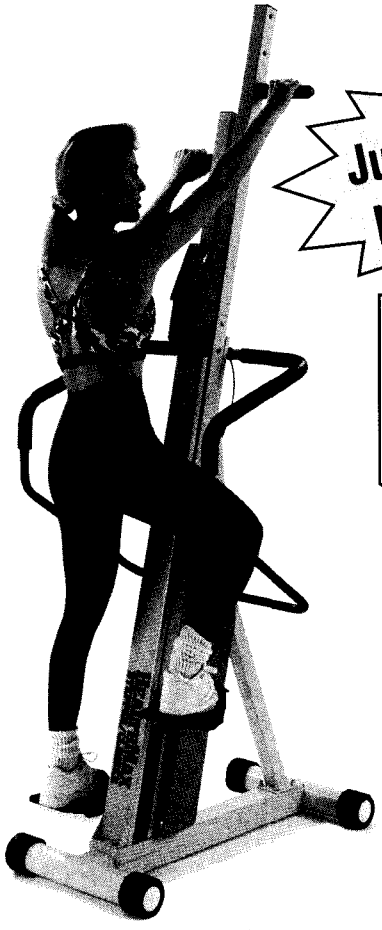

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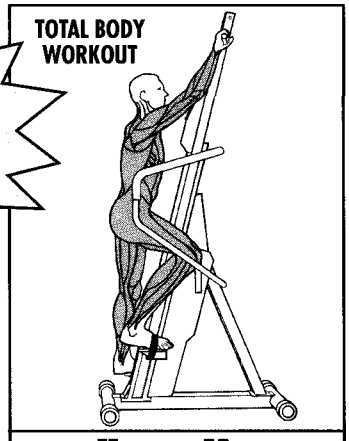

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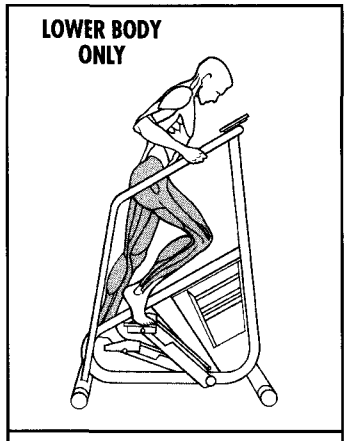

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Shalala, and one must make allowances. Depite all of this colorful Administration fiction, a majority of Congress is said to favor the cuts. We would like much bigger cuts, but even the threat of cutting $90 billion was enough to force our masters to show their true colors, and that's worth something.

■ The passage of NAFTA confirms we now live in a country with four branches of government: the Judicial, the Executive, the Legislative, and Larry King.

■ Further evidence of a U.S. immigration policy at odds with the American people comes in the emergence, via judicial fiat, of a refugee policy that treats homosexuals as members of a persecuted social class. As the result of such designation, gays and lesbians are increasingly joining the line to enter the United States on grounds of a "well-founded fear of persecution" in their homelands. Thus, an immigration policy rooted in fighting political oppression is now grounded in second-guessing the millennia-old cultural mores of other countries. The next logical step would be to declare that the billion or so women who live in Islamic countries, where women enjoy fewer rights than here, thereby acquire a right to enter the United States. And since the rights of Americans keep multiplying, the only limit on refugees may ultimately be the size of the world's population.

■ There's word from the White House that presidential advisor David Gergen is expanding his sphere of influence from domestic to foreign policy. Perhaps he'll be put in charge of handling defectors.

■ Chinese delegate Chen Shiqiu told the World Human Rights Conference in Vienna in June that "selectivity and double standards" play a big role in applying human rights. That was self-serving, of course, but London has now handed Peking a case in point: its continued refusal to grant full British passports to 25 aging widows of Hong Kong Chinese who fought for King and Country during World War II, such as Jimmy Kotwall, beheaded by the Japanese on Stanley Beach in 1944 for his work for the British Army Aid Group. Last month British Home Secretary Michael Howard confirmed that Mrs. Kotwall and her companions, all now well into their seventies, would not be given British citizenship. We have heard the British explanation that the women would be allowed to establish residence and go through normal immigration procedures. We also understand the British reluctance to open the immigration door even a crack, lest it encourage similar initiatives from others. But the widows are hardly an ordinary case. As China might ask, if immigration for 25 old ladies is too big a risk for London to take, what about the risk to Peking of democracy for Hong Kong's six million?

■ Beginning with the first issue of 1994, the processing of *NR*'s subscription orders will be handled by a new company. We expect a smooth transition, but in case there are some delays, please bear with us while the glitches get ironed out.

■ Congratulations to the President for taking our advice to resist pressure from his Interior Secretary, his Commerce Secretary, the Fish and Wildlife Service, assorted animal-rights groups, and Greenpeace. He quietly announced he was not imposing trade sanctions against Norway, which has incurred the wrath of these groups by a decision to resume whaling—of the Minke whale, which the scientific committee of the International Whaling Commission says is in no danger as a species. Norway plans to catch a couple of hundred out of the estimated one million Minke whales out in the ocean. Various daybooks for journalists issued around the time of the decision indicate the environmentalists thought they had Mr. Clinton under their thumb. They had scheduled a news conference "to declare support for the President's decision to impose economic sanctions against Norway for resuming commercial whaling of Minke whales."

■ General Aidid reappeared in public in Mogadishu, to a tumultuous welcome, and we still have Les Aspin. Somalia 1, United States of America 0.

■ If it were all happening some place in Africa, the State Department would report the behavior of the state as an egregious example of human-rights violations: cops using massive bribes, even offers of cocaine and threats of violence, to induce people it admits never broke the law before to do so. Not once, but scores of times before bagging them. Eleven salesmen from the Rosenthal car dealership in Washington, D.C., are on trial for conspiracy and money-laundering after federal undercover cops, posing as drug dealers, bought 59 cars for cash on the understanding the transactions would not be reported to the IRS. In order to induce the salesmen not to report the transactions, the cops offered thousands of dollars above market price for the cars. In one instance a salesman was also offered cocaine. (He declined the offer.) One manager at Rosenthal's, Paul P. Smyth, had his life threatened by one of the pseudo–drug dealers. The prosecution contends this was fair since drug dealers make such threats! There used to be rules that sting operations be mounted only against people believed to be already engaged in illegal activity, and that police agents must not offer too high a price or exert pressure on targets to break the law. We suggest that either

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.ıese rules be restored—or the cops be charged as accomplices.

■ Mark Sauer and Jim Okerblom detailed in our September 6 issue how child-abuse "experts" had created the case against Dale Akiki by leading on young alleged victims and supporting wild accusations with psychotherapy. Following seven months of testimony, in the longest criminal trial in San Diego history, it took a jury just seven hours to find Mr. Akiki innocent of abusing and kidnapping preschool children at a church nursery where he once worked. "It seemed like a witchhunt to me," said juror David Fava. And to others. After the verdict had been read, Mr. Akiki left the county jail, where he had been held without bail since his arrest on May 10, 1991, and stepped into a white limousine paid for by 25 anonymous sheriff's deputies.

■ The U.S. Bishops' Campaign for Human Development (CHD), longknown as a funding source for leftist political causes, now appears to be directly subsidizing pro-abortion advocacy. According to the Washington-based Capital Research Center, CHD has awarded $80,000 to the National Committee for Responsive Philanthropy, which fights pro-life efforts to persuade businesses not to support pro-abortion organizations such as Planned Parenthood. CHD's annual appeal (which raised a record $12.5 million in 1992) is taken up in the name of helping the poor, and it is doubtful if one Catholic in a hundred realizes that CHD's charter explicitly excludes support for programs that provide direct services to the needy. Its aim instead is to organize the poor to develop "economic strength and political power." This has long included indirect funding of pro-abortion candidates through CHD's support of the Citizen Action network, which conducts polling, research, direct mail, and media consulting for liberal campaigns. Now that CHD has been found to have added direct support of abortion advocacy to its indirect subsidies, Catholics might redirect their contributions to charities faithful to Church teachings.

Just a Family Quarrel

Though Foley nods at Gephardt
  And Bonior grins at both,
Where grudges grow like bunions,
  Big Labor still is loath
To hold a hand in friendship
  As Kirkland nurses cuts
So deep, the White House wire
  Is silent as King Tut's.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Pepsi-Cola hasn't had much luck with celebrity endorsers. First there was Mike Tyson, now in prison for rape; then Madonna, whose sexy antics proved too much for Pepsi to handle; and now Michael Jackson, under investigation for child molestation. It makes us wonder how Pepsi's crack marketing strategists missed having their product endorsed by Joey Buttafuoco.

■ Convening in Washington, the Roman Catholic bishops voted that husbands are obliged to help their wives around the house and to share equally in tending the kids. This may not seem like a matter demanding the solemn judgment of the highest Catholic body in the land. But be grateful it was only the Catholics. Rumor has it a Presbyterian task force is considering whether husbands are obliged to help their neighbors' wives.

After NAFTA

WHETHER NAFTA'S passage was a step toward a more prosperous world of free(r) trade, or the first stage of a retreat into a protectionist North America, will be decided in the next few years. Both possibilities inhere in the actual agreement. Hence, our NAFTA endorsement had codicils urging the swift passage of GATT and an early start on crafting an Atlantic Free Trade Area to underpin our still-needed military alliance with Western Europe.

Which way we go will be determined by domestic politics. Because Mr. Clinton is currently enjoying the credit for NAFTA's passage that was really won by Congressman Gingrich, there is talk of a Republican–New Democrat coalition on other issues, including trade-related ones. That is almost certainly an illusion. Mr. Clinton is a chameleon, but a chameleon whose party controls both houses of the legislature. Color him liberal most of the time. If such a coalition were to evolve, moreover, it would feed the populist paranoia of Ross Perot that America is governed by a bipartisan elite of political royalists. And if the NAFTA battle is any guide, Mr. Clinton would respond to such party and populist pressures by bashing Japan and stressing the regulatory and protectionist terms of NAFTA and any other trade deal.

Re-thinking America's post–Cold War role must therefore be left to the Right. We in turn must learn the lessons of the NAFTA debate, in which conservatives divided along various lines but one significant one: conservative nationalists versus classical liberals. There were secondary mistakes—for instance, both sides foolishly gave comfort to the Left by using its terms of anti-conservative abuse: "elitists" versus "dark forces"—but the underlying error all round

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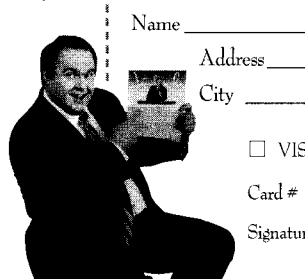

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was a weak idea of America's national interest. Supporters of NAFTA talked of it too little and sometimes seemed to live in an imaginary world in which free trade had dissolved national frontiers and we were all amorphous "North Americans"; opponents of NAFTA talked of it a lot but too simply assumed that it requires protectionism in economics.

We need a conception of the American national interest that incorporates the laws of economics. Conservative nationalists are right to fear that America's national identity is fraying under the impact of ethnic quotas, multiculturalism, bilingualism, and high levels of welfare-led immigration. Equally, classical liberals are justified in pointing out that protectionism is a device to sustain such interventions against economic competition from nations that disdain them—as well as a diversion of capital and labor from the future to the past. How to begin a blending of these visions? We suggest that Patrick Buchanan take a vacation with Milton Friedman, and Jack Kemp with Russell Kirk.

Jesting Pilot

ED ROLLINS ended, at least for the time being, his political career the 1990s way—not by losing an election (he won), nor by abandoning his party (he recovered nicely from his stint with Perot), nor by getting caught in lies (he is candid to a fault). But by uttering a few dozen indiscreet words.

We doubt Mr. Rollins wholly fabricated his boast that the Whitman campaign spent $500,000 to keep black ministers from flacking for Governor Florio and Democratic campaign workers from pounding the pavement. Contrary to the public fury, however, he didn't invent "walking-around money," nor pull from thin air the notion of contributing to black churches for untoward purposes. Consider this 1976 AP report: "The Jimmy Carter campaign gave donations to black ministers who supported him in the California primary and paid out other 'street money' that was not properly accounted for."

Such tactics do not deserve a prominent place in civics textbooks, but they do not seem to be illegal in New Jersey, *de facto* or *de jure*. Mr. Rollins's sin wasn't what he may have done but what he said; he violated a speech code forbidding utterances that treat blacks as a mix of good and bad, wise and foolish, shrewd and gullible, active and apathetic—just like the rest of us, in fact. In order not to commit the same offense, his critics must maintain that Mr. Rollins 1) won the election illegitimately (by bribing black ministers) and 2) slandered blacks everywhere (by lying about bribing black ministers). It is cognitive dissonance for fun and political profit.

Mrs. Whitman has joined the charade by running into the arms of Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton, who, if held to standards like those applied to Ed Rollins, would have been drummed out of the "racial healing" business long ago. She saw a need to demonstrate her good intentions by associating with black leaders; she chose the wrong ones and, like Mr. Bush before her, gave standing and credit to her opponents rather than her allies in the black community. They in turn sensed a weakness and conformity that threaten a meaningless four years in the statehouse. We hope she proves them wrong, and she has a reasonable excuse on this occasion.

Indeed, the public hypocrisy about protected groups is so pervasive that one wonders how Mr. Rollins could have forgotten about it. But those who live by the gaffe die by the gaffe.

A New Brezhnev Doctrine?

LEONID BREZHNEV gave his name to a doctrine in 1968 when he declared that Communist gains were irreversible—invading Czechoslovakia to demonstrate what he meant. A new military doctrine just announced by Russia's post-Communist leadership poses an analogous problem—it's the specter of a Russian army intervening actively all around Russia's periphery to "keep order" in neighboring states. The new military doctrine explicitly authorizes the use and basing of Russian forces outside the borders of the Russian Federation for this purpose, and endorses the use of troops for keeping order domestically.

The new dispensation also explicitly abjures the Soviet-era (and largely phony) pledge not to be the first to use nuclear weapons. It does so in a way that seems particularly threatening to countries that have not signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (read: Ukraine) and to countries that are, or would like to be, allies of other nuclear powers (read: Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic). Caught up in the spirit of it all, Defense Minister Pavel Grachev told interviewers he opposed withdrawing Russian troops from Latvia and Estonia until they stopped mistreating their Russian minorities.

This is a sobering reminder of geopolitical realities. Bismarck once observed that Russia is never as strong or as weak as it appears. Americans, who always want to shun adversaries and embrace friends, have no categories of thought for the permanent reality of a country that just *is*, that stands astride the Eurasian landmass as an immense concentration of power, imposing on us the permanent responsibility of providing a counterweight. Russia is getting back on its feet geopolitically even before it has gotten back on its feet economically.

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Maybe Clinton should read his mail from time to time.

It might help!

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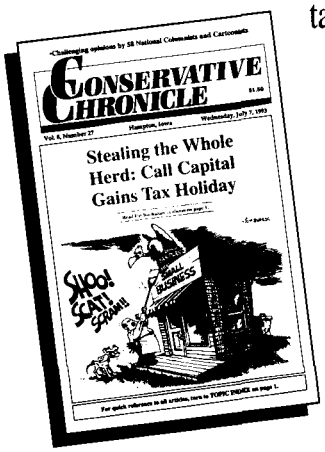

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High time to adjust our policy to this truth. This means, on the one hand, continuing to encourage progress toward political and economic reform. It also means hedging for the harsher long-term reality—reacting sharply to developments (like the new military doctrine) that are retrograde; firmly supporting the independence of Russia's neighbors; and otherwise ending the Russocentric focus of our policy. We worry that President Clinton's January Summit with Boris Yeltsin will get much of this wrong. In addition, legislation before Congress (HR-3000) would eliminate all U.S. prohibitions on transfer of military R&D to Russia, and relax restraints on Russian intelligence activities in the United States. In the light of the higher profile of Russia's military-industrial complex, these provisions are unwise and should be strongly opposed.

Bank on It

FOR YEARS George Gilder—following Adam Smith—has insisted that, rather than ask what makes nations poor, the more practical approach is to look at what makes them rich. Now the World Bank has done just that. In an exhaustive 389-page study entitled *The East Asian Miracle: Economic Growth and Public Policy*, the Bank examines the foundations of the spectacular growth in Japan, Hong Kong, South Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Thailand. Its conclusion? That East Asia owes its success to "getting the basics right": i.e., classical liberal economics.

From 1965 to 1993 these economies have grown significantly faster than those of any other region, pulling their people from destitution to affluence in a generation. The conventional explanation has been that they did so by finding that elusive "third way" between capitalism and socialism—in particular the brand of state capitalism associated with South Korea and Japan. Proponents of this "third way" were hoping that the World Bank would endorse active, interventionist government.

Instead, it has come down squarely on the side of Milton Friedman. As William McGurn reported in our last issue, the Bank's findings come as a heavy blow to those urging, say, an industrial policy on the United States. While the Bank concedes that some of Asia's interventions have "worked" in the past (i.e., yielded more growth than might otherwise have occurred), it concludes that these interventions carry often unreported costs and in any event were less significant than Asia's adherence to fundamental market principles.

This nicely coincides with our own view, which is that "miracles" of economic growth have less to do with divine favor than with hard virtues such as thrift, work, and enterprise. John Page, leader of the research team that carried out the Bank study, puts it best. "People in these economies," he says, "have simply studied harder, worked harder, and saved more than people in other countries." And it shows.

Last Rites, Please

Ed Rollins, whose near-deaths have been
Conveyed to friends and next of kin
With cat-like frequency, at last
Looks like the ghost of Christmas past.

W. H. VON DREELE

Good King Coal

IN JUST over two centuries coal has descended from being the lifeblood of the Industrial Revolution to the environmental movement's foremost bugbear. But the world's cheapest and most abundant fossil fuel should not be allowed to come under the guns of carbon taxation without a little representation beforehand.

The glittering anthracite prized by the railways until recent decades was and remains a villain of the darkest hue—smokeless and therefore apparently clean, but actually carbon dioxide incarnate, the harbinger of global warming. Anthracite is distinguished by a dearth of hydrogen, the abundance of which in natural gas is what commends the latter mightily to the environmentalists. For the heat from burning hydrogen is accompanied not by carbon dioxide, but by innocuous water vapor.

Yet curiously, almost no one advocating carbon taxes has noted that there is more hydrogen locked up in the hydrocarbon content of bituminous coals than in all the world's oil and gas combined. The best of these high-hydrogen coals contain in excess of three hydrogen atoms for every four of carbon—a distinction important enough to make possible a roughly 5 per cent reduction in global CO_2 emissions without any reduction in the amount of thermal energy derived from the coal. Such high-volatile bituminous and sub-bituminous coals are as abundant as anthracite is rare—their reserves are reckoned in *trillions* of tons.

But the anthraxophobes have three other arrows in their quiver—sulphur, ash, and toxic metals. Some coals are burdened with all three, while others are all but free of them. Sulphur, the previous enemy number one, was laid low a decade ago by the mandated retrofitting of scrubbers to every powerplant smokestack. Most environmentalists were too

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ON BOOKS AND BUCKLEY

- ***The New York Times Book Review*** (on *Atlantic High*): "Mr. Buckley is great fun to be with. Endlessly entertaining, gabby, opinionated, witty, sentimental, amusing, warm, and knowledgeable."
- **Norman Mailer**: "No other actor on earth can project simultaneous hints that he is in the act of playing Commodore of the Yacht Club, Joseph Goebbels, Robert Mitchum, Maverick, Savanarola, the nice prep school kid next door, and the snows of yesteryear."
- **Ronald Reagan**: "When Bill Buckley slows down, it is to a speed that leaves others in the dust..."
- **Charlton Heston**: "He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family."
- **George McGovern** (on *Racing Through Paradise*): "A delight...for me, the best of his writings. How can he be so clear and compelling on sailing and so confused on politics?"
- ***Chicago Sun Times***: "A first-class writer who brings class to the genre."
- ***St. Louis Post-Dispatch***: "As always, Buckley's erudition and humor shine through."
- ***San Diego Union***: "Subtleties and acuteness of observation and authority and wit."
- ***Chicago Tribune*** (on *Stained Glass*): "Intelligent, urbane, and witty."
- **John Kenneth Galbraith**: "Mr. Buckley should give up politics and concentrate on writing."
- ***The New York Times***: "There's a lightness of touch and a facileness of invention that suggests that even if he is dead serious...he is having nothing but fun in putting his ingredients together."
- **Murry Kempton**: "Buckley tempts you to remember Macaulay's grudging compliment to Burke, which was that he generally chose his side like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher."
- **Publishers Weekly** (on *Right Reason*): "Buckley is at his brilliant, biting best in this latest collection of his political pieces from *National Review* and elsewhere..."
- ***Washington Times***: "Mr. Buckley's thrice-weekly columns...are marvels of a mind at work."
- ***The Christian Science Monitor***: "There are many beautiful pieces... whose characteristic tone derives from the ancient quality of pietas, love for country and family and God. His daily attention to the minutiae of the republic needs no documentation, nor does his religious integrity..."

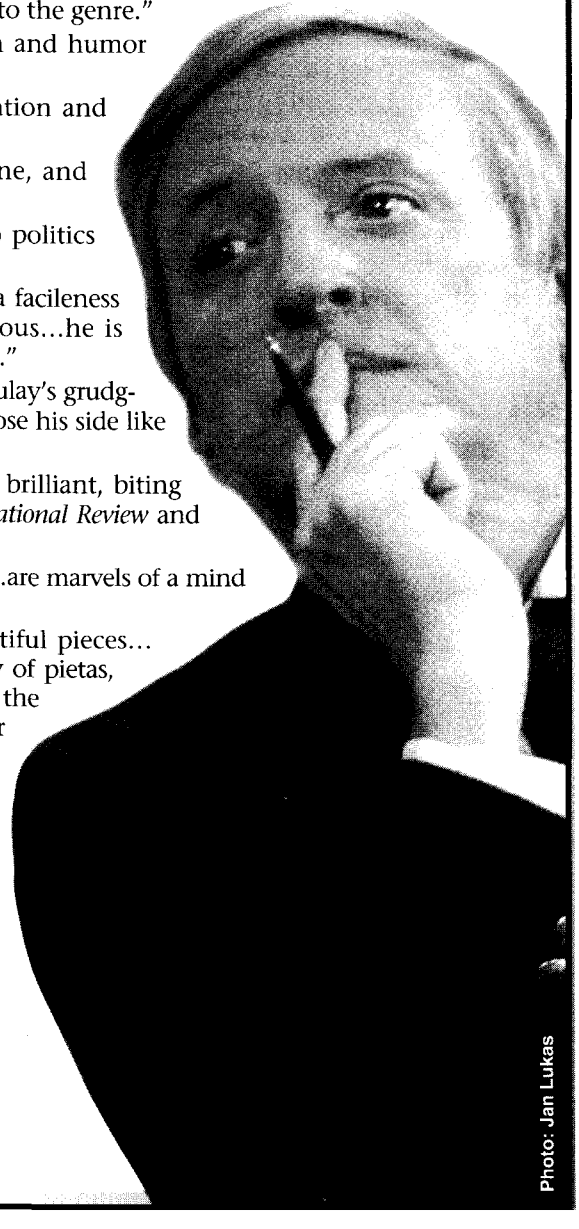

Photo: Jan Lukas

Read

Happy Days Were Here Again

the newest book from

William F. Buckley, Jr.

RANDOM HOUSE

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busy celebrating that victory to note that the retrofit was typically accompanied by a reduction in thermodynamic efficiency that added 10 per cent to the CO_2 emitted per kilowatt hour.

Today, enjoined to reduce sulphur emissions by 90 per cent, regardless of their starting point, power plants are being denied the opportunity to reduce both their CO_2 *and* sulphur emissions by burning a newly discovered class of coals so clean that they do not need sulphur control. Billion-ton reserves of a new benchmark coal very high in hydrogen and startlingly low in sulphur, metals, and ash have recently been found in Indonesia. Its analysis reads like a wish-list from the Green Party. Similar deposits are avidly sought elsewhere in the tropics.

We hold no brief for strip-mining Central Europe or subsidizing the antique collieries of Wales and the Ruhr. But international free trade, by moving the best coals globally, can contribute to reducing not just environmental burdens, but the crippling effect on economic development suffered by those nations hard pressed to pay for oil. To thoughtful conservationists the worst of all possible worlds is the one in which underdeveloped nations, denied access to coal by carbon taxes, can afford only enough petroleum to run their chain saws. In a more enlightened regulatory environment, the pursuit of environmental quality via the carrot of a hydrogen-promoting rebate rather than the big stick of punitive carbon taxes could do much to help the good coals drive the bad out of circulation. —RUSSELL SEITZ

H.R. Haldeman, R I P

AS chief of staff in the Nixon White House, H. R. "Bob" Haldeman was, perhaps inevitably, caricatured by the media. A business-like executive, he was depicted as a "Prussian," and, because of their German names, he and John Ehrlichman were known as "the Berlin Wall."

Haldeman was in fact a Southern Californian, and "Prussian" only in that he knew his job was to get results from the White House staff, which is always and under any Administration given to endless meetings. He saw it as his mission to move things along. He has confessed to being "brusque." For those who knew him, all this meant was, "Let's get on with it."

During the 1968 primary campaign, Bob Haldeman, an advertising man, designed a brilliant TV strategy. Richard Nixon believed himself to be a great campaigner and fine debater, but the TV footage showed an awkward and insecure man. In private, however, Nixon could be brilliant and persuasive. Haldeman videotaped the private Nixon in parlor meetings with ordinary voters. These showed Nixon at his best. They became the campaign's TV spots, and were immensely successful.

Bob Haldeman spent 18 months in prison over Watergate. The issue there was not the break-in but the cover-up, which resulted from Nixon's desire to keep Attorney General John Mitchell out of jail. Haldeman was caught on the tapes discussing all this, and paid the price.

The truth of the matter is that Haldeman was one of the good guys in the Nixon White House, constantly bringing order out of chaos. Like his boss, however, he was never given the benefit of a single doubt. He died last week in Santa Barbara of cancer, at age 67. —JH

Maurice Cranston, R I P

MAURICE CRANSTON, a notable contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, had a fatal heart attack on November 5, while recording a television program. A professor at the London School of Economics from 1969 to 1985, he led a double life as both philosopher and man of letters. Before taking up his academic career, he wrote detective novels and taught philosophy part time. It was during this period that he wrote a pathbreaking biography of John Locke. This made his reputation and earned him the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. At his death he was engaged in a massive life of Rousseau. Two volumes had already been published, and the third was well advanced.

Never merely conventionally academic, Cranston brought political theory to a wider public by such devices as imaginary conversations between great figures of the past (a *genre* he pioneered on the BBC and later brought to NATIONAL REVIEW): Paine and Burke, for example, or Machiavelli and Savonarola. His talent in this direction made the history of ideas irresistibly readable—as for example in his recent essays on Enlightenment thought, published as *Prophets and Philosophers*, which had begun life as the Carlyle lectures at Oxford.

He was a notable wit, and balanced his profundity with a delight in gossip. In character he was the kindest and most helpful of men. He wrote a book on freedom and took practical steps to help those denied human rights, especially writers imprisoned by repressive regimes. He was closely involved with PEN and energetically promoted Anglo-French cultural relations. His political views became rather more conservative as he got older, largely as a result of his disapproving the tendency to turn every demand into a human right—rights, as he sardonically put it, "to free wigs, false teeth, and free cosmetic surgery."

He was married to Baroness Maximiliana von und zu Fraunberg and is also survived by their two sons.

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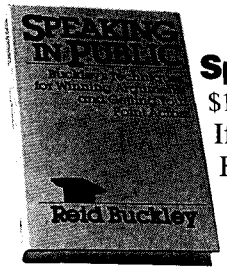
The Right Gifts for the Holidays



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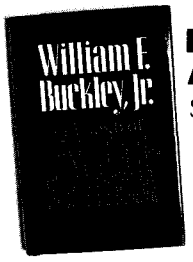

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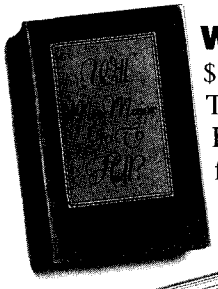

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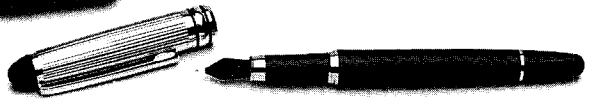

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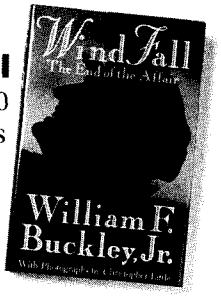

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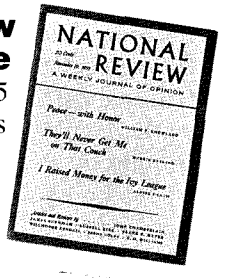

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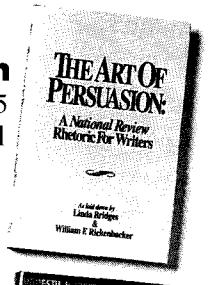

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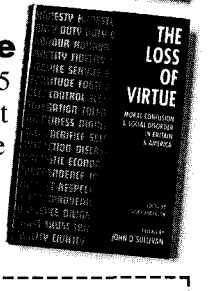

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The Cranstons as a couple entertained stylishly and were splendid figures in London social life.

—KENNETH MINOGUE

NOTES & ASIDES

■ United States Court of Appeals
District of Columbia Circuit

Dear Bill:

Anent your column on "The Search for a Deterrent": Herewith anecdotal evidence that capital punishment exercises a deterrent effect of sorts. Some years ago, a Michigan senator told me he had been requested by a constituent to get him extradited from Florida, where he was facing a first-degree murder charge, back to Michigan, where he was also facing a ditto murder charge.

It seems that the constituent had been on a spree, in the course of which he had murdered a half-dozen people in a half-dozen states, ending in Florida, where he was caught. His reason for seeking senatorial intervention: He had deliberately routed himself through states that did not have capital punishment, and had mistakenly believed that Florida was one of these. He believed fairness required that he be spared the consequences of his faulty research.

Affectionately,
Jim
[James L. Buckley]
Washington, D.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Apparently, you believe that since there is no *known* natural cause of Marie Bailly's being cured of tuberculous peritonitis while at Lourdes ["To Be a Pilgrim," NATIONAL REVIEW, Aug. 9], one must logically rule out the *likelihood* of a natural cause. I assume you do not believe that one must logically rule out the *possibility* of a natural cause. Human ignorance of natural causes is not proof that there are supernatural or causeless occurrences. Incidentally, if one is going to reject the Law of Identity by allowing for the possibility of supernatural occurrences, why not reject its corollary, the Law of Causality, and allow for the possibility of causeless occurrences?

Marie Bailly's doctor obviously imagined that he knew what the laws of nature prohibit, as her being cured *itself* was his reason for alleging that a law of nature had been violated. The doctor was just like the mystic in philosopher Anthony Flew's analogy: " 'Look,' said the explorer, 'this country has put its rivers in the wrong place. See, my map shows where they should be!' " There is an enormous difference between an occurrence's violating a *perceived* law of nature—which requires a "redrawing of the map" (i.e., a rethinking of what is considered to be a law of nature) to accommodate it—and its actually violating a law of nature—which is impossible.

Were miracles possible, and I were to see one, I would not have *any* grounds for believing that a *supernatural* act of will had occurred. Were a divine revelation to *precede* the miracle, I would not have *sufficient* grounds for believing that such an act had occurred; how would I know that it was a real supernatural revelation? Hence I would not *know* a miracle even if I saw one.

As to why supernatural interference—including divine intervention—is impossible, the concept of "beyond nature" is nonsensical and—since what its referent *is* cannot be conceived—meaningless; consequently, it is invalid.

Yours truly,
Sheldon Warnock
Willowdale, Ont.

Dear Mr. Warnock: Clearly you are right that there is a "likelihood" that there is a natural cause for any particular occurrence, for the obvious reason that the human mind, yours being an excellent example, assumes there is a natural cause for every occurrence given that natural causes are all that we commonly experience. But when no natural cause is discovered; and when (as at Lourdes) the occurrence becomes something of a pattern; and when there is evidence that the occurrences were associated with a visitation, then the mind needs to acknowledge an extra-natural cause as probable. It is of course entirely possible that this occurrence had nothing to do with the preceding 88 occurrences, which in turn had nothing to do with one another and nothing to do with the apparition of the Virgin Mary: but it becomes unreasonable so to speculate. It is more difficult to hold on for dear life to the dogma that everything that happens has a natural cause, than to accept the dogma of an omnipotent providence, capable of intervention, and occasionally given to it. Got it?
Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your excellent cover story regarding your visit to Lourdes left the reader with two unanswered questions: a description of the two-tablet ammo used in your shoot-out with sleeplessness, and the post-trip status of your sinuses.

Curiously,
Harry R. Kraatz
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Kraatz: Bear in mind that I didn't go to Lourdes for a cure, at least not a cure for my sinuses. . . . The sleeping pill is called Rohypnol. The sinuses are temporarily asleep, thanks very much.
Yours cordially, **—WFB**

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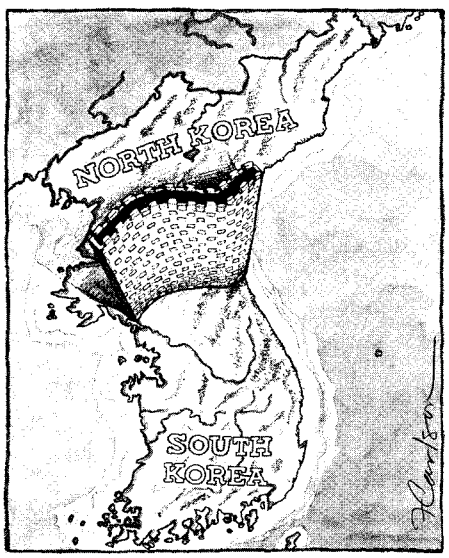
ON THE SCENE

Nukes across the DMZ

WILLIAM McGURN



Fred Carlson

PANMUNJOM

ON A crisp fall day, even the demilitarized zone has its moments. Alongside Old Highway 1—the only road connecting North and South Korea—the autumn colors of the fir trees and fallen yellow gingko leaves mitigate the harsher effects of the barbed wire, and the crew-cut young men playing ball in sweatsuits have an almost New Englandish look to them, calling to mind college football games and pumpkin pie. The North Koreans too are doing their part today. For once the speakers set up to blare forth their propaganda lie blessedly silent.

Still, the DMZ's inherent ugliness has a way of breaking through even the brightest of days. For as Army Specialist Kirk Oswald rattles off the names of various sites we pass, I realize that the names tend to come from U.S. servicemen who have paid for the honor with their lives: Ballinger Hall, for Commander Robert M. Ballinger, killed while inspecting one of the huge tunnels the North Koreans have dug under the DMZ; Camp Bonifas, for Captain Arthur G. Bonifas, axed to death by North Korean soldiers while on a routine operation to trim a poplar tree obstructing the view from a nearby observation post; Barret Readiness Facility, for 1st Lieutenant Mark Barret, killed with Captain Bonifas; and so on. It is the same story indoors. The walls have an almost sacramental quality to them, covered with grainy photographs memorializing some of the more notorious incidents, and there are relics such as the stump from the aforementioned poplar tree.

Perhaps it was this gritty reality that moved Bill Clinton to issue his famous end-of-their-country warning to Pyongyang while staring across the border in full view of North Korean gunposts. Only a year or so ago, the DMZ was something of an anachronism. But today this last outpost of the Cold War has become the biggest burr on the underside of the New World Order. For the threat of North Korea's nuclear ambitions extends far beyond South Korea to the entire Asia Pacific, with the potential to upset the security and stability of what is today the world's most dynamic region and reverse the hard-won achievements of the Gulf War. The nervousness with which Asian leaders watch Clinton's moves attests to a central truth: even the *perception* of American weakness is dangerously destabilizing to the entire region.

"In America there are many critics of the imperial Presidency," says Park Soo-gil, chancelor of the Institute for Foreign Affairs and National Security in Seoul. "But sometimes you need an imperial Presidency. The American President must carry with him some authority."

The current problem began in March, when North Korea announced its intention to withdraw from the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. In the thick of warnings about not doing anything to provoke Pyongyang, it's worth recalling that the March announcement came less than two years after George Bush announced the withdrawal of all American nuclear weapons from South Korea and little more than a year after a North–South agreement on the denuclearization of the peninsula. The announcement was in response to the statement by inspectors from the International Atomic Energy Agency that Pyongyang had processed more plutonium than it said it had. Although the North agreed in June to suspend its withdrawal from the treaty, it refused, and continues to refuse, any IAEA inspections of its facilities. In the meantime the batteries in the IAEA's surveillance cameras have run down, and although intelligence officials say they still have other ways to follow what North Korea is doing, among their worries is that the plant being built at Yongbyon may not be the only one; it may be based on a pilot plant they have not yet found.

The dilemma for President Clinton and his South Korean counterpart, Kim Young Sam, is how to bring North Korea back into the NPT fold without granting any concessions that would encourage future blackmail. And they must do so soon, before the rest of Asia is spooked. For if North Korea appeared likely to get the bomb, that would very probably set off a similar effort not only in Seoul but also in Tokyo. Already annoyed by Clinton's badgering over the economy, the Japanese are nervous about the strength of America's commitment to an Asian security umbrella and were shocked by North Korea's successful test of its new medium-range missile, the Rodong-1, whose range includes Japan.

At the G-7 meeting in Tokyo this summer, while the White House's attention was on computer chips, the Japanese indicated their fears by demurring on an otherwise routine motion to extend the NPT indefinitely—on the eminently sensible grounds that they cannot promise to abjure nuclear weapons indefinitely unless they know that their security is taken care

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of. And were Japan to develop (or seek to develop) nuclear weapons, it would probably set off a race with a China determined not to cede supremacy, which would in turn destabilize almost all the smaller nations of the region. The point is that everyone in Asia *except* North Korea wants America to be number one, because America is the only country without territorial ambitions.

Clinton obviously appreciates the problem and appears determined not to become another Jimmy Carter. His statements have all been proper and to the point, and his visit here this summer sent all the right signals. The problem is that the President sometimes gives the impression that he thinks words are enough (perhaps falling for the myth that Ronald Reagan was so successful because he was a good actor). In private, many South Korean officials will cite the Clinton Administration's failures in Haiti, Bosnia, and Somalia—especially the White House decision to cut and run after an American GI was dragged through the streets of Mogadishu. Even Saddam Hussein is acting up again.

It is ludicrous to think that Kim Il-sung and his son, Kim Jong-il, are not drawing conclusions from this as well. While everyone understood that the post–Cold War period would see the threat of Soviet aggression replaced by the smaller aggressions of rogue regimes, few appreciated how smaller nations could hold the rest of the world hostage. The North Korean regime is the archetype of this new threat, drawing its strength from its reputation for willingness to resort to the most outrageous provocations. And it is scarcely dissuaded from this path when Administration officials leak that they have given up the option of a first strike. As former Defense Secretary Dick Cheney put it recently, "If you're in North Korea today and you're told by the President of the United States that developing a nuclear weapon is unacceptable, and then you watch the performance in Haiti, you have to wonder whether or not you have to pay any attention to what he says."

That is Clinton's challenge, and unfortunately he is likely to get little help from President Kim Young Sam. For while President Clinton must rightly worry about the effect of a nuclear North on the NPT and the entire Asia Pacific, President Kim's first concern naturally is the safety of his countrymen; although the South would emerge triumphant from any confrontation, the minimum price would almost certainly be tens of thousands dead in crowded Seoul, only 38 miles from the troops massed along the border. Anything less than absolute confidence in America's commitment could mean that Seoul would split from Washington, a key goal of North Korean policy.

Right now the Clinton and Kim administrations have apparently agreed that no policy is better than any policy, lest anyone panic. Obviously military force must be a last resort, especially given the carnage even an unsuccessful North Korean attack could wreak on the South. Just as obviously, however, Clinton's warnings are far more persuasive so long as the two Kims know that it remains a possibility. For power abhors a vacuum. As one longtime American resident in Korea told me, "The longer this goes on, the greater the likelihood that someone is going to end up dead." □

When Everything New is Old Again

MATTHEW SCULLY

Steven Polson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AT THE second conference of Pat Buchanan's American Cause Foundation, Kevin Phillips—who, we were reminded, was once described by NATIONAL REVIEW as the inventor of "country-and-western Marxism"—outlined the shape of the 1996 election. There is every possibility of a serious third-party challenge going beyond even Ross Perot's success in 1992. The convulsive contempt for "the self-dealing of the political class" we saw then is getting deeper—Rush Limbaugh offering the best evidence of this. No Republican will win who does not share it. "Tinkering around the edges of reform," as another speaker put it, will not do this time, nor will bland platitudes about "change" and "gridlock." Perot himself, meanwhile, is in decline; what began as a movement is now an erratic series of jerks and twitches. A huge electoral bloc awaits an authentic, articulate conservative populist.

Whether Buchanan himself could pull this off is another—and very different—question. The four hundred or so folks who came to his conference—the second of these semi-annual affairs—are more inclined to think so than the rest of the world. But their man meets many of the criteria. Nobody could dismiss Buchanan as a tinkerer, a man afraid of radical measures. He is personally popular even among people who might have their doubts in a primary vote. Former RNC Chairman Rich Bond departed a year ago with grave warnings about the "dark forces" represented by Buchanan, but that speech, front-page material at the time, was the last recorded instance of anybody paying any attention to Rich Bond. Where is he now while Buchanan conducts interesting conferences attended by U.S. senators, hosts a national radio show and a TV program in its tenth year, turns out a column for three or four hundred papers, and at the time of writing has overtaken Ross Perot as the leader of the populist Right against NAFTA? And, last, he is no self-dealer. Establishment Republicans dread Buchanan, one suspects, less because of the principles he has than because he *has* principles.

Mr. Scully is NR*'s former literary editor and a former speechwriter for Vice President Quayle.*

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The theme of the day was "The New Conservatism," which, declared Buchanan,

> is not about any ideology or paradigm of empowerment—and . . . is not really new. It is about the old things, the permanent things—about a moral vision of man rooted in Judaeo-Christian revelation and two thousand years of Western history. It is about looking out for families, neighbors, communities, and country. It is about preserving and passing on to our children a wonderful way of life, a free and independent republic, a society that has been a shining city on a hill, set up for freedom-loving people everywhere to admire and emulate.

A man who does not fear talking about "the old things, the permanent things," or invoking the shining city on a hill is not to be lightly dismissed.

Such poetry apart, however, the themes of the New Conservatism conference were not very different from, say, an AEI public-policy week or a Heritage get-together: a free-market approach to welfare (Charles Sykes and Charles Murray); family values (Bay Buchanan and "Star" Parker, a former welfare mother and the charismatic founder of the L.A. Coalition on Urban Affairs); foreign policy (Arizona Senator John McCain); and so on.

There was one exception: a spirited debate on free trade versus economic nationalism in which *both* sides were anti-NAFTA—though for all the passion of the speakers, at no point in the conference did the mention of NAFTA stir the crowd. If Pat Buchanan is hoping to bring labor into a coalition via protectionism, he has a ways to go. The step from conservative populist to simple populist has still not been made. There's no such thing yet as a Buchanan Democrat. "Pat's people" are overwhelmingly conservative Republicans.

Credit must go to Senator Gramm for the best lead-off story of the conference. Debating his health-care plan recently with a liberal academic type, the senator said, "My plan is based on the assumption that a government bureaucracy is less qualified than I am to provide for my children's health, that you do not love my children as much as I do."

To which the affronted woman replied, "Yes I do!"

Gramm, after a pause: "What are their names?"

Gramm's larger point was that if Republicans join in the stampede for socialized medicine, as in the Chafee plan, all principles of limited government are as good as lost; as a practical matter, there can never be a turning back. "If we win in '96 we can go back and repeal those retroactive taxes—retroactively," but the machinery of a massive health-care bureaucracy would be there to stay.

Likewise, observed Sykes (author of *The Hollow Men*) and Murray (*Losing Ground*), the moment is ripe for a challenge to the welfare state. The state's failures have reached the crisis point. Murray offered this "apocalyptic" social vision: 44 per cent of white Americans below the poverty line are born outside of marriage; above the line, 6 per cent. What we are seeing is an ominous parallel to trends among black families foreseen years ago by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, likely to bring still worse devastation.

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It is not just this or that bureaucratic excess that must go, then, but our whole system of compulsory compassion: "liberalism as self-therapy," as Mr. Sykes puts it, aimed less at any provable benefit than at "showing that we care." This sounds a bit ambitious until Sykes reminds us that in his home state of Wisconsin, the Democratic-controlled legislature has recently voted, in a series of bluffs called by Governor Tommy Thompson, to abolish welfare altogether by 1999. This, Sykes reports, has shifted the entire debate toward conservative ideas, which may now be advanced not as "flint-hearted" cutbacks but as radically practical alternatives to a bankrupt state system. Charles Murray takes the point further. In place of the welfare state we would see a dramatic revival of generosity among private institutions, especially churches.

All in all, we saw in the proposals advanced at this conference differences of degree in clarity or courage from what other Republicans are proposing, but not differences in kind.

True, someone looking to prove Buchanan's "divisiveness" could point to the occasional speaker who, like Paul Gottfried, would rise now and then to exhort us in our "irreconcilable" struggle, "paleoconservative" versus "neo," gallant purist against sniveling appeaser. "Internal strife . . . is a fate without release"; "there can be no masking this agonized reality."

This struggle gets a bit confusing (Is Jack Kemp really in "95 per cent" agreement with liberals, as Professor Gottfried insists? Does anyone really care that "the Italian political theorist Germana Paraboschi" is alarmed by American neoconservatives? And wasn't Bill Kristol, whom Gottfried regards as a threat to the Republic, the main speaker at the last Buchanan conference, applauded by one and all?), but no matter. (Buchanan himself, happily, is not so quick to draw the sword, which indeed was why he invited Kemp—who couldn't make it—to this very conference.) Suffice it to say that a conservative who devotes a 17-page address to the infractions of fellow conservatives—relating, one gathers, more to grant wars and press coverage and social groupings than to any moral issues that would actually warrant such somber tones—may have lost perspective.

Very unwise, reflects Harvard Law Professor Mary Ann Glendon (who—this just in—is seriously contemplating a Senate run against Ted Kennedy). A case, we concur, of letting the imperfect be the enemy of the good. It's all very exhilarating to talk about irreconcilable rifts and fates without release and agonized realities. But if one really supposes there is no important difference between Kemp and Clinton, or Bennett and Clinton, or Gramm and Clinton, or even Bush and Clinton, then Fate and Clinton have a lot more to teach us about agonized realities.

What is clear, in any case, is that Buchanan has re-emerged as a formidable presence whom others must take seriously either as friend or rival. □

Major Disaster

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LONDON

WHILE Margaret Thatcher was autographing her memoirs at the rate of one signature every 11 seconds, Prime Minister John Major, whose own as yet unwritten memoirs are not likely ever to sell in such quantity, was preparing for the new parliamentary session. If Mr. Major, who is (or seems to be, which is not quite the same thing) a modest man, were to ask advice on what direction his government should now take, the truest answer would be the unhelpful one, "You shouldn't be starting from here."

His administration is currently so unpopular that, in the second of two disastrous special elections, a 39 per cent swing changed a Conservative majority of 23,000 in the general election just over a year before into a 16,427 majority for the Liberal Democrat. County-level government is traditionally the heartland of Conservatism, but in local elections only 1 of 47 counties remained under Conservative control. "The results," admitted the party chairman, Sir Norman Fowler, "were poor." He might have done better to quote Kai Lung: "He who is struck by lightning has no need to consult the Book of Omens." Unfortunately, Mr. Major and his colleagues appear incapable of reading the Book.

They admitted that the voters were trying to say something and promised to listen: but a familiar political process quickly transmuted this pledge into a determination to "explain the government's policies more clearly." They have convinced themselves that their unpopularity has only two real causes—disunity over the Maastricht Treaty and the continuing effects of recession; both of which, they think, will fade from now on.

These have, indeed, been principal factors. The ruthless way in which Maastricht was forced through the House of Commons—culminating in a threat by Mr. Major to his own rebellious followers that he would dissolve Parliament, thereby precipitating a general election in which they would be wiped out—and his subsequent reference (supposedly in private) to the Euroskeptics on his own side as "bastards" did not make a pretty spectacle. Ex–Prime Minister Ted Heath, who has been indulging in what somebody called "the longest sulk in history" since being supplanted by Margaret Thatcher, said the Euroskeptics would be "hated forever."

The Maastricht Treaty has been duly ratified, but to regard the problem as therefore solved is a peculiar piece of political blindness. The consequences, and the hostility they will provoke, are only just beginning, as the tide of European centralism seeps relentlessly into every creek and inlet of British society.

In the short run, however, the domestic economy is, in Britain as in America, more important to most voters. But, again, ascribing all problems to "the recession" won't do. In a spring budget this Conservative government broke its previous year's election pledge with Clintonesque abandon, wiping out in an afternoon a decade of tax-cutting. A delayed 17 per cent tax on household lighting and heating, thinly disguised with humbug about the Rio Summit and the need to conserve fuel, has not yet been imposed—but will be soon, despite impassioned

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and almost universal condemnation. And another budget statement, for which more tax increases have been adumbrated, is due shortly. Most depressing of all, Conservative spokesmen, including the chancellor of the exchequer, have expressed as their ultimate goal a time when the government would consume only 40 per cent of the national income.

At the Conservative Party Conference in October Mr. Major and his colleagues made what the headlines described as "a shift to the right"; meaning they talked about "old-fashioned values" and harsher penalties for crime. Mr. Major, who spoke, for him, quite capably, also made anti-federalist noises about Europe; which the audience liked, and which annoyed both Mr. Heath and the Europeans. But, since he said nothing substantial, the speech could not accurately be called a shift in any precise direction. However, the immediate, quite real, threat of a challenge to his leadership has been postponed.

Margaret Thatcher, who arrived like a menacing ghost at the feast, gave him her rather cool support. Incumbent prime ministers should not be challenged by their followers, she said pointedly. Immediately afterward came a whole series of interviews—more than one a day for a week—in which she blistered the colleagues who, she believes, betrayed her, and by sheer force of personality, whether liked or loathed, made the contrast with poor rudderless Mr. Major more poignant than ever.

What she didn't do, of course, was mention the two great weaknesses in her legacy. By signing the Single European Act she rendered Maastricht almost inevitable: and, despite her reputation for savage cuts in public spending, she failed actually to cut public spending at all. These birds are now coming home to roost in John Major's eaves.

An allegedly tough spending review this year produced an increase of 2.7 per cent in real terms. The government is currently borrowing £1,000 for every man, woman, and child in Britain, but says that significant further cuts in public spending (except on defense, naturally) are impossible. The truth is that Britain's welfare state is approaching its predictable conclusion. Cumulative electoral promises have exceeded the economy's power to sustain them. And a dependency culture has been created. For example, an unmarried mother with two children, in receipt of a full hand of benefits, would need a job paying at least £15,000 a year before it was worthwhile for her to work; a prospect which, for most such girls, is both unattractive and improbable.

There are murmurs now, even at Westminster, of an eventual move toward compulsory private insurance schemes: but these distant ideas are certainly not vote-catchers. And the chancellor of the exchequer, Kenneth Clarke, said the other day that he did not think Britain would ever get the proportion of public spending down to American or Japanese levels, because he didn't want "a society, where we

Stephen Moros

abandon the European tradition of welfare, which is strongest in Britain."

The coming year promises further alarms for Mr. Major. As well as trouble over the fuel tax, there will be another round of local elections in the spring, followed by elections for the European Parliament, in which the Conservative Party is likely to be massacred. At this juncture, say some forecasters, either Mr. Major will give up and resign voluntarily, or the party managers will call on him with a pistol and a single bullet.

The government's rather low-key program for the new session of Parliament seems intended primarily to secure an easy consensus and therefore, Mr. Major hopes, an end to the divisions within the Conservative Party. He, meanwhile, has jumped aboard the bandwagon of those seeking an agreed "solution" to Ireland's interminable troubles. If he could achieve it, of course his reputation would be marvelously enhanced: but holding one's breath for such an outcome is not recommended. The odds are hugely that the new "initiative" will meet the same fate as all previous attempts to find a woolly compromise between two incompatible positions held by unyielding, very un-Majorite men.

Apart from the putative economic recovery, his best hope lies in the nature of the electoral swing, which was violently, and so perhaps transitorily, against the government but not particularly in favor of the Labor Party or the Liberal Democrats. On the other hand, the Canadian example has sent a shiver down Conservative spines.

The clearest strand in popular feeling is total disillusionment with politicians in general. In a recent public-opinion poll 91 per cent declared they didn't believe a word that any politician said. Similar feelings have been detected in the other Western democracies: but, until now, the British political class considered itself relatively immune. Indeed the politicians still show little sign of understanding the depth of their unpopularity.

The Conservative Party has promulgated, and believes, a myth that it was John Major's populist touch (he produced a soap-box and stood on it) which won the last election. In fact it was the press, mainly the tabloid press, which, by luridly exposing the probable tax consequences of a Labor victory, won it for the Conservatives. A turnaround on taxes may prove as fatal as it was for George Bush.

Nevertheless Britain is far from being "in despair," as a cover story in *Time* magazine suggested a few months ago. Economic optimism may be, at best, tentative: worries about crime in the streets and slackness in the schoolroom are sharply felt and vigorously expressed: above all there is anger at the politicians' failure to grasp the concerns of ordinary people. But this is not an unhealthy frame of mind. It might even work, eventually, in favor of the Conservative Party.

"May it be long before they kiss my bones!" said King Louis IX of France, who was afterward duly sanctified. "May it be long before they read my memoirs!" Mr. Major almost audibly said as he watched Lady Thatcher's furious signing. A fervent prayer, no doubt: and it needs to be. □

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RANDOM WALK

■ I'm hearing it more and more: the soft sound of Gucci loafers in the corridors of power. Half a million American manufacturing jobs may have disappeared over the last year, but there's a hiring boom for lawyers and lobbyists. *National Journal* reporter John Moore recently documented a "resurgence" in hiring by anti-trust litigation firms—a quiet backwater in the anti-regulation Reagan years. Six separate firms were hired to lobby on one merger case alone: QVC Network Inc.'s takeover attempt of Paramount.

Credit for this comeback is due, in large part, to Anne Bingaman, the new assistant attorney general for anti-trust at the Justice Department. Mrs. Bingaman has five-star liberal credentials: her husband is a Democrat senator from New Mexico, she's a longstanding FOH (friend of Hillary), and she has worked as an attorney for Planned Parenthood and the Children's Defense Fund. She also gained celebrity status by winning the largest anti-trust judgment in history, a $1-billion settlement. She represented the United Nuclear Corp.—that's okay, though, because the other side was the General Atomic Company.

In her new role as the government's anti-trust policewoman, Mrs. Bingaman has already vented her wrath at computer software titan Microsoft. Microsoft's alleged sins are offering discounts to distributors who sell its software exclusively and designing programs that are incompatible with rival firms' software. You see, it's not a level playing field if some companies are better than others.

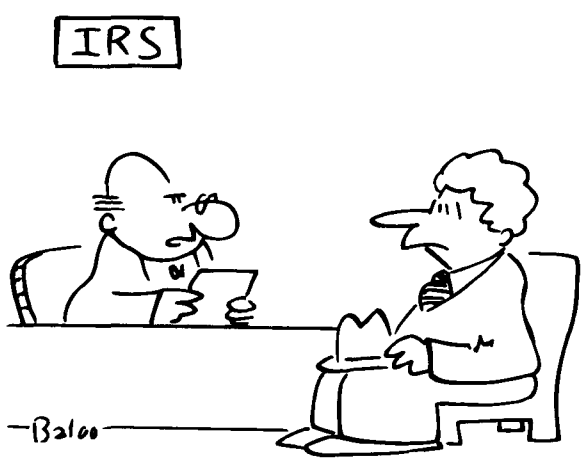
What should have investors really fidgeting, however, is Mrs. Bingaman's menacing glances at the multi-billion-dollar telecommunications mergers. Bell Atlantic's planned acquisition of Tele-Communications Inc. is a $20-billion deal—one of the largest ever. AT&T has a parallel merger proposed with McCaw Cellular Communications worth $13 billion.

Mrs. Bingaman says that such mergers need to be challenged "to ensure competition and advance technological change." She's talking 1970s law-school economics—the kind that warned against GM abolishing competition and dominating the world. Almost all market analysts agree that both of these mergers will promote competition by sharpening the global competitive edge of American high-tech firms and accelerating technological improvements in fiber optics, cellular-phone service, and twenty-first-century computer communications.

Mrs. Bingaman may be unteachable. But her crusade is at odds with Clinton White House policy. This Administration occasionally remembers it wants to promote high-tech industries and "information superhighways." Indeed, the White House insists that it is inclined to allow the MCI and AT&T deals to go through.

So we have a philosophical collision between the new-age liberal techno-industrial-policy nerds and the Democrats' traditional anti-business trust-busters. Perhaps Larry King should sponsor a debate between Anne Bingaman and Al Gore.

Meanwhile, Christmas is coming and, as I report below, the *Federal Register* is getting fat. So note down 1-800-SHY-STER and stock up on Gucci loafers, Hermès scarves, and magnums of Cristal. It pays to be prepared.



"You want a refund? *The decade of greed is over, fella!"*

■ Astonishingly, the Clinton Administration is regulating faster than George Bush. After signing the Clean Air Act Amendments, the Civil Rights Act, and the ADA, Bush earned the title of "the regulatory President." Pages in the *Federal Register* surged from roughly 50,000 in Reagan's last year to over 60,000 in 1992. Jim Bianco of the Arbor Trading Group, Inc. reports that pages in the *Federal Register* have climbed to 71,000 in Clinton's first year. If the trend persists, there will be 85,000 pages by 1996, a level equal to the all-time record in Jimmy Carter's last year.

Worse, Bianco's research shows that Washington regulatory binges are closely related to subsequent inflation. The correlation between the thickness of the *Federal Register* and commodity price indexes (one of the best gauges of anticipated inflation) is 0.94 since World War II. No expansion of the regulatory burden in this century has failed to produce a price inflation.

Buy more Cristal—for your cellar.

■ I have always felt the Administration's commitment to "reinventing government" was directly related to its unreality. That skepticism is now shared by the bean counters on Capitol Hill. The Congressional Budget Office says the Gore reforms will save a whopping $305 million over five years. That's one-twentieth of the savings the re-inventors promised and less than one one-hundredth of one per cent of total outlays—roughly equivalent to what the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture spends in a week. Congress's reaction? The spending cuts in the Gore report are too draconian.

So buy still more Cristal—and this time drink it. —GEKKO

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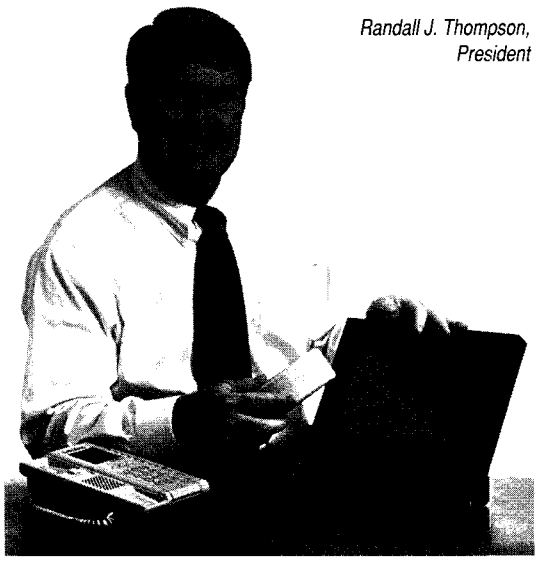

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The Kathy Power Case

THE ROMANCE OF REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE

Sixties radicals talked about the pigs versus
The People, about honky America eating its children.
Mostly it was just talk, but a few believed it literally,
and they were the ones who died—or killed.

JACOB COHEN

AFTER 14 months of secret negotiations with the authorities, former Brandeis University student Katherine Ann Power came out of hiding on September 15 to plead guilty to charges that, 23 years earlier, she was part of a group that fire-bombed and stole arms from a National Guard armory and then, a few days later, on September 23, 1970, robbed a bank in Brighton, Mass., during which robbery police officer Walter Schroeder was shot and killed. Miss Power admitted that she stood armed guard during the weapons heist and drove a getaway car for the bank robbery. Searching her apartment shortly after the murder, police found three rifles, a carbine, a pistol, a shotgun, and a considerable store of ammunition.

In statements made on the occasion of her surrender and later at her sentencing, Miss Power expressed shock and remorse at the death of Officer Schroeder, who left a wife and nine children, offering lifelong "endemic" depression as partial explanation for her delay in coming forth, but also for her crimes. She characterized her activities then as "naïve and unthinking" and "outrageously illegal," but, contradicting herself, also insisted that she had thought very deeply about them at the time and, in context, would still defend them. It was a period of widespread lawlessness by protestors and by the government, she said, and she acted "not from any desire for personal gain but from a deep philosophical commitment that if a wrong exists, one must take active steps to stop it, regardless of the consequences to oneself in comfort or security." The reason she acted as she did, she concluded (now ignoring her body chemistry), "lies in the deep and violent crisis that the Vietnam War created in our land."

Following her lead, most media accounts and editorials have offered as explanation "the War" and the "radical climate of the times," commenting, typically, on the pathos of "idealism gone astray" and the paradox of "violence in the name of the peace." "It seems ludicrous now," said the avuncular *New York Times* editorial, "but in those cynical, angry, and weirdly romantic times . . . such acts seemed logical."

One wonders what logic the editorialist understands Miss Power and her comrades to have been following. To be sure, there were many violent acts of antiwar protest at the time: draft resistance, Daniel Ellsberg's release of the Pentagon papers, nuns and priests destroying draft records, the bombing of a University of Wisconsin laboratory suspected of weapons research. Typically, these acts were followed by long public statements explaining the antiwar point of the illegal action or defending the appropriateness of the target. As extreme as they were, these were, arguably, public acts of protest, which aimed to punish, pester, and disrupt but also to persuade, if only by calling obstreperous and lurid attention to the antiwar cause.

But what is the symbolic logic of a mere bank robbery which, if successful, would be reported only as: a bank robbery? Kathy Power's comrades were classmate Susan Saxe; another Brandeis student, Stanley Bond, who was an ex-con; and two other ex-cons. Following the heist and murder the three ex-convicts were quickly apprehended, and Bond spoke of the group's plan to use the money obtained to buy explosives capable of paralyzing railroad cars carrying weapons by fusing their wheels to the tracks, thus enabling Bond's merry band to leap aboard and steal the weapons in order to supply them to black revolutionaries. *Newsweek* repeated the story absolutely straight-faced, never asking, among

Mr. Cohen's course on the Sixties was called the "best course at Brandeis" in Lisa Birnbach's Guide to American Colleges and Universities.

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other obvious questions, what does an armed revolution by blacks have to do with the peace movement?

Sex and Revolution

WHILE I DID NOT know Kathy Power or her friends Susan Saxe and Stanley Bond personally, I was teaching at Brandeis then and closely observed the activities of their radical circle. And for a number of years I have taught a course at Brandeis on "The Sixties." The conclusions I have reached about these events differ a good deal from the picture presented lately in the media.

One explanation for Miss Power's actions, suggested in several media accounts, is that she may have fallen under the spell of Bond, a "menacing, charismatic sexual adventurer," according to one account. In this view, Kathy Power—valedictorian of her Catholic high school in Denver, the conspicuously unrebellious daughter of an apparently loving and conservative family—was undone by Bond's licentious magnetism. But if there was seduction, it went both ways, the radical students also pressuring Bond into acts of revolutionary derring-do which he would not otherwise have committed.

I recall Bond telling his story to anyone who would listen. He said he had persuaded prison authorities to support his parole by telling them what they wanted to hear: that he knew he was a compulsive criminal in recovery and he was now determined to, as it were, take the pledge. When he arrived at Brandeis in the fall of 1969, his advisor, the dean of faculty, who had insisted Bond be in his direct charge, told him, Bond said, to keep his nose clean, get his degree—his "union card" the dean called it—and then "screw the system for all it was worth" like all "successful" Americans.

The last part of this speech sounded, *mutatis mutandis*, like advice he had been getting in the streets all his life, said Bond, and then, miraculously, he heard a different version of himself from a small circle of radical students and, yes, a professor or two. Bond's so-called crimes weren't crimes, he learned, but the spasmodic protests of an untutored incipient revolutionary. With his experience and skills and under their ideological tutelage, he could help remake America.

Of course, this view of crime and the criminal was hardly unique to Brandeis. Many of my students had read and loved Norman Mailer's article "The White Negro" (1959), wherein he suggested that a white thief who beats up a candy-store proprietor is really searching for a kind of cosmic cool (like that of the black hipster) and is also protesting the unjust institution of private property. One could find variations on the theme in films, like *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), in the then vogueish works of Genet, in rock-and-roll staples, and in classrooms of radical professors throughout the land. For many students at Brandeis these pieties were sung more for the music than for the lyrics. A very small group of students, however, came to pay them literal and, as it turned out, deadly attention.

Kathy Power's initiation into radical literalism came in December 1968, the middle of her sophomore year, and a year before she met Bond. (That was also the year in which President Johnson was forced out of the election campaign by a groundswell of unease about the war; Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were assassinated; there was widespread urban violence for the fourth summer in a row; protestors at Columbia University and the Democratic National Convention were violently put upon and jailed, to the strategic delight of a few of their leaders; Norman Mailer opined that we were at the beginning of a twenty-year civil war, a fight to the finish, in which he intended to stand with the rebels; and, of course, Richard Nixon was narrowly elected President saying he had a secret plan to end the war in Vietnam: honorably.)

In December of that year a few radical students at Brandeis organized a "sanctuary," a much-discussed technique in the armamentarium of "resistance" to the Vietnam War. The idea was to take a soldier who had deserted in protest, offer him sanctuary, even as the medieval Church had once given sanctuary to renegades, and then share in his protest, partake of his danger, daring the U.S. Government to defile the sacred university by pursuing and arresting him there.

Such a soldier, John Rollins, Specialist 14, presented himself for their purposes. An under-utilized building was seized, its large windows taped over in order, the protestors said, incongruously, to protect against the expected invasion. On the hills and ramparts of the university students with walkie-talkies scoured the horizon for the military columns which a very few of them were literally convinced would arrive momentarily.

They Had Seen the Future . . .

MEANWHILE, inside the occupied building the Sanctuarists proceeded to create a commune, a prefigurement, they said, of the utterly emancipated and uninhibited world of the future. Perhaps three hundred students, Kathy Power among them, joined in, sympathetic in varying degrees, extremely exhilarated, and, as I recall, utterly insouciant about the danger of confronting the United States Army. There were, of course, drugs and guitars. The signs over the men's room and women's room were removed and the partitions around the toilets torn down, because, the organizers said, in the world to come there could be no self-withholding, bourgeois notions of privacy, even in the toilet. There were intense discussions of how the university curriculum should be refashioned as a fighting adjunct to the revolution the country stood in crying need of. At one point there was a heated debate for nearly two days over how the commune should make decisions: whether by unanimous avowal, Quaker style, or by majority vote. For some, including the instigators—"true radicals," they called themselves—majority voting was oppressive of the losing minority; for others, derided as "liberal elitists" by the "true radicals," total unanimity was a technique by which the real elitists, the radical minority, controlled the situation. Fi-

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nally, it was decided, though not unanimously, to have a vote on whether to have votes, which proved to be inconclusive. And in the center of this ferment, lounging in a Brandeis sweatshirt and largely ignored, sat the supposed point of these exercises: the deserter.

Unfortunately, it later turned out that Rollins was not a deserter at all, not even AWOL, but an impostor. All their defensive preparations had been in vain, for the army had no reason to arrest him. It stood to reason, of course; real deserters were going to Sweden or Canada, not daring the authorities to come and get them at Brandeis University. But foolish or not, in their own minds the protestors, at least the very small group of literalists among them, had been prepared to brave the assault of military forces whom they routinely characterized as wanton, racist killers.

There was another event that occurred during the Sanctuary, which raised the question of whether the small circle of ardents would prove worthy of their own totalistic rhetoric. One night a handful of teenaged toughs from the local high school grabbed several male Brandeis students and beat them, quite brutally. These boys took a dim view of the goals of the Sanctuary, fancying themselves young men of the sort who were actually going to Vietnam and dying. It was said that one of them had lost a brother in Vietnam. Now the anguished screams of the assaulted students rose above the sounds of song and debate, and yet somehow the assembled three hundred could not organize themselves to defend them. In subsequent discussions, several black students (who had watched from the sidelines) taunted the Sanctuarists: You Jews, they said—referring to the ethnicity of most but not all of the activists at this Jewish-sponsored, non-sectarian university—you talk and talk, so articulate, so brilliant, but when it comes to defending your brothers, you're not worth your own body waste. In response, some cried "Anti-Semitism!" but the literalists—there were just a few of them—took it as a rebuke to be pondered, a further challenge not only to talk the talk but, somehow, to walk the walk.

Peace or Revolution?

IT WAS of course a challenge felt far and wide in 1969 and 1970, when the so-called antiwar movement split asunder, part of it still attempting to move the nation to withdraw immediately from Vietnam; another part, much smaller numerically, contemptuous and subversive of the reformers' efforts, now vigorously working to effect the complete overthrow of American civilization. To call the latter group part of the "antiwar movement" (as the press has done again lately in presenting the Kathy Power story) is to conduct an exercise in Orwellian double-talk.

"The issue is not the issue," the revolutionaries constantly reminded each other, meaning that any issue, such as opposition to the war, was useful only if it could provoke the authorities into violent repression and thereby intensify the will to violently resist and eventually overthrow the system or die in the attempt (oh, there was much talk of that). From this perspective, failure to obtain one's stated goals was essential. The one thing the revolutionaries did *not* want was an end to the war.

We tend to forget that from the fall of 1969 till the fall of 1970, when Officer Schroeder was shot, there were over three thousand political bombings in America. Some of that violence was directly inspired by representatives of North Vietnam and Cuba who met with American revolutionaries, flattered them by giving them rings made from the metal of felled American planes, and reminded them that their job was to "bring the war home" to America. At the same time, the Black Panthers, our "domestic Vietcong," had declared street war on the police, and, not surprisingly, the police on them.

By the fall of 1969, the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), which for a moment in the mid Sixties had seemed to be building a sizable movement of radical college students, had been taken over by a small faction of "Weathermen," most prominently Bernardine Dohrn, who was then proclaiming that high-school and junior-high-school students in America were on the verge of going berserk, ready to desert family and school to join the revolution. All that would be necessary to sever the thin membrane of social control which kept the kids from their appointed mayhem was the inspiration of some outrageous acts of desecration. And so the revolutionaries took to breaking into classrooms and haranguing students and teachers on American imperialism; in the infamous "Days of Rage," they roamed through the streets of Chicago smashing storefronts and car windows, promising that the students would pour out of their schools to join them.

Again, I would stress how literally these few people took their own outlandish talk ("The only good pig is a dead pig"). In the youth culture, of course, such talk, *qua* talk, was ubiquitous—schools depicted as concentration camps, America as history's premier police state, the coming extermination of black America in a new holocaust, the tyranny of monogamy, Dionysus as messiah, the imminent civil war. In this poetic mythology, "the Vietnam War" had become a mighty synecdoche for everything wrong with America.

Were they serious? That straightforward question itself was made a mockery of by the radicals. They were and they weren't; they would give no comfort to the Establishment by assuring it they were trustworthy, but the overwhelming majority would not cross the line into criminality; they would not dedicate their lives to total obedience to the blueprints implicit in the enraged texts which they and the revolutionaries shared.

The difference between the two groups might be demonstrated by the instance of Charles Manson, whose "family," in late 1969, slaughtered several innocent people in the Hollywood hills, writing "death to pigs" in the blood of their victims, stabbing the belly of pregnant actress Sharon Tate with a dinner fork. Manson was a charismatic sexual adventurer who had mesmerized his

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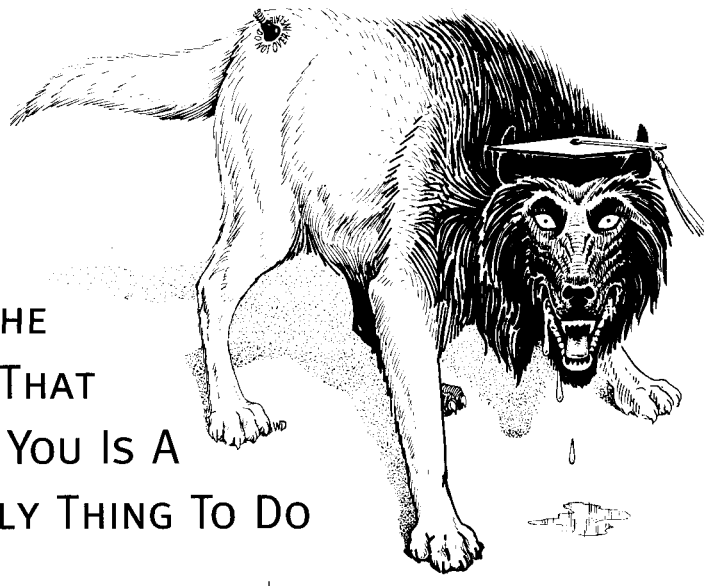
followers. His first messianic ambition had been to be a rock star, and one wonders what would have become of him if he had succeeded. Failing that, he found that his hold on his pathetic band of groupies depended on his capacity to create new and deeper outrages, and for this he needed a literal ideology. The result was his "philosophy" of "helter-skelter," an esoteric reading of the lyrics of recent Beatles albums, Manson said, which in general form is not dissimilar from the line being taken by the Weathermen: An apocalyptic race war is about to break out; all that is needed is an unprecedented act of desecration to sever the membrane of restraint (the murder of Miss Tate and the others would be that act); the blacks will win the war because they are tough and whites tend to be cowardly; but the blacks will find themselves incapable of ruling the world and will be forced to summon Charles Manson and his band from their hiding place in the desert to take over.

Bernardine Dohrn immediately recognized Manson as a kindred soul. Speaking at the December meeting of the Weathermen in Flint, Michigan, she said, "A lot of us are honkies and we're scared of fighting. We have to get into armed struggle. . . . Dig it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" She then held up three fingers in the fork salute, which thereafter was to become a gesture of greeting in the revolutionary underground. Following her to the platform, her boyfriend, J. J. Jacobs, proclaimed: "We're against everything that's good and decent in honky America . . . we will loot and burn and destroy. We are the incubation of your mother's nightmares."

I do not intend to morally equate the murder of Officer Schroeder with the Manson massacres, though Bernardine Dohrn might have appreciated the analogy. (The night after Schroeder's death, a new slogan appeared on a wall in Harvard Square: "Pig Schroeder.") My aim is to explore a psychological orientation which would extract and obediently enact the literal significations in the poetry of rage. Who does and who does not cross the line? Without over-interpreting a Catholic kid from Denver who got into a heap of trouble, it may be pointed out that in talking about her lifelong "endemic depression," Kathy Power commented on her need to seek escape from her chemistry through obedience to highly structured activities.

Sadly, events in the spring and summer of 1970 gave her ample opportunity to do just that. On Thursday, April 29, President Nixon announced that he had ordered an invasion of neutral Cambodia to pursue enemy troops who, he said, were given sanctuary there. As it happened, that weekend some thirty Brandeis radicals, including Kathy Power, Susan Saxe, and two professors, traveled to a large demonstration in New Haven, long since scheduled to protest the prosecution of several Black Panthers for the murder of a suspected traitor in their midst. (It later turned out that he had been innocent of their suspicions.) Stores and public buildings in New Haven had been zippered up in anticipation of violence; the president of Yale, perhaps to mollify the furies at large on his campus, had publicly commented that in his view it would be difficult for a



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black man to get a fair trial anywhere in America. When the invasion of Cambodia was announced just two days before the rally, pro-Panther passions mixed potently with renewed anti-war rage.

On May 2, during a speech on the New Haven Green, Tom Hayden, by then a veteran protest celebrity, paused to read a message handed to him by one of the Brandeis group. The message announced that there was to be a national student strike demanding the immediate release of all imprisoned Black Panthers and immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. For further information, the announcement concluded, contact the "Brandeis University Strike Information Center." There is no evidence that Hayden knew what was coming: if the message had said someone's car lights were on, he probably would have read that as well.

Proclaim It and They'll Come

THE IDEA for simply proclaiming a strike and hoping that one would follow had been developed well before Nixon's announcement. Actually, it was a familiar idea at Brandeis, where one of those professors had organized a meeting in January 1969 to discuss the organization of a national student

". . . and when I have signed the contract, schedule me for a confession with Father O'Malley."

strike in solidarity with striking black students at San Francisco State University. Representatives from San Francisco State had addressed the meeting (which I attended), one of them saying directly to the black students present: "If you had any balls you'd take over this university tomorrow." That night black students seized a building and improvised ten "non-negotiable" demands, no doubt deeply felt. Thus, the idea of creating a strike by announcing it seemed, in miniature, to have been tried and to have worked.

By the Saturday night after Nixon's announcement there was news of spontaneous antiwar protests and attendant violence at campuses all over America. And when four students were shot dead on Monday by National Guardsmen summoned to quell violence at Kent State, and when, later, black students were killed during protests at Jackson State, the revolution had its martyrs. The killings were ordered directly by Nixon! The predicted holocaust of student and black dissenters had begun! Into the streets!—many of the literalists were screaming, without irony. The next few weeks were to see feverish antiwar protest all over America, certainly not centrally organized, but centrally reported to the media through the "Strike Information Center" at Brandeis. They had imperiously commandeered a national strike simply by monopolizing the reporting of it, just as they had commandeered the name of "Brandeis" for their information center, to the consternation of the university administration.

Based in a departmental lounge and a professor's office, the students worked feverishly: making and taking "seven hundred phone calls a day," they said; setting up "regional offices"; publishing a "newsletter." Their biggest complaint, and it was bitter, was that the press insisted on treating the strike solely as a liberal antiwar protest, neglecting the demands for the release of black political prisoners.

It should not be supposed that the radicals were isolated in their efforts. The Cambodia "incursion" had temporarily rekindled antiwar activity across the ideological spectrum. All over the country university faculties supported their students' strikes by making special arrangements for them to complete work missed, or to drop classes without penalty. At a perfervid faculty meeting at Brandeis, one justly renowned professor of philosophy announced that we were living through the greatest crisis in the history of the American university and that our duty was to support the students wherever they might lead us. For the moment, a "united front of progressive forces," the perennial dream of revolutionaries, seemed realistic.

As May gave way to June, the spirit of the revolt had not flagged. There were plans for many post-strike activities: an experimental university, implementing what had been talked about at the Sanctuary; corporate boycotts; efforts to radicalize high-school students. In the united spirit of the moment, the university had promised janitorial services, though it demanded payment for phone calls, and there were other expenses as well. Already in early June the school newspaper, *The Justice*, reported that, despite $4,000 raised from sympathetic donors, the strike was $10,000 in debt.

And then, somehow, and absolutely inevitably, it all fell apart. The revolution had not occurred. I well remember the hysteria of some of the strike leaders, in particular Susan Saxe, Kathy Power's friend. In August, I was teaching at Brandeis's "Adult Institute," a two-week program for middle-agers and older. By then the strike had petered out, and in their despair, and indebtedness, a remnant of the strike leadership took, Weatherman style, to breaking into the classrooms of the Institute to harangue the adults about the evils of American imperialism and of Brandeis University. To resolve the situation a debate was arranged between me and Susan Saxe on the condition that she and her colleagues would stop interrupting the classes. I have

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rehearsed that encounter many times since, always regretting my performance.

"What do you people want, Susan?" I asked.

"We wanted an urban-studies program and you never gave it to us," she snarled.

"What are you talking about? A faculty committee devised a new urban-studies program last spring," I responded superciliously.

"Yes, but that's not the program we wanted. It's your program."

"Well," I responded, playing to my supportive audience of adults, the age of her parents and grandparents, "if your idea of freedom is always getting every last thing that you want, then I agree that you are not free." The audience squirmed appreciatively.

I've never forgotten her answer or stopped regretting my silence before it. "Why don't you just kill us now and get it over with?" she said. I said nothing, nothing at all, to what I took to be an infernal non-sequitur. I did not yet see the logic of it from her revolutionary perspective. And I did not say at least this: "Let's stop playing around. No one is trying to kill you; there is no planned holocaust; your black friends, who tell you that concentration camps are being built to exterminate blacks like so many European Jews, are crazy. They are making statements about things which do not exist, and so are you. Nor is there any justification to be derived from the indubitable fact that you are furious." I think we the professoriate were complicitous in not having said such things a thousand times in a thousand precise, literal, ways.

I do not know for certain, but I imagine that Kathy Power was in a state of mind similar to her friends. By then it seemed impossible to simply stop, to turn back to the senior year, to graduate, to turn it all into some "experience" to be discussed at a future class reunion. All over there was news of dissenters making the decision to join the underground war against America, and there were in addition, as I've said, literally debts to be paid. This is speculation: but as I imagine the situation, it was at this point that Stanley Bond came to the fore. What about a bank robbery, perhaps a series of them? I've got some friends who will help, though they'll be expensive. You say we should fire-bomb a National Guard armory and "liberate" its weapons? I know how to do it. I am, remember, Stanley Bond, criminal-ergo-revolutionary, and you too can be criminals-ergo-revolutionaries. Let me show you how. The test for Kathy Power was at hand. And, finally, she passed it. And as a result, very soon thereafter, Officer Schroeder, husband and father of nine, was dead.

For myself, I do not doubt her profound remorse over that death; nor do I lack sympathy for her suffering over the years and that of her family. But, at least on the basis of her remarks thus far, I don't think she has ever understood why it all happened, nor, if the media treatment of the matter is any indication, have the institutions which bring us the news. □

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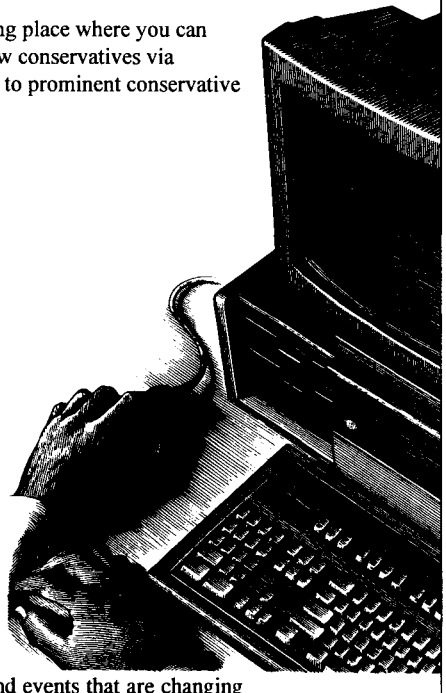

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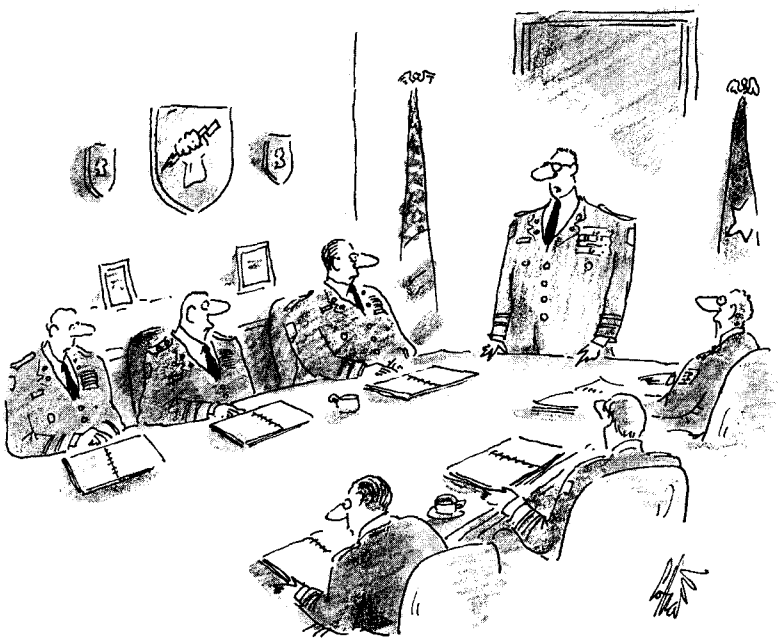
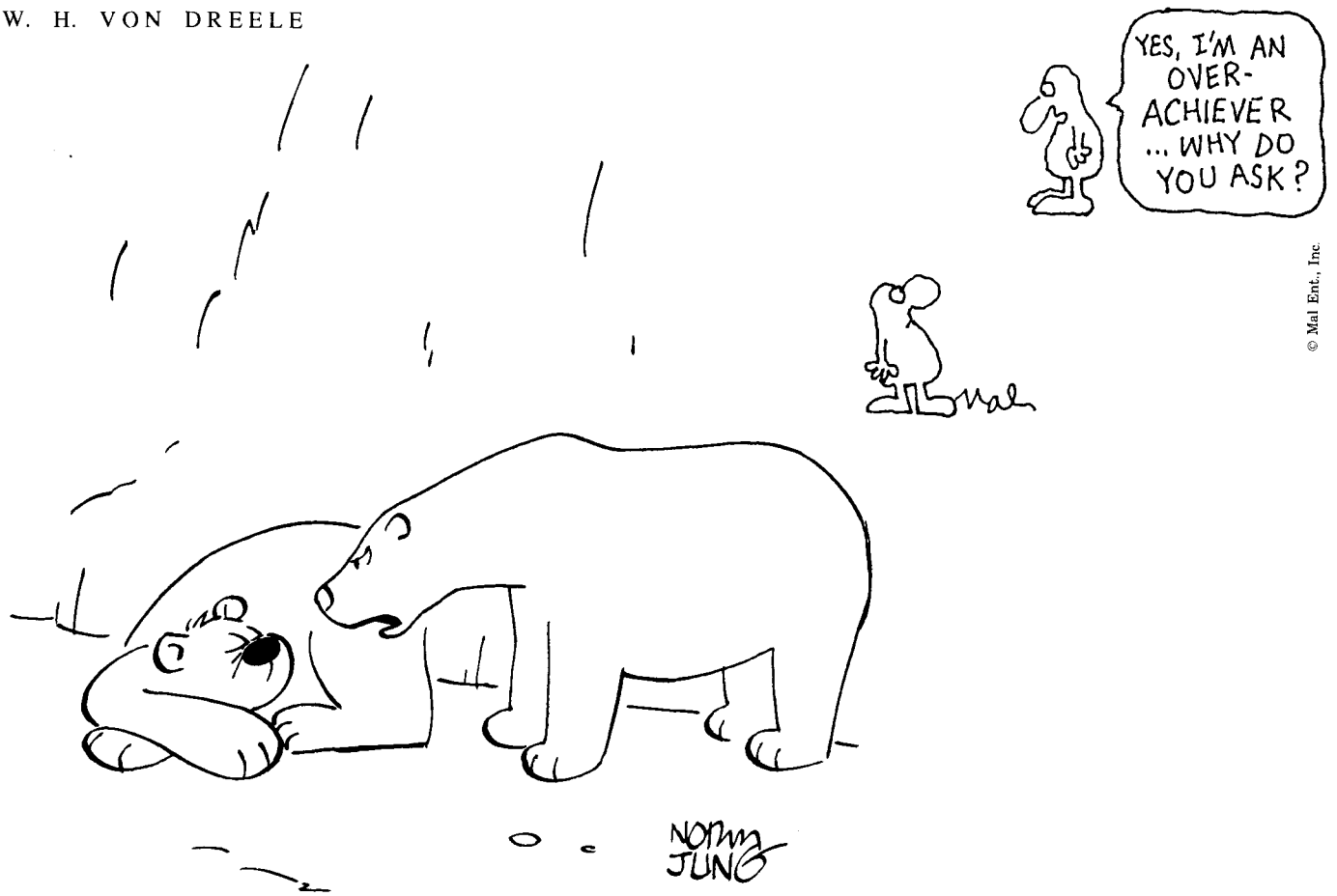


"And upon retirement, after forty years of military service, I shall return to the private sector and open a gay bar."

The Mrs. Strikes Out

With trowel and a vetted charm,
She came to Jersey bent on harm
And laid it on in layers that
Would have revived a poisoned rat,
But not Jim Florio, a loss
That's done some damage to her gloss.

W. H. VON DREELE



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"Your snoring kept me awake all through December!"

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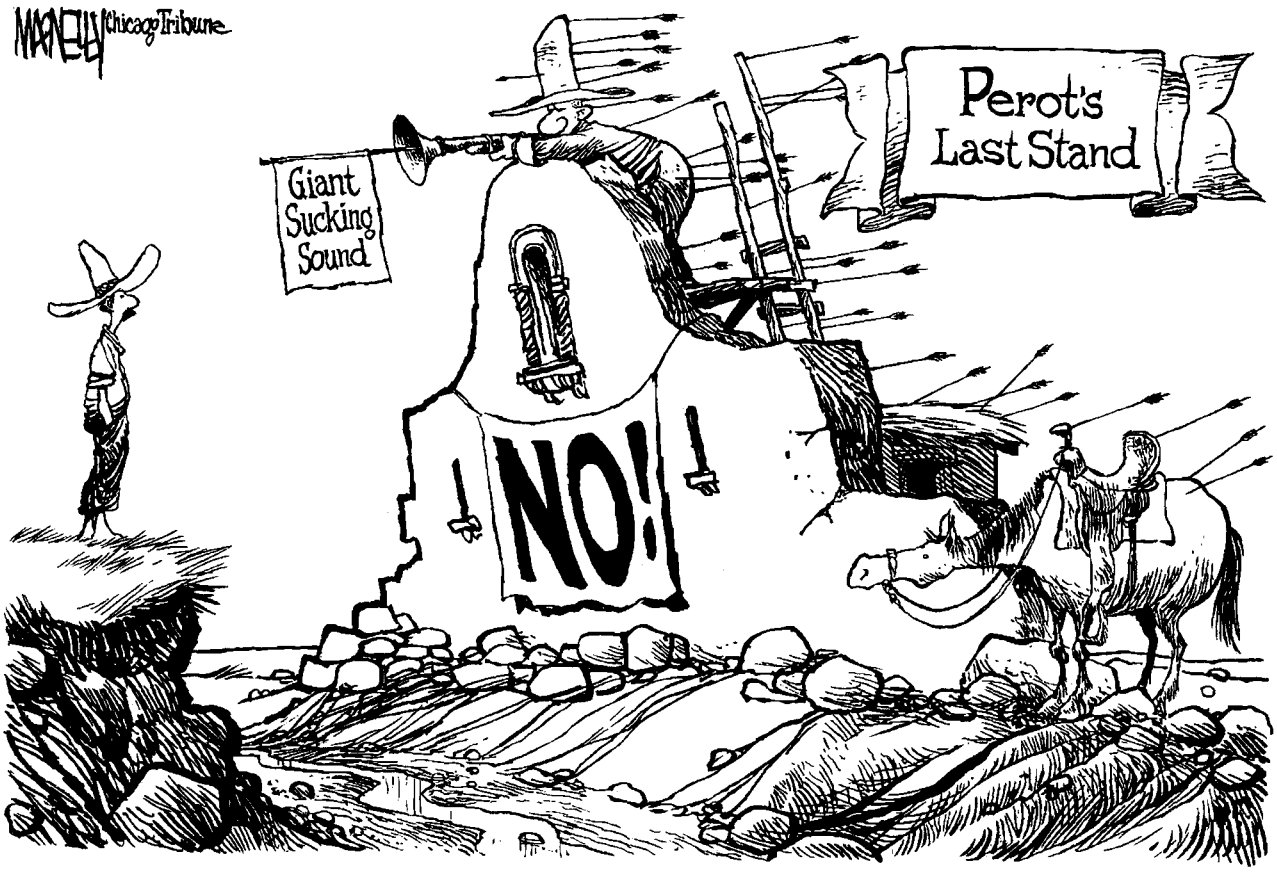

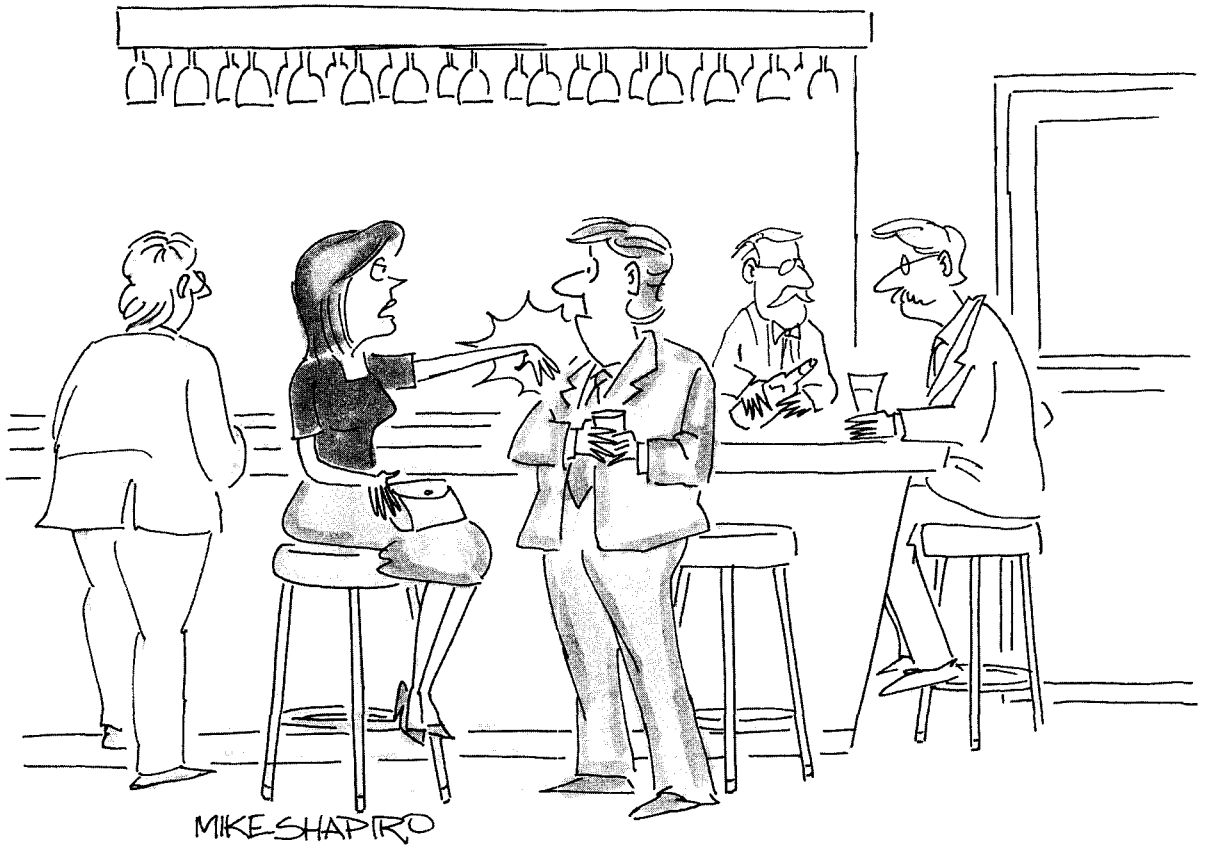

"And that's *from Catharine MacKinnon!"*

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Post-Cold-War World

CLINTON'S MILITARY PROBLEM—AND OURS

It's easy to ascribe the military's disdain for their Commander-in-Chief to his background and character. Easy and dangerous. There is serious thinking to be done about the civil–military relationship.

A. J. BACEVICH

ITEM: Venturing forth for the first time as Commander-in-Chief, Bill Clinton visits the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt*. The troops give their new boss the cold shoulder. "An undercurrent of mockery . . . pervaded the ship," noted the *Washington Post*, recording the prevalence of "Hillary jokes and Chelsea jokes." Nor was it simply brash 19-year-olds sounding off to reporters. It was a career officer who said: "Maybe we can call this his military service," referring to Clinton's brief visit. "Three hours is more than he had before."

Item: In the White House, a Clinton staffer snubs a highly decorated general, sniffing that she doesn't "speak to people in uniform." Desk-bound warriors in the Pentagon lose no time in leaking the incident as *prima facie* evidence of a pervasive Clintonite animus toward the military. The Administration reinforces perceptions of the incident's significance by inviting the aggrieved general to join the smiling First Jogger on his morning jaunt.

Item: In a *Washington Post* op-ed, two serving officers, outraged by Clinton's declared intentions regarding gays, sound a clarion call on behalf of military dissent, aiming their remarks specifically at the service chiefs, whose job it is to "speak for us." Any chief who "fails to register vocal opposition" to permitting gays to serve openly, they warn, "could undermine his moral authority over his subordinates." A leader thus compromised will find himself attempting to "command without the loyalty of his subordinates," a problem the authors suggest the President himself ought to "be concerned about." Reviving a distinction last made by Douglas MacArthur—that a soldier "swears allegiance to the Constitution, not to the Commander-in-Chief"—these officers put the President on notice that it is up to *him* to earn *their* loyalty.

Item: At a gathering of Air Force personnel and spouses, a hitherto obscure major general launches into a tirade in which he characterizes the President as a "pot-smoking," "womanizing," and "draft-dodging" Commander-in-Chief.

Item: Charged with putting the Tailhook scandal to rest, Navy Secretary John H. Dalton concludes that the service's uniformed leadership—starting with the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Frank B. Kelso—must be held accountable. He calls for Kelso's resignation. The admiral refuses to oblige. When the ensuing impasse is bucked up to Defense Secretary Les Aspin, he, after much agonizing, rules in Kelso's favor. According to one account, the fact that Kelso supported Administration policy "on opening combat jobs to women" weighed heavily in the decision.

Observers have seized upon incidents such as these to make the point that Clinton has a "problem" with the military. Given the self-referential culture of Washington, where everything is politics and politics is everything, the tendency is to frame that problem in conventional political terms. From this perspective, the military is just another constituency to be wooed and won over.

Maybe so. Yet to dismiss President Clinton's "military problem" as a garden-variety political affair may be to mask more substantive developments afoot. Americans have long taken harmonious civil–military relations for granted. Just perhaps, they can no longer afford to do so—lest they inadvertently invite a larger military problem of their own.

Our Citizen-Soldiers

TODAY'S military shows symptoms of evident distemper, no doubt aggravated by Clinton's social agenda and his personal history, but primarily attributed to factors for which Clinton himself is hardly to blame: a drawdown of American forces that continues apace toward an as yet undetermined end; the nation's lack of a clear strategic vision; the convergence of profound cultural changes and spectacular technological advances that threaten to render obso-

Mr. Bacevich is executive director of the Foreign Policy Institute at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies.

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HEALTH-CARE SUPPLEMENT

NATIONAL REVIEW

Second Opinions

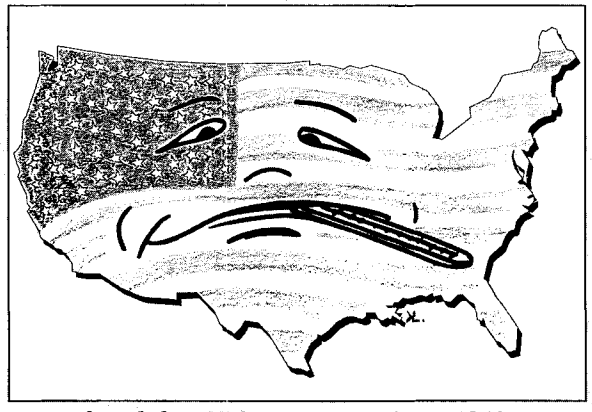
We gratefully acknowledge the cooperation of the National Center for Policy Analysis in planning and arranging this examination of the health-care debate, and especially John Goodman and Merrill Matthews. —ED.

American Health Care Today

EDWARD R. ANNIS, MD

TODAY'S physicians live in two worlds. On the one hand they work in the wonderland of modern medicine, a challenging and gratifying world of achievement. On the other hand they live each day cognizant that their ability to treat patients with the best techniques available is in great jeopardy.

Reflect for a moment on the advances that have given our society a quality of health care unimaginable in previous times. The miraculous age of medicine dawned while I was still in medical school, with the development of penicillin, tetracycline, and broad-spectrum antibiotics. As a result of these and of various immunological discoveries many infectious diseases have been brought under control. Smallpox has been eradicated worldwide, and cases of diphtheria, polio, and whooping cough have been virtually eliminated in the United States. The incidence in the United States of typhoid fever has been reduced by 95.3 per cent since 1940, measles by 93.8 per cent, and tuberculosis by 77.2 per cent. More than any other single factor, pharmaceuticals, with their ability to control infectious diseases, have been responsible for our dramatic increase in life expectancy, from 54 years in 1920 to over 75 years today. And the discoveries continue: of new medications achieving worldwide acceptance over the past 15 years, nearly half were developed here.



We are currently witnessing progress at an unprecedented pace in other areas as well. Laser technology, precision imaging methods, and microscopic surgical techniques are revolutionizing diagnosis and treatment of cancer, heart disease, and, most dramatically, diseases of the brain and nervous system. And genetic engineering has opened a whole new frontier every bit as promising as the momentous development of antibiotics.

Critics claim that our health-care system spends too much on expensive technology. Yet this criticism largely ignores the evolving nature of the health-care industry. We are paying more. But we are also getting more.

With advanced imaging techniques, for instance, an aneurysm of a blood vessel of the brain can be pinpointed, enabling a neurosurgeon to repair the

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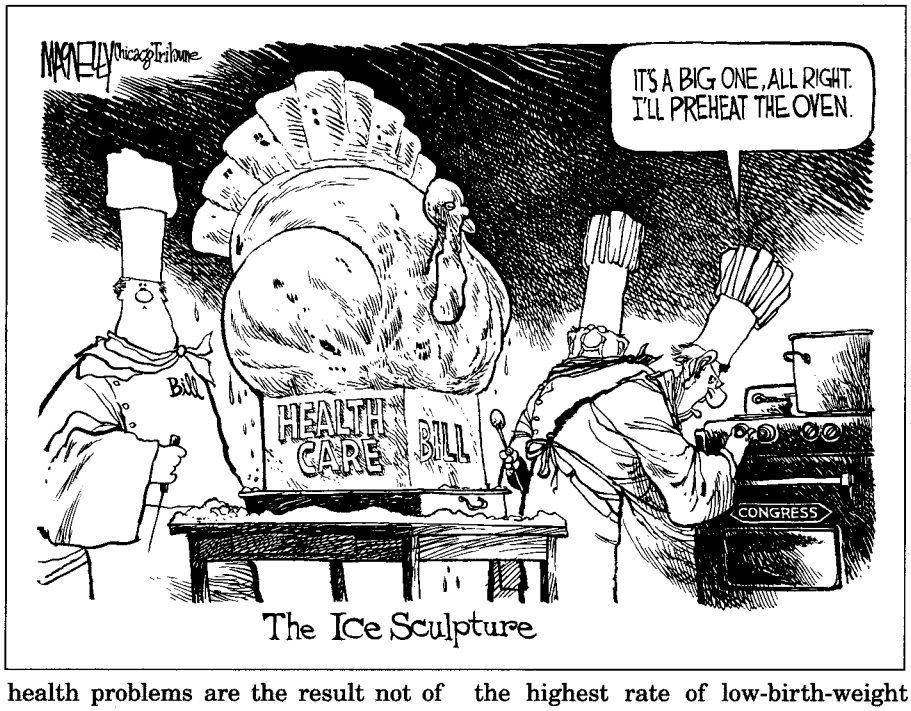
damage. Fifteen years ago, the rupture of such an aneurysm spelled death or irreversible impairment; doctors were helpless without the ability to locate the afflicted vessel and microscopic instruments to repair it. Fifteen years ago the patient's estate was likely to incur the cost only of a relatively inexpensive ambulance ride. Today the patient incurs a cost of $50,000 for neurosurgery, a hospital stay, and rehabilitative therapy.

Another criticism focuses on the fact that among developed countries America has one of the highest infant-mortality rates and only average life expectancy. Since we spend more per capita than any other country, is our health-care system less efficient? Hardly. Many of our more serious



The Ice Sculpture

health problems are the result not of poor or inefficiently delivered medical care but of social ills—often brought about by liberal social policies.

Take crime, for example. Because we have the highest crime rate, we spend more than any other industrialized nation treating the victims of crime. The problem is compounded for cities with disproportionately high crime rates. When a tally was made of the medical bills of all crime victims admitted to the 11 emergency rooms of Washington, D.C., during a period of two months, the total exceeded $40 million. The bills of individual patients—two-thirds of whom were uninsured—ranged up to a quarter of a million dollars.

A related claim is that if we expanded primary and preventive care, we would greatly reduce the need for more expensive, sophisticated technology. Don't be fooled. The preventive measures that have the biggest impact on health are mainly matters of personal responsibility—avoiding or reducing adverse factors such as tobacco, drug abuse, sexual promiscuity, junk-food diets, and a sedentary lifestyle. Beyond that, studies show that, for the vast majority of people, spending money on preventive care increases—rather than reduces—overall health-care costs. Even for targeted groups, spending more on preventive care doesn't work very well. Washington, D.C., for example, offers free prenatal care at clinics conveniently located throughout the city; yet it has the highest rate of low-birth-weight deliveries and infant mortality in the nation. Massachusetts offers free immunizations to all its citizens; yet only 62 per cent of the state's children are immunized by the age of two—only a little above the national average of 58 per cent.

The Medicare Example

WE CAN rightly boast that we have the highest quality of medical care found anywhere in the world. But we also have the most bureaucracy. More than a quarter of a century has passed since Lyndon Johnson's Great Society heralded Medicare, under which all Americans aged 65 or older, regardless of personal wealth, would be afforded government-subsidized health care. Along with the promise came, inevitably, a disruptive bureaucracy that defied basic laws of economics and fundamentally changed the relationship between doctor and patient.

Currently under Medicare, the Federal Government sets physicians' fees for specified procedures without regard to medical complications or differences in the quality of care. (Under the Clinton proposal, this practice would become universal.) As a result, physicians can no longer prosper from a reputation for providing outstanding care. The financial incentive leads them to function as mass producers, and therefore frequently as dispensers of substandard care. Under Medicare there is no incentive for the most capable practitioners to tackle the most severe cases. All the benefits of a consumer-driven free market have been removed.

Under Medicare, hospitals get paid according to a fee schedule called Diagnostic Related Groups (DRGs). They get paid the same regardless of the actual cost of treatment. This payment system encourages them, as it does physicians, to seek the healthiest patients (on whom they will profit) and avoid the sickest ones (who cost them money)—the opposite of a free market, in which competitors clamor to help those most in need of their services. Even so, the American Hospital Association estimates that this year hospitals will lose an average of $900 on each Medicare patient treated, resulting in a total deficit of $9 billion.

Our system is already subjected to the perverse incentives of price-fixing, utilization review, concurrent reviews, retrospective review, and retroactive denial of payment—making health care the most heavily regulated industry in the nation. Under Medicare, the government decides whether or not a patient will be admitted to the hospital, whether or not surgery will be performed, whether or not an assistant will be used in surgery, and when the patient will be discharged—all without ever examining the patient.

Furthermore, those administrative costs so greatly criticized by the Clinton Administration are, in large part, a result of government involvement in the health-care marketplace. Approximately 25 per cent of medical costs today are administrative costs. And

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those costs are rising at more than twice the rate of health care in general. Most of these costs are a result of regulations intended to limit charges by physicians, which is ironic considering that doctors' fees account for less than 20 per cent of the nation's health-care bill, a proportion that has not risen since 1950.

Hunting for Villains

PRESIDENT Clinton has joined the chorus of critics who insist on finding villains to blame—whether doctors, health insurers, or drug companies. He has ignored the problem that most needs to be corrected (in fact, he wants to exacerbate it)—government policies that insulate patients from their health-care bills. Most of the time when we enter the medical marketplace we are not directly spending our own money. For instance, when we spend a dollar in a hospital, we pay only 5 cents out of pocket, while 95 cents is paid by a third party (employer, insurance company, or government). For the health-care system as a whole, we pay only 21 cents out of pocket when we consume a dollar's worth of services. Because consumers are insulated from the cost of their purchases, they tend to overspend.

Furthermore, tax policies insulate employees from the real cost of health insurance. Currently, when an employer gives an extra dollar to an insurance company on behalf of one of his employees, that dollar is excluded from the employee's income for tax purposes. The exclusion of insurance premiums from taxable wages means that taxpayers are paying as much as half the cost for some employees. Now, those employees are themselves taxpayers—but this tax break is not available to the unemployed, self-employed, and others who must purchase their own health insurance. As a result, employees try to get as much health insurance from their employers as possible.

In response to these distortions, which encourage over-spending and too much insurance, there has been a growing acceptance of managed care, which attempts to control medical utilization by limiting the physician's and patient's choices. Indeed, forcing the vast majority of Americans into a managed-care system, particularly health maintenance organizations (HMOs), is at the heart of Clinton's reform proposal. The only problem is that numerous studies have confirmed what many suspected all along: managed care doesn't work. A study by the Congressional Budget Office, for example, found that most types of managed care realize little or no savings. Even though some types of HMOs are able to reduce hospital use, those savings are offset by increased use of the HMOs' other services. Furthermore, managed care is management-heavy, imposing an extra layer of costs. Ultimately, there is no more efficient or effective method of delivering health care than a private doctor serving a patient who pays a fee directly for the service rendered.

The U.S. health-care system needs reforming. But reform should build on its strengths (high-quality care) and aim at correcting its weaknesses (too much bureaucracy, too few market incentives). Unfortunately the Clinton Administration proposes to move in the opposite direction, in a way that defies common sense. While the President promises more for less, the truth is we would all get less, and pay a whole lot more. □

Lessons from Abroad

JOHN C. GOODMAN

AS PART of his health-care plan, President Clinton has proposed price controls on insurance premiums and "global budgets" to limit how much people can spend on health care each year. The concept is not new. Most other developed countries limit how much doctors and hospitals have to spend, thereby indirectly forcing them to ration health care. For example, Britain, New Zealand, and Canada—English-speaking countries with cultures similar to our own—all impose global budgets, and all have long waiting lists for hospital surgery. In Britain (pop. 57 million), the number of people waiting for surgery is more than 1 million; in New Zealand (pop. 3 million), more than 50,000; and in Canada (pop. 25 million), about 177,000.

On the surface, the number of people waiting seems relatively small—ranging from less than 2 per cent of the total population in Britain to less than 1 per cent in Canada. However, considering that only 16 per cent of people enter a hospital each year in developed countries and that only about 4 per cent require the most serious (and expensive) procedures, these numbers are quite high. In New Zealand, for example, there is one person waiting for every three surgeries performed each year.

In Britain and New Zealand, elderly patients in need of a hip replacement can wait in pain for years, and those awaiting heart surgery often are at risk of their lives. Perhaps because Canada has had a national health-care program for only half as long, the rationing problems are not as great. Even so, an estimated 1,379,000 Canadians are waiting for some kind of medical service, and 45 per cent of those waiting for surgery say they are "in pain."

Why So Popular?

IF THESE health-care systems are so bad, why are they so popular? Because most people are reasonably healthy most of the time, and developed countries with national health-care systems do provide adequate primary care. Physicians are relatively easy to see for minor aches and pains. Serious rationing occurs only among the few people who are really sick. And even they may never learn what treatments they are not getting. Who, after all, has an incentive to tell them?

Global budgets have unquestionably reduced patients' access to lifesaving but expensive care. Compare the United States with Canada. Per capita, the United States has ten times as many magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) units (which use magnetism instead of X-rays) as Canada; three times as many computerized axial tomography (CAT) scanners; three times as many lithotripsy units (to destroy

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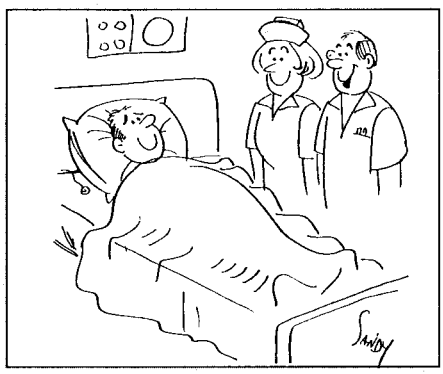
kidney stones and gallstones with sound waves); three times as many open-heart surgery units; and eleven times as many cardiac catheterization units.

What happens when people can't get access to the technology their doctors say they need? They wait. In British Columbia patients wait up to a year for routine procedures such as cholecystectomies, prostatectomies, hip replacements, and surgery for hemorrhoids and varicose veins. In Ontario, patients wait up to six months for a CAT scan, up to a year for eye surgery and orthopedic surgery, up to a year and four months for an MRI scan, and up to two years for lithotripsy treatment. All over Canada, patients wait for coronary bypass surgery, and heart patients have died after waiting more than a year.

Like Bill Clinton, the leaders of other industrialized countries have proclaimed health care to be a basic human right. Yet in most national health systems, not only do ordinary citizens have no enforceable right to any particular medical service, they don't even have a right to a place in line when health care is rationed. The 100th person waiting for heart surgery is not "entitled" to the 100th surgery. Other patients can jump the line for any number of reasons.

In Canada, for example, Americans who pay out of pocket can go to the head of the line because they add to cash-starved hospitals' revenues. Since Canadians cannot legally pay for care they are supposed to get free, in this sense they have fewer rights in Canada than Americans do. They also have fewer rights than pets. In an 18-month period, York Central Hospital in a Toronto suburb did more than



"I'm sorry, but medical science knows very little about infectious smiles."

seventy CAT scans on animals suspected of having such problems as tumors. The tests were done at night for a charge of $300 per scan. The practice was stopped only in response to outrage generated by the observation that, except in emergencies, people could not get a CAT scan quickly, but cats could.

Members of the Canadian Parliament and high-ranking federal bureaucrats also can avoid lengthy waits—just as politicians used to do in Communist countries—because they have access to the National Defense Medical Center, a military hospital. In 1990, the Canadian auditor general reported that 61 per cent of the center's in-patient days were for nonmilitary patients.

If Americans, dogs, and politicians can jump the waiting line, who gets pushed to the end of it? Often it's the poor, the elderly, members of racial minorities, and residents of rural areas. Per capita, the United States performs twice as many coronary-artery bypass operations on elderly patients as Canada does: and among 75-year-olds, the ratio is 4 to 1. The life expectancy at birth for both male and female Indians is almost ten years less than for non-Indians in Canada, compared to a difference of only about three years in the United States. And urban residents in Canada receive 45 per cent more services from specialists per capita than rural residents; for some specialties the discrepancies are even greater.

To make matters worse, global budgets are not controlling costs—at least not in Canada. True, Canada spends about 75 per cent of the amount the United States spends per person on health care—but a similar gap existed before Canada adopted global budgets and national health insurance. Over the past twenty to thirty years, real increases in health-care spending per capita have been virtually the same in both countries.

The lesson to be learned from other countries is that government controls do not work. Indeed, Britain and New Zealand have already adopted free-market reforms, and Canada will probably follow. Furthermore, there are positive lessons to be learned from countries that have avoided socialism all along. Singapore, for instance, has built its entire health-care system around Medisave Accounts, which allow patients to control their own health-care dollars. And several studies have found that with a system of private insurance, Switzerland has achieved more nearly equal access to care than any other OECD country.

The critics are right. Bill and Hillary Clinton are paying too little attention to what is happening in other countries. They need to look beyond our shores, listen, and learn; and then devise a health-care plan that will work. □

The Clinton Plan

MERRILL MATTHEWS JR. & MOLLY HERING

THEY MET in secret. They claim they didn't take minutes. They don't even remember who was on the task force.

Had these been conservatives working for the Reagan or Bush Administration, the media would have been outraged and the liberals in Congress would have called for their impeachment. But because the Clinton Administration is liberal, all sins have been forgiven.

The draft of the Clintons' health-care plan is 1,342 pages of legalese that no one really understands. But that may not matter on Capitol Hill. Most members of Congress instinctively know that the plan's benefits are obvious while its costs are hidden. More importantly, it transfers power to Washington. Under ordinary circumstances, that would be enough to guarantee passage.

All that's holding the plan up is the uncomfortable suspicion among politicians that it may backfire, causing them to lose their jobs. Those suspicions are well founded.

Although the plan has apparently changed several times already, the

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current version, and virtually any likely revision of it, would reduce competition, increase government intervention in the health-care marketplace, burden the economy, destroy jobs, lead to the rationing of health care, and put the best health-care system in the world in serious jeopardy.

The health-care reform proposal first advanced by candidate Clinton during last year's election campaign is known as "managed competition." Managed competition has a high intellectual pedigree. Its architects included Alain Enthoven, a Stanford University professor who served as an assistant secretary of defense in the Johnson Administration, and Paul Ellwood, the Nixon health-care advisor who coined the term "health maintenance organization." Along with a small group of health-care experts, these two have been meeting periodically to discuss health-care reform at Ellwood's place in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Indeed, their proposal is often referred to as the "Jackson Hole plan."

Although far too bureaucratic for most proponents of free-market reforms, the concept at least made sense. Indeed, there was a real-world example of managed competition at work in the federal employees' health-care plan. Under managed competition, individuals would choose among competing health insurers and would be encouraged to make cost-conscious choices. Large health-insurance purchasing cooperatives would be able to negotiate cheaper premiums than individuals or small employers could do on their own. Managed-care networks (e.g., HMOs) would have incentives to contain provider costs while maintaining quality health care in order to attract customers.

What Hillary Clinton and her secret task force produced, however, was very different—so different that Enthoven and Ellwood have dissociated themselves from the Clinton plan and accused the President of becoming a health-care Dr. Frankenstein—taking parts from a wide range of sources and fashioning a monster.

As far as the Administration is concerned, managed competition is out and managed coercion is in. Indeed, when Jim Cooper (D., Tenn.) recently introduced in Congress a purer version of managed competition, he was harshly criticized by Democratic House leaders as being out of step with the President, and by Mrs. Clinton for formulating a plan that would not force everybody to participate.

What had happened to move the Clintons away from the Jackson Hole plan? Most likely it was special-interest politics. To appease big labor, the President agreed there would be no limit on the amount of employer-provided health insurance that could be excluded from an employee's taxable income. The strongest unions have negotiated some of the most lavish health-care benefits in the country, and they don't want to pay taxes on them. Clinton's compromise violates the Jackson Hole principle that people who choose extra benefits should pay their full cost.

Then, to bring big business on board, the President agreed that government would pay the employer's share of health-care benefits for early retirees. This provision is especially important to some of the Rustbelt industries. The President also agreed that large employers (those with five thousand or more employees) could continue to run their own health-care plans. For small businesses, the Administration proposed special subsidies. The self-employed would get to deduct 100 per cent of their premium payments, although for everyone else only the 80 per cent that is the employer's share would qualify for a tax break. It's still not clear whether federal employees would have to abandon their own plan.

To accommodate the left wing of his own party, which has no faith in competition of any sort, Clinton has included price controls, global budgets, a limit on premium increases, and an option for individual states to establish a single-payer system (national health insurance at the state level).

How the Plan Would Work

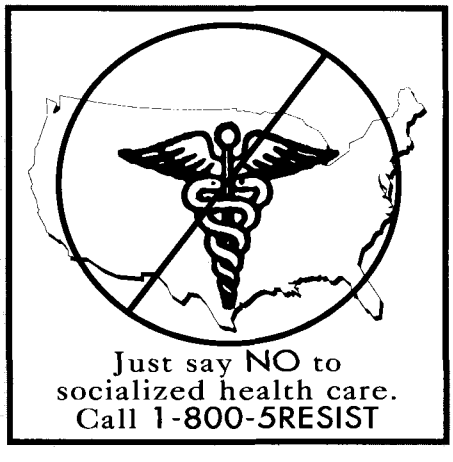
THE Clinton plan would give the Federal Government the power not only to regulate the $900-billion-a-year health industry, but also to become intimately involved in the type of care every American gets. Everyone would be forced to join a large, bureaucratic purchasing alliance and then choose from a small number of government-accredited health plans. The standard benefits package would be dictated from Washington, with little or no individual choice about what to accept. Thus, a 55-year-old schoolteacher who has no need or desire to be covered for pregnancy, drug and alcohol abuse, or abortion would have to pay for those benefits anyway.

Bureaucrats in Washington would micromanage the entire health-care industry. For instance, page 22 of the preliminary draft provides that women over the age of 50 would be able to get a free mammogram every two years, while women under 50 would have no such option. A child's vaccination for whooping cough would be free; a flu shot would not.

Although the plan is to be administered by the states, if they didn't toe the line the feds would step in and take over. The Federal Government could even impose a state income tax. Overall, the Clinton health-care plan would be the largest increase of government intervention in our nation's history—larger than the New Deal, larger than the Great Society. Here are some specifics:

Federal control. A National Health Care Board, with members appointed by the President, would have independent authority to impose any new rules and regulations it deemed necessary, determine what benefits would be in the health plan that every American would be required to have, and impose sanctions on any state that failed to comply with the regulations it mandated.

One size fits all. Everyone would



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be legally obliged to buy health insurance, with the Federal Government deciding what is included in the mandated plan.

State governments as surrogates. The Federal Government would force the states to establish bureaucratic "purchasing alliances," which would become the sole purchasers of health insurance. These purchasing alliances are the key to government control since all money—and therefore all power—would be channeled through them.

Abolish private health insurance. Citizens would no longer be able to buy a private insurance policy covering any of the medical services included in the mandated plan.

Employer mandates. Government would require employers to pay at least 80 per cent of the premium. Subsidies would be available for firms with small payrolls.

Individual mandates. The unemployed under age 65 and the self-employed would be forced to buy their own insurance. Early retirees would get an 80 per cent government subsidy, regardless of their income. Others would get subsidies only if their income was low enough. In general, the self-employed who do not qualify for government assistance would be required to pay for their own insurance whether or not they could afford it.

Price controls. State governments would decide how much insurance companies could charge in premiums. As part of a national global budget, the Federal Government might refuse to let premiums rise as much as health-care costs are rising, thus forcing doctors and hospitals to ration health care.

HMOs for everyone. Although Clinton promises that fee-for-service plans would still exist, the goal is to force most people into HMOs and other "managed care" plans. The Clinton plan would try to achieve this goal in three ways: 1) Set the deductible for fee-for-service plans very low so that premiums will have to be high, making the plans unreasonably expensive compared to HMOs. 2) Keep the per-visit co-payment for HMOs so low that HMOs appear to be the better value. 3) Impose premium controls which would bankrupt the fee-for-service plans, since, unlike most HMOs, independent physicians would not be directly under the control of managers who would tell them to limit medical care.

Fewer specialists. The government would establish a National Council on Graduate Medical Education and ten regional councils to control the number of physicians allowed to practice and in what specialties. One goal would be to limit specialists to 50 per cent of all physicians. Not only would the average doctor know less and have less training, but the Administration also intends to make the mix of new medical students much more politically correct.

Fewer new drugs. The government would establish a National Drug Price Advisory Committee to determine if drug prices are "fair" and impose sanctions on pharmaceutical companies if they are not.

Behind the plan there's a vision, a vision that puts its faith in bureaucracies rather than the market. In the Clinton medical marketplace, prices would not be determined by supply and demand. They would be determined by fiat. The law would require insurers to charge the same to everyone—young or old, sick or healthy. Government would dictate physicians' fees, and every doctor would be paid the same fee for a given service—regardless of the physician's skills and regardless of the actual costs.

When prices are fixed and therefore cannot serve their normal function, markets collapse. Unless, that is, there is some other force to keep things on track. In the Clinton scheme that other force is bureaucrats.

This is clearly a bureaucrats' plan—written by bureaucrats for bureaucrats. The important question is: What happens to all the rest of us?

How Much Would It Cost?

THE CLINTON Administration estimates its plan would cost the Federal Government $389 billion between 1995 and 2000. Most of the money to pay for the plan ($229 billion) would come from savings in the health-care system itself. Managed competition, according to Clinton, would eliminate waste, cutting costs by 20 per cent. This would allow the Administration to cut $124 billion from future spending on Medicare, $65 billion from Medicaid, and $40 billion from other federal health-care programs.

Had these proposals come from conservatives, liberals in Congress would have protested loudly about their insensitivity to the poor, who will suffer the most from these cuts, as well as shouldering much of Clinton's highly regressive cigarette tax. That the Left has been relatively quiet shows they are willing to pay almost any price to give the government control over our health-care system.

Medicaid reimbursement levels are already so low that most doctors won't see Medicaid patients. And although Medicare patients can generally see the doctors of their choosing, both programs pay below cost for hospital services, causing massive cost shifting to the private sector. If the hospital marketplace becomes more competitive, as the Clinton health advisors hope it will, cuts in Medicaid and Medicare spending would only result in fewer benefits and more rationing.

Raising taxes on the poor and cutting entitlement benefits for the poor and the elderly are not the sorts of proposals one would ordinarily expect from people who bill themselves as champions of "tax fairness." Even more surprising from a President who promised never to raise taxes on the middle class is . . . another middle-class tax hike. The Administration hopes to get about $30 billion by ending the practice of allowing employees to make pre-tax deposits to Flexible Spending Accounts to pay their portion of health-insurance premiums and to cover medical expenses not paid for by their employer's health plan.

Of course, everyone agrees Clinton's numbers are all wrong. Senate Finance Committee Chairman Pat Moynihan (whose help is essential for passage in the Senate) called the Clinton funding plan "fantasy." For one thing, count on health-care costs to soar. After the Administration increases almost everyone's insurance benefits and forces the 37 million currently uninsured to buy coverage as well, America is going to be spending a lot more on medical care. In addition, most of the savings are a pipe dream. Even the Congressional Budget Office says there is no evidence that managed competition (or managed care) will save money. And as Martin Feldstein, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, points out, every President in recent memory has proposed to cut spending on Medicare and

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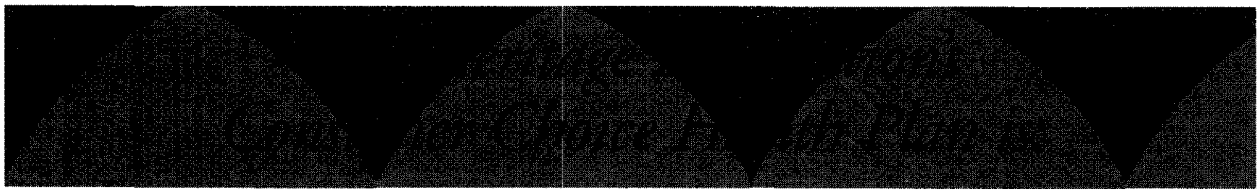

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Medicaid by reducing waste. Not one has succeeded; why should Bill Clinton fare any better.

Consider also that the government always underestimates the cost of spending programs, especially health-care programs. In 1965 the government estimated that by 1990 Medicare would cost $12 billion in inflation-adjusted dollars. The actual cost was $107 billion. In the mid Eighties, the government implemented Medicare cost controls, as Clinton is now proposing to do. Since then, Medicare costs have risen at more than double the rate of other health-care costs.

In the first serious estimate of the real cost of the Clinton health plan, Feldstein and his colleagues at the National Bureau of Economic Research concluded that $120 billion extra per year would be needed to fund the plan. This would require approximately a 24 per cent increase in marginal tax rates. A taxpayer now paying a 15 per cent tax rate would face an 18.6 per cent rate. The top rate of 39.6 would jump to 49.

Since Clinton's not admitting he will need to raise income taxes, the issue of the moment is: How much will health-care costs go up for ordinary citizens? In testimony to Congress, HHS Secretary Donna Shalala weighed in with an estimate that 40 per cent of the American public would pay more for health care. Immediately after that confession, the Administration cut her estimate to 15 per cent, and later doubled it to 30 per cent.

All of these estimates are based on Clinton's favorite economic fiction: that employee benefits are a gift from employers rather than a substitute for wages. In fact, employees earn their benefits just as they earn their wages. And when government forces employers to spend more on benefits, take-home pay has to go down to offset the increased costs.

Once employees realize that all those higher employer premium payments are actually coming out of their own pockets, Bill and Hillary Clinton will become a lot less popular. Their popularity will fall even further when employees begin to realize that the financial sacrifice they are making is not just to fund their own health care, but also to subsidize the health care of others.

Under the proposal, all insurance plans would be community rated. That means individuals in a given area would pay the same rate for insurance regardless of their age or health status. An AIDS patient or a cancer patient would pay the same premium as a healthy 25-year-old. In order for

Public Voice

This nationwide poll, conducted by Fabrizio, McLaughlin & Associates last month, was commissioned by NATIONAL REVIEW. (All figures are in percentages.)

If you were President and you chose to develop a national health-care reform plan, would you build a plan that relies on the Federal Government controlling health-care choices or would you build a plan that relies on individual choice and market competition?
- Federal Government controlling health-care choices: 19.6.
- Individual choice and market competition: 67.2
- Neither: 5.3

How much would you say you really know about the specifics of President Clinton's health-care plan?
- Know a great deal: 5.8
- Know a fair amount: 42.3
- Know very little: 51.0

From what you've read or heard, do you favor or oppose President Clinton's health-care plan?
- Favor: 41.8
- Oppose: 40.2

Generally speaking, how satisfied are you with the quality of health care you and your family receive?
- Very satisfied: 47.2
- Somewhat satisfied: 32.0
- Not very satisfied: 10.2
- Not satisfied at all: 9.1

Overall, how would you rate the quality of health care in the United States?
- Excellent: 17.0
- Good: 29.8
- Only fair: 32.7
- Poor: 18.5

From what you've read or heard, have the Republicans or Democrats in Congress proposed an alternative to President Clinton's health-care plan?
- Yes, Republicans proposed plan: 21.7
- Yes, Democrats proposed plan: 5.8
- Yes, both Republicans and Democrats proposed plans: 13.4
- No, neither proposed a plan: 29.3
- Unsure: 20.1

Which of the following statements regarding health care comes closest to your opinion?
- Health-care coverage is a basic right of all Americans: 40.7
- All Americans should have access to affordable health care, but it is not a right: 55.9
- Neither: 2.0

From the following list, who do you think is most responsible for the high cost of health care?
- Doctors: 17.9
- Hospitals and clinics: 15.0
- Insurance companies: 21.2
- Lawyers: 11.2
- The Federal Government: 5.1
- Congress: 2.0
- President Clinton: 1.1
- Patients: 4.3
- All of the above: 19.5

Do you believe the Federal Government can operate an

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that to happen, premiums for the healthy must rise. Consider the recent experience of New York state. A typical family with the head of household around thirty years old faced an increase in premiums of 170 per cent after community rating was passed last year.

Effects on the Economy

SINCE employers would be required to pay at least 80 per cent of their employees' health-insurance costs, and since Clinton's mandated benefit package is more generous than what most employers now provide—including items such as routine ear and eye exams, family-planning services, and psychiatric care—costs will go up for the vast majority of companies. Although employees will receive some benefit in return for these extra costs, the mandate mainly will represent a hefty new tax on American labor.

Costs are theoretically capped at between 3.5 and 7.9 per cent of payroll for small companies, depending on their average wage and number of employees. The Administration also claims that medium-sized and large companies will pay no more than 7.9 per cent of payroll. But since no funds have been set aside to make up any difference between the 7.9 per cent cap and actual premium costs, the assertion is apparently baseless. The current average employer outlay for health insurance is 11 per cent of payroll. No matter what happens, employers can be certain their costs will increase over time.

How will they respond? They will try to reduce other benefits, reduce wages, or reduce their workforce. To see why this plan is really a hidden tax on labor, consider the employer's incentives. If a company subject to the 7.9 per cent maximum premium hired a $21,000 worker, it would have to pay out an additional $1,659 in premiums. And each $1,000 raise to current employees would mean an extra annual cost of $79. Other things being equal, the firm is better off with fewer employees and lower wages.

The employer mandate, then, would have the effect of replacing millions of uninsured with millions of unemployed. The Employment Policies Institute estimates that 3.1 million jobs nationwide would be lost under the Clinton plan. The Administration itself is predicting as many as 600,000 lost jobs. Whatever the real number, Bill Clinton has stated that job losses are part of the cost that must be paid for "social reform."

effective and workable national health-care system at a reasonable cost to the taxpayers?
Yes: 50.6
No: 41.9

How comfortable would *you personally* be in entrusting your family's medical care to a health-care plan run by the Federal Government?
Very comfortable: 11.5
Somewhat comfortable: 41.8
Not comfortable at all: 42.6

With which political party are you affiliated?
Republican: 32.9
Democrat: 38.0
Independent: 21.6

The following are some details about President Clinton's health-care reform plan. If each of the following were true, please tell me whether you would favor or oppose the Clinton plan:

President Clinton's health-care plan would create 79 new government agencies and commissions to administer his plan. Favor: 28.8 Oppose: 63.0
President Clinton's health-care plan would impose a 1.9 per cent payroll tax on all workers to help pay for this plan. Favor: 44.7 Oppose: 49.6
The Employment Policy Institute estimates that President Clinton's health-care plan would cost between one million and three million U.S. jobs. Favor: 17.5 Oppose: 72.8
Under President Clinton's health-care plan you are not guaranteed the right to choose your own doctor. Favor: 10.6 Oppose: 85.4
Under President Clinton's health plan, a seven-member presidentially appointed National Health Board would be responsible for overseeing and establishing national health standards. Favor: 46.6 Oppose: 45.5
President Clinton's health-care plan would establish state-by-state health-care budgets and if a state exceeded its budget, medical services could be rationed in that state. Favor: 19.4 Oppose: 73.2
President Clinton's health-care plan would limit your choice of health coverage to government-designed plans. Favor: 15.6 Oppose: 77.5
Under President Clinton's health-care plan, many Americans would be randomly assigned to a health plan. Favor: 17.7 Oppose: 75.3
President Clinton's health-care plan could exclude coverage and payment for any new drugs for Medicare recipients. Favor: 14.8 Oppose: 79.1
President Clinton's health-care plan would cost taxpayers $700 billion in new spending, which amounts to $6,400 per taxpayer over the next five years. Favor: 20.1 Oppose: 73.2
President Clinton's health-care plan would reduce the level of coverage that many Americans who now have health insurance receive. Favor: 16.2 Oppose: 76.7

Knowing this, do you favor or oppose the President's health-care plan? Favor: 28.3 Oppose: 59.5

How do you pay for your own health-care insurance?
Self-paid insurance: 27.1
Joint employer/employee insurance: 36.4
Employer provides: 17.0
Medicaid/Medicare: 11.9
No insurance: 5.9
Unsure: 0.5

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The majority of new jobs in the United States are generated by small businesses, and the smaller the business, the less likely it is to provide health insurance. That's why the Clinton plan would hit small firms the hardest, despite the special subsidies. And there is no assurance that the small-employer tax breaks would be any more secure than that elusive middle-class tax cut Clinton promised voters during the campaign. Mrs. Clinton explained the Administration's attitude toward small business at a briefing on Capitol Hill: "I can't go out and save every undercapitalized entrepreneur in America."

Chicago Tribune
Clinton Hospital
CASHIER
OKAY, I SEE YOUR $30 BILLION IN OUT-YEAR PROJECTED DEFICIT REDUCTION, AND RAISE YOU $16.2 BILLION IN NEW ALLIANCE-BASED, COMPREHENSIVE UNIVERSAL CO-PAYMENT DEDUCTIBLE CEILINGS ON PREEXISTING MEDICAL CONDITIONS.
CONGRESS

The R-Word

BEHIND all the rhetoric in the health-care debate is an important economic truth. We cannot control health-care spending unless someone is forced to choose between health care and other uses of money. Whether it's patients, doctors, or an impersonal bureaucracy, someone has to decide that one more MRI brain scan simply isn't worth its $1,000 cost. The important question is: Who will make that decision?

The Clintons are silent on this point. Under no circumstances is anyone representing the Administration ever supposed to even mention the R-word. Yet the Clinton plan would result in rationing for three reasons.

First, the proposal is designed to push people into HMOs, which characteristically are reluctant to allow patients access to expensive, newly developed pharmaceuticals or to the latest diagnostic tests. That's one of the ways HMOs control their costs.

Second, price controls on insurance premiums would limit the amount of money providers have to spend. This would force hospitals and managed-care plans to cut corners on quality in order to meet spending targets. Inventors of new products would discover a shrinking market for their services. Unable to cover their research and development costs, they will produce fewer innovations to cure diseases and save lives.

Finally, the new prescription-drug regulations proposed in the Clinton plan virtually assure that pharmaceutical companies would cut back on research and development of important new drugs. If a company nonetheless does develop a new product, a bureaucratic council would arbitrarily decide if it was charging "too much" for the new drug, and, if so, penalize it for that "crime."

At first, it won't appear that anything is being rationed at all. Once the Clinton plan is in place, people are going to start demanding brain scans and cholesterol tests and appointments with their local shrinks—taking advantage of all the benefits Mrs. Clinton says they have a right to.

Soon costs will exceed budgets, and the Clintons will respond. But they won't blame ordinary people for taking advantage of freebies. Instead, they will trot out their handy enemies list and accuse doctors, drug companies, and insurers of price gouging and profiteering. No doubt they will discover some instances of real villainy. But the point will be to make the claim that free enterprise has been tried and found wanting, and to assert the need for regulations with real teeth in them.

One political benefit to the Clintons of so much new bureaucracy is that it will put a lot of distance between them and the painful effects of these price controls and technology restrictions. It won't be Bill or Hillary Clinton who will tell you that you can't have a brain scan. You're going to be told that by a bureaucrat who reports to a large HMO bureaucracy, which reports to an alliance bureaucracy, which reports to a state-government bureaucracy, which reports to a National Health Board bureaucracy, whose chiefs just happen to have been appointed by the President.

If rationing works anything like the way it does in Canada, inexpensive primary care will be readily available. You will have no trouble seeing a general practitioner, especially if all you need is hand-holding or a prescription for an antibiotic. To see a specialist would take more time and be more difficult. To obtain such diagnostic procedures as a cholesterol test, you would have to have real symptoms. And even if you had serious symptoms, you could wait a year or longer to get to an MRI machine. If what you need is very serious and very expensive—such as bypass surgery—you may never get it.

But if the worst occurs and the health system deteriorates, at least we will be able to buy a private insurance policy that provides first-rate health care. Right? Not under the Clinton plan. As in Canada, such policies would be illegal. According to the Health Security Act:

> No health plan, insurer, or any other person may offer to any eligible individual a supplemental health benefit policy that duplicates any coverage provided in the comprehensive package. An entity that knowingly and willfully violates any provision of this section with respect to the offering of a supplemental health benefit policy to any individual shall be subject to a civil monetary penalty (not to exceed $10,000) for such violation.

Wealthier Americans may think that if their HMO denies them the care they need, they will always be able to buy it out of pocket. But this practice, too, will be outlawed. Price controls on physicians will prevent the best doc-

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tors from charging more to those who wish to bid for their services.

To see how the new system would work, consider the current rules governing Medicare. Some senior citizens have already discovered, to their shock and dismay, that they cannot step outside Medicare and buy services which Medicare disallows. Suppose, for example, that a patient doesn't have the right symptoms to justify an MRI scan under Medicare's bureaucratic regulations. No hospital or doctor or clinic that is participating in Medicare can sell the patient a scan even if he pays with his own money.

Under the Clinton plan, these restrictions will be extended to everyone and, because of rationing, the rules will become a lot more important.

Grading the Clinton Plan

WHEN President Clinton announced his Administration's health-care plan, he introduced six standards by which any reform should be judged: security, simplicity, savings, choice, quality, and responsibility. How does his plan rate on his six tests?

False security. The number-one promise of the Clinton health-care plan is security. But promising benefits is not the same thing as guaranteeing that health care will be delivered. Medicaid is an example. The *New York Times* recently reported that in 1992, some 2 million Medicaid recipients were denied access to a physician because Medicaid reimbursements were too low. Clinton's promise to ratchet down spending and impose price controls threatens to do the same to the entire system.

Complex simplicity. The one charge that no one has leveled at the President's plan is that it's simple. It contains myriad rules, regulations, and standards to be imposed on doctors, insurers, employers, state governments, alliances, and individuals that would complicate our health-care system and actually increase administrative costs. Though the bill itself is more than 1,300 pages long, it would, if passed, require thousands more pages of regulations to implement it.

Costly savings. Even critics within Clinton's own party say the projected savings are a fantasy. The country may "save" itself into bankruptcy.

Limited choice. President Clinton has promised that people would be able to choose their physicians and health-insurance plans, and both he and Mrs. Clinton have lambasted the Health Insurance Association of America for its commercials that contend Americans will be denied choice under the Clinton plan. However, the Clintons' vehement protests notwithstanding, the American people would, in reality, have no choice of benefits package, no option to purchase private health insurance, and limited selection of doctors. Gone will be the days when individuals could purchase an insurance plan with the benefits of their choice. According to the Administration, the government, not individuals or families, knows what benefits are best for them.

Poor quality. By taking over medical education, reducing the proportion of specialists, decreasing incomes, and creating a politically correct medical profession, the Administration would ensure that the best and the brightest would no longer turn to the health-care profession. Through price controls and global budgets, the Administration would reduce access to life-saving technology and pharmaceuticals. As a result, the quality that Americans have come to expect will fade.

Whose responsibility? By taking over the health-care industry, the Clinton Administration, rather than individuals and their physicians, would take responsibility for American health care—unless, of course, there are major problems, in which case, virtually everyone else would be responsible. □

Alternatives to Clinton

Looking for Plan B

MICHAEL TANNER

AS WASHINGTON anxiously awaits the latest weekly change in the Clinton health-care proposal, the sea of counterproposals grows steadily larger. Left, right, and center—nearly everyone with a word-processor has a plan to restructure the American health-care system.

On the left (a bit further to the left than the Clintons), Representative Jim McDermott (D., Wash.) and 88 colleagues are pressing for a "single-payer system," along Canadian lines. The "single payer" is, of course, the government, and the "system" is what we used to call national health insurance and, before that, socialized medicine. Under McDermott's proposal the Federal Government would define a minimum benefits package, collect "premiums" (read: taxes), and pay the bills. A National Health Board would set and enforce a global budget.

Actually, a single-payer system has some advantages over the Clinton proposal. In Canada most patients can still see the doctor of their choice, and there's no bureaucracy trying to tell doctors how to practice medicine. These freedoms are likely casualties of the Clintons' reform proposal. Beyond that, however, the Canadian system is at least as bad as the Clinton plan, or worse.

Despite McDermott's assurances that his plan would reduce costs, the experience of Canada suggests otherwise. Real per-capita costs in Canada—along with the taxes to pay for them—have risen at approximately the same rate as in the United States over the past three decades. And attempts to control costs through global budgeting authority inevitably lead to rationing, waiting lists, and shortages. In Canada today, the average wait is 10 weeks for a mammogram and 5 months for a pap smear. Canadian heart surgeons estimate that the statistical risk of dying on the waiting list for heart surgery now exceeds the risk of dying on the operating table.

Up from Socialism

SO MUCH for single payers. Let's turn toward the center of the political spectrum, more or less.

A proposal by Senator John Chafee (R., R.I.) has been dubbed the "official"

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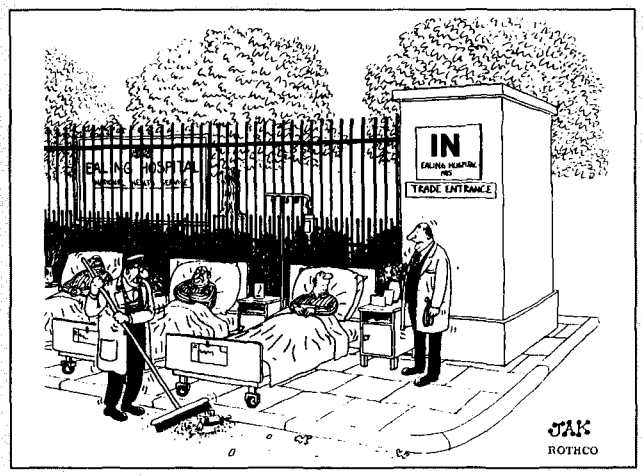
Republican plan by the media and "Clinton lite" by some conservatives. The Chafee plan actually differs from Clinton's on several very important issues. For example, rather than mandating that employers pay for insurance for their workers, the Chafee plan mandates that all individuals buy their own insurance and that employers merely offer them the opportunity. Individuals below 240 per cent of the poverty line would receive subsidies to assist them in purchasing insurance. An independent commission would establish a minimum benefits package, and spending on extra benefits would no longer be excluded from the employee's taxable income.



"Consider yourself lucky—some people can't even get a bed."

As in the Clinton plan, insurance companies under the Chafee proposal would not be able to refuse anyone coverage based on his medical condition, and would generally have to charge everyone in a particular area the same premium (community rating) regardless of health. However, unlike the Clinton plan, the Chafee plan has no premium caps or other price controls. Small employers and individuals could band together in voluntary purchasing alliances to increase their buying power. The plan also includes several malpractice-reform measures and would give individuals the right to control some of their own health-care dollars through Medical Savings Accounts (MSAs). Chafee says the plan would pay for itself by reducing the growth in Medicaid and Medicare expenditures.

A bipartisan House proposal, sponsored by Representatives Jim Cooper (D., Tenn.) and Fred Grandy (R., Iowa), has many similarities to the Chafee plan. Claiming to represent true "managed competition," Cooper and Grandy warn that Clinton's plan perverts the concept. Under Cooper–Grandy, states would be required to establish purchasing cooperatives in a system patterned after the Federal Employee Health Benefits Program (FEHBP). Individuals below 200 per cent of the poverty line would receive subsidies. As in the Chafee plan, an independent commission would establish a minimum benefits package, and only those benefits would be tax deductible.

Under this plan, individuals would choose among competing insurance policies. There would be no premium caps or other price controls. But premiums would be community rated and thus bear no relationship to actual costs. The most serious problem with Cooper–Grandy is that people would have an incentive to remain uninsured until they got sick, then buy health insurance to pay medical bills. Since insurers could not refuse to cover sick people or charge them higher premiums, individuals would have no reason to buy health insurance while they were healthy.

Chafee, of course, avoids this problem through his mandate that individuals purchase a minimum benefits package, an approach that—surprisingly—some conservatives have also endorsed.

The proposal that has the most congressional supporters by far—even more than the Clinton plan—is the House Republican Leadership bill. The centerpiece of this plan is a proposal to empower patients through MSAs (also known as Medical IRAs, or Medisave accounts). Individuals could make tax-free deposits to their accounts, which would grow tax free and be used to pay small medical bills not covered by insurance. Funds not spent during a person's working life could be rolled over into a pension plan or regular IRA at retirement.

MSA funds would be "personal" (the private property of the employee) and "portable" (travel with an employee in job transition). When spending from their accounts, people would be spending their own money, rather than an employer's or an insurance company's—which provides the incentive to be prudent shoppers. When MSAs are combined with catastrophic-illness insurance, employees would have protection against large medical bills and control over small ones.

The House bill would also extend tax relief to the self-employed and other people who purchase their own health insurance and allow them to establish their own MSAs.

So far so good, but from here on this proposal goes downhill—toward more bureaucracy and more regulation. Employers would be required to offer, but not pay for, insurance for their employees. That seemingly benign requirement means that government must define what goes into the benefits package that employers have to offer. And a requirement that insurers accept all applicants—whether they're healthy or on their deathbed—would invite smothering regulation of the entire health-insurance industry.

Balance Sheet

ALL OF these "middle-of-the-road" plans avoid some of the most egregious problems with the Clinton plan: employer mandates, price controls, mandatory purchasing alliances, and the outlawing of private, individual purchase of health insurance. Unlike the Clinton plan, however, they would not force most Americans into HMOs or other managed-care programs which deny people the right to choose their doctor (although Cooper–Grandy, in particular, contains strong incentives for people to join managed-care networks). Their more modest benefits package would be much easier to pay for. And the plans avoid any large new government bureaucracy.

However, there remain serious problems with these proposals. The Chafee plan would mandate that all individuals purchase health insurance. And although the Cooper bill and the House Republican plan do not mandate coverage, their government-defined benefits packages would almost surely become mandated with the passage of time. This sort of government nan-

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nyism is deeply offensive to the American tradition of individual liberty and responsibility. Equally troubling is that, from a public-choice standpoint, such a mandate leads almost irrevocably to government control of health care. As the costs of government-mandated insurance increased, people would inevitably turn to government for relief from those costs. The result would be either increased subsidies or price controls, or both.

Second, because the Federal Government would define what health insurance everyone should have, the so-called benefits package would inevitably become a broad new "entitlement" program. The Chafee and Cooper plans would explicitly pay for this entitlement with higher taxes on the middle class and the wealthy: those people whose health benefits are deemed "excessive" would be taxed, with the money transferred to subsidies for those who can't afford health insurance. The history of entitlement programs is not encouraging.

Another problem with the centrist proposals is their continued reliance on third-party payment for most health-care expenses. Although the Chafee proposal does include provisions for Medical Savings Accounts, those provisions seem almost an afterthought. Cooper–Grandy does not contain MSAs at all. Only in the House Republican bill is there a substantial emphasis on shifting from third-party payment to self-insurance for routine medical care, an essential reform if health-care costs are going to be brought under control.

Both the Chafee and the Cooper–Grandy plan also incorporate the concept of community rating—the idea that everyone in an area should pay the same insurance premium without regard to risk. Such a requirement would amount to an enormous subsidy of the old and the sick by the young and the healthy. When community rating was introduced in New York State, insurance premiums for single men under age thirty nearly tripled.

Free-Marketeers, Arise!

THE MOST free-market proposal is the one being advanced by Senate conservatives led by Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) and co-sponsored in the House by Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.), Dick Armey (R., Tex.), and Bill Archer (R., Tex.). The Gramm proposal is also the most comprehensive. It reforms Medicaid and has more Medicare reform than the Clinton plan.

Centered on the concept of Medical Savings Accounts, Gramm's proposal is designed to unleash the power of the marketplace and make cost control in everyone's self-interest. To solve the problem of the uninsured, people who buy their own health insurance would get the same tax breaks now given to employer-provided coverage, and the poor and the near poor would get refundable tax credits. No one would be required to buy insurance, but those who chose not to would risk having their assets seized if they incurred unpayable medical expenses.

The 1 per cent of the population that is medically uninsurable would have the opportunity to buy insurance through a risk pool system—now operating in more than half the states. The market would be allowed to set premiums for the other 99 per cent, but once in the system, individuals would not face cancellation or premium hikes just because they get sick.

The Gramm plan is unlikely to pass next year. But at least it is intellectually honest. Too many of the critics of the Clinton plan seem driven not by a desire to fix the problems with our current health-care system, but, as the *Washington Post* points out, to position themselves "as the bloc in Congress that Clinton will have to deal with in order to get anything passed."

The debate over health-care reform is not just about details. It is about power and the role of government. The type of health-care reform that passes will determine whether, and to what degree, one-seventh of the U.S. economy and some of our most personal and private decisions will be controlled by government. This is not an issue where compromises should come lightly. Certainly, they should not come pre-emptively. □

Consumer Choice

DON NICKLES

IN THE debate over health-care reform, a fundamental question has emerged: Who should drive health care? Should it be government? Or should it be consumers, empowered with more control over health-care choices and costs?

Everyone agrees the current system needs repair. We don't have anything resembling a "free market" in health care, as some claim. With most consumers insulated from the financial considerations of health-care choices, doctors sometimes ordering needless tests to avoid expensive law suits, mountains of paperwork, and a thicket of regulations, there's little incentive or ability to hold down costs.

Meanwhile, many employers have been forced to cut back health-insurance benefits—or stop providing them altogether—because it's just too expensive. That leaves too many Americans without access to affordable health insurance, and millions more in fear of losing what they have. So how do we guarantee access to health insurance—for which you can't be turned down for any reason—and at the same time control costs?

President Clinton's proposal relies on more federal control and regulation of a trillion-dollar industry that represents one-seventh of our economy, and that just happens to provide the highest-quality health care in the world. His plan outlaws 99 per cent of the current health-care plans and substitutes a "one size fits all" program which forces consumers into government-controlled monopolies the President calls "health alliances."

In classic Washington fashion, he overpromises and underfunds. His plan imposes a government-knows-best standard benefits package on every American, denying individuals choices concerning both benefits and costs of health-care plans.

But there is a better way. It's called the Consumer Choice Health Security Act. It achieves the goals of the Clinton plan and other so-called "managed competition" plans with one major difference: The Consumer Choice alternative gives families and individuals, not government bureaucrats, the con-

Senator Nickles (R., Okla.) is chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.

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trol over their health insurance. Our plan is modeled on the 33-year-old Federal Employee Health Benefits Program.

The Choice Is Theirs

HERE'S HOW it would work: The tax exclusion for company-sponsored health plans would be replaced with individual tax credits. Companies would take the money they spend to subsidize their employees' health insurance and give it to the employees in the form of wages. Then a tax credit would be given to individuals. The combination of higher wages and the tax credit will provide them the resources to purchase the health insurance they want—the choice is theirs. That's the point.

Everyone, from the self-employed to those who work in large companies, will get that tax credit. People whose medical expenses consume a greater share of their income would receive a larger credit. Because the tax credit is "refundable," the poor and unemployed will get significant assistance to purchase insurance.

Employees who want to keep their employer's insurance would have the option of having their premiums deducted from their paychecks just as they do now. Consumers could also choose to establish a tax-free Medical Savings Account, using the funds they save to pay for additional health benefits or to stockpile for long term health-care needs. Everyone will be required to carry at least "catastrophic" insurance for their protection and to stop cost shifting. No one can be turned down because of a preexisting illness, and all workers will be able to take their insurance with them from one job to another.

The plan goes much further than the Clinton plan to reform medical malpractice laws. The Consumer Choice Health Plan caps punitive-damage awards and limits lawyers' fees. That will save billions of dollars. And like most other credible plans, it takes steps toward cutting red tape and government waste by streamlining health-insurance claims and easing regulatory burdens on providers.

But just as important is what the plan won't do, especially compared to the Clinton government-is-the-answer health plan. Because it contains no onerous mandates that force employers to cough up scarce dollars for health insurance, as the Clinton plan does, it won't cost jobs. It won't add to the total cost of health care, nor add to the federal deficit.

It keeps government's hands off health care, except to police insurance plans to protect consumers. And unlike the Clinton proposal our plan won't ration or reduce the quality of health care through price controls in the form of premium caps or "global budgets."

The Medicaid program—the Federal Government's program to provide health care to the indigent—would be turned into a block grant to the states while freeing them from the burdensome federal mandates that are helping drive Medicaid costs through the roof. In addition, we make available to the states funds from Medicare's "Disproportionate Share" program (an estimated $11 billion) to further help the poor.

This month, several of my colleagues and I will introduce The Consumer Choice Health Plan in Congress. It will protect what's right about the current system—quality, choice of doctors—and knock down the barriers that deny many Americans access to affordable health insurance. Best of all, in the battle between who controls health care—government regulators or consumers—it puts consumers in the driver's seat. □

Contrasting Conservative Plans

JOHN HOOD

IN DEFENDING their various research and publication activities, conservative writers and activists like to cite Richard Weaver's most famous insight: "Ideas have consequences." But in reality, no matter how eloquent the article or comprehensive the study, the key to implementing policy is access to politicians. Critics write reviews, journalists write columns, donors write checks—but only lawmakers write laws.

In the case of health-care reform, however, donors to conservative groups are definitely getting their money's worth. The two major *philosophical* challenges to the Clinton health plan on Capitol Hill were essentially written by conservative think-tankers. They are the Nickles–Hatch–Mack Consumer Choice Plan, based on work by Stuart Butler & Co. at the Heritage Foundation, and Phil Gramm's reform plan, based on work by John Goodman for the Cato Institute and the National Center for Policy Analysis. In both cases, conservative scholars with years of experience in the field have had the opportunity to translate their ideas directly into legislation (something the Jackson Hole Group wishes it had enjoyed with Hillary Clinton's task force).

The Heritage plan, as it is usually called, and the Gramm plan share a great deal of common ground. Both are based on the surprisingly controversial proposition that individuals can and should exercise significant power in the medical marketplace, rather than having crucial decisons made by public- or private-sector bureaucrats. Both focus on the distorting effects of the tax code, which rewards recipients of generous employer-provided insurance at the expense of the self-employed and of those whose benefit plans include greater use of out-of-pocket payments. Both view with dread the Clintons' plans to impose price controls, push insurers into state-controlled cartels, and effectively prohibit fee-for-service medicine.

So why are there two conservative alternatives instead of just one? Some observers suggest that institutional or personal rivalries split the opposition. But I don't think so. The two plans differ because their designers disagree about two main issues: 1) how to move from today's skewed system to a purer form of market competition, and 2) how to convince Congress—and the voters—that such a goal is preferable to bigger government.

The best way to examine these key questions is to describe the basic elements of each plan. Here goes:

The Heritage plan. In the bill advanced by Republican Senators Don Nickles of Oklahoma, Orrin Hatch of

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Utah, and Connie Mack of Florida (among others), all individuals or families would be required to buy at least "catastrophic" insurance, which would cover physician services, emergency services, hospitalization, and drugs. The maximum yearly deductible in today's dollars would be $2,000 per individual and $3,000 per family. The justification for this government mandate is similar to the one for mandated auto insurance: An uninsured person represents an unfair potential cost to everyone else.

Employees could still purchase insurance through their employers if they wished to, but could also demand that their employers "cash out" existing coverage and let them buy their own policies. Under this plan, insurance would be regulated to a greater extent than it is today: subscribers would be guaranteed re-issuance of the policy regardless of subsequent health problems, and premiums could vary only on the basis of age, sex, and geography, a provision known as "modified community rating." And, reminiscent of the employer mandates in the 1986 immigration law, the plan has employers acting as "coverage police," with the responsibility of notifying the state if an employee has not obtained insurance.

The plan would guarantee tax equity by replacing the current tax exclusion for company plans with refundable individual tax credits adjusted according to the percentage of personal income spent on insurance or medical expenses. At a minimum, for every $100 spent on health care, the individual or family would pay $25 less in taxes.

The Gramm plan. The Texas Republican's legislation differs from the Heritage Plan primarily by *not* imposing a mandate, either on business or on individuals. Employers who want to offer coverage would give workers a choice of membership in a managed-care network, a "catastrophic" policy coupled with a Medical Savings Account (Medisave), or more traditional insurance.

Medisave is the linchpin of the Gramm approach, though the Heritage Plan (and even some of the moderate bills) includes it as an option. In a nutshell, Goodman argues that too many health-care purchases are made inefficiently—through third-party insurers or the government—rather than efficiently, through direct payment of cash. Medisave accounts would enjoy the same tax status as employer-provided insurance, so consumers could freely choose without tax consequences.

Like the Heritage plan, the Gramm plan would increase regulation of insurance to some extent (with guaranteed re-issuance and portability) and provide means-tested tax credits to help poor people buy coverage or care. To prevent the working uninsured from hitting up the rest of the system, the Gramm plan would garnish their wages to pay the bill.

Supporters of the Gramm plan argue that making uninsured people pay once they use the system is just as effective a solution to the free-rider problem as Heritage's mandated coverage, and less intrusive. They also argue that the Heritage plan's restrictions on premiums will prevent insurers from accurately pricing risk, and that Heritage's definition of "catastrophic" insurance could easily be expanded to include more and more coverage—as has happened in state insurance mandates—thus undercutting the option of combining low-cost insurance and Medisave. In essence, they argue that Heritage's allies in the Senate are opening the door too wide to those who see a broad government role in running health care.

The Heritage plan's partisans, however, think the Gramm plan shuts the door entirely. "They are underestimating the ability of Congress to do the right thing," says Nickles's press aide, Ernie Schultz. By failing to guarantee universal coverage and by letting insurers charge higher prices in the initial underwriting stage to people with pre-existing illnesses or disorders, Heritage defenders say, the Gramm plan fails the first test of reform: Will it pass a nervous Congress and satisfy the demands of the American people?

As the national debate proceeds, the philosophical opposition in Congress to the Clinton plan must decide whose plan, Butler's or Goodman's, has the best chance of making it from think-tank drafting board into law—which idea, in other words, has the best chance of having consequences. □

Postscript: A Hypochondriac Writes

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

A "PACKAGE" is an object held together in order to keep some things in and other things out. So you can imagine the alarm of well-informed hypochondriacs the first time that word—as in "core-benefits package"—emerged from the mouth of the President of United States. Exactly which benefits would be included and which excluded?

I would like to apply the special perspective of the hypochondriacally oriented to this vexing issue, by reviewing the ways in which three generations of health plans have affected one representative hypochondriac: myself. I hope the hypochondriac community will respond by telephoning their representatives in Congress—using a regular phone, of course, never a cellular one (brain cancer).

As those of us with a special sensitivity to bodily misfunctions are well aware, every "advance" in the distribution of health care has worked to our disadvantage. Let me begin by taking you back to the halcyon—not to say Halcion—days of Blue Cross.

When I started working for NATIONAL REVIEW six years ago, we subscribed to this truly beautiful plan. At no out-of-pocket expense at all, Blue Cross allowed its beneficiaries to choose any doctor in town or anywhere else, and in fact as many doctors as one wished. It was like a pleasant dream.

I was fresh out of college then and, like many of my smartest classmates, believed I was dying. The symptoms were attacks of nervousness that would strike by night or day. At my desk at work, I would take my pulse and measure my blood pressure with a portable sphygmomanometer, as curious co-workers looked on. My personal diagnosis was heart disease, so I scanned the phone book for a cardiologist at the swankest East Side address I could find.

A good choice. I was outfitted with a Holter monitor (like a big tape recorder you strap to your body), and

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given a stress test on a very impressive-looking treadmill with many flashing lights. Dr. Schneir concluded that I was nervous.

I nevertheless insisted on getting a second opinion. This further cardiologist sent me for a battery of tests—liver, blood, urine—which, though they discovered nothing, were deeply satisfying. When in a panic (heart attack?), I felt free to call either cardiologist, any time, and day or night he always took my calls amiably. He would recommend that I take a warm shower or have a Scotch.

Don't think, either, that I was confined to pestering coronary experts! For example, at about this time peculiar blue patches were appearing on the tips of my fingers (arterial collapse?), and thanks to Blue Cross I was able to bring up the matter with a top neurologist. I had begun seeing the neurologist on account of the headaches I was getting some mornings (meningitis?). The neurologist had sent me for another battery of tests—brain scan, liver scan, the inevitable urine test—and though these produced nothing of interest, the experience was comforting. As for the blue patches, he admitted he was stumped—until it occurred to me that the patches were ink from the cheap paperback novel I'd been reading.

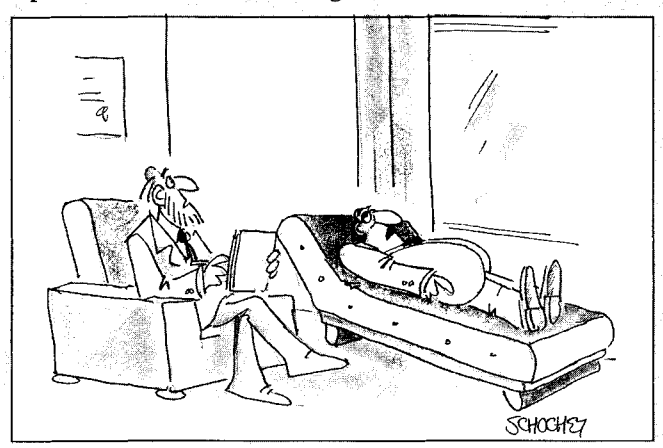
So you can see why I remember the days of traditional insurance with affection.

The special needs of the hypochondriac community did not take a step forward with the introduction of the Health Maintenance Organization. A few years ago, *NR* switched to an HMO called U.S. Healthcare, and life has never been quite as sweet. The first "provider" I went to was a general practitioner with a dingy office on Madison and 36th.

After I'd waited for an hour, Dr. Meltzer saw me for two minutes. I told him that I was concerned that when I tried to take a deep breath, sometimes I couldn't take as deep a breath as I'd like (emphysema?). Dr. Meltzer looked at me for a moment and said, "Is that what you've come here to say? Are you kidding?" He then left the office, allowing his nurse to administer a half-hearted electrocardiogram.

Disturbed, I switched "providers." I've since become a regular at the office of Dr. Lieberman. I like Dr. Lieberman, but his skepticism is apparent. "What's troubling you, David?" he will say. As I explain that a freckle on my neck seems to have gotten bigger by at least a millimeter in the past month (malignant melanoma?), he gives me a look that says, "I don't get paid enough by your health plan to worry about such mishegas."

Needless to say, I wouldn't dare call Dr. Lierberman at home at 11:30 P.M. to inquire about the groggy feeling I've had ever since I got back from that Chinese restaurant where the waiter denied, while glancing over a shoulder at the kitchen door, that the chef used MSG (aneurysm?).



"I feel perfectly normal, but how do I know that it isn't paranoid delusion?"

You see the trend here. As far as I know, nobody has presented a clear picture of what it would actually be like to go to the doctor in a world of "health alliances," "managed competition," "global budgets," "gatekeepers," and "fixed, per-person premiums." But extrapolating from Blue Cross to U.S. Healthcare to the "Clinton Health Security Plan: Health care that's always there," we see that the principle of health-plan evolution is this: the more cleverly "managed" and "packaged" your health plan is, the harder it becomes to see a doctor.

Under the Clinton plan, how would you go about making a medical appointment? I'm reminded of the couple of years I lived in Washington, D.C.

In our nation's capital, there are more municipal employees per resident than in any other city in the country; but, thanks to a sophisticated "automated information system," no living soul in the District government is reachable by telephone. Call a city agency and you can "access information" through a computerized "menu" of "options." At the end of the "menu," there may or may not be the "option" of speaking to a "live representative." Choosing this option produces one of those too-rapid busy-signals, like when you call somebody who's left his phone off the hook. You've then got to call back, listen to the entire "menu" once again, until you reach the "live representative" "option," followed by the too-rapid busy signal, and so on. This is how I imagine the future of American medicine.

Let's say you are a healthy (or so they say) 28-year-old male and you've got a pain in your left arm. Not really a pain, but, you know, sort of a funny *sensation*. This could be the first warning sign of cardiac arrest.

In a panic, you call the "gatekeeper" assigned to you by your "health alliance." Because several million people must share a limited number of "gatekeepers," some clever bureaucrat will have introduced a phone system like the one in D.C. There will be a "menu" of "options," including recorded messages about the philosophy behind the Clinton Health Security Plan, followed by the "option" of speaking to a "live representative."

If you do not drop dead right there (stroke), you can count yourself as lucky. If you do eventually get to see a doctor, thanks to the "global budget" he will have less time for you even than Dr. Meltzer had for me.

Of course there are reasons for non-hypochondriacs to be concerned about "health care that's always there." That reassuring slogan overlooks key questions: where is "there," and can you get "there" from here? But emotionally speaking, we, my friends, are the ones who will suffer most grievously. I am personally experiencing great stress at the prospect, and stress, as we know, is deadly (hypertension). □

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR*'s literary editor.*

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lete the military's warrior mystique—in short, a series of unsettling developments that the end of the Cold War has either ushered into being or brought into focus.

At the same time that the military is being subjected to acute stress, the United States has embarked upon a post–Cold War military policy that marks a pronounced departure from all previous American experience. Heretofore, American military policy has alternated between two basic forms, each conducive to regularizing the terms of the civil–military relationship. The first—easily the more common prior to 1940—reflected the fact that Americans normally perceived minimal immediate threat to their security or vital interests. Distant from the Old World, unchallenged in its dominance of the New, the United States seemed to be virtually invulnerable, a confidence that meshed nicely with popular fears of the danger posed by standing armies. That integral part of the American political heritage imbued the very notion of a regular army and a professional navy with a faintly disagreeable odor. Although events prior to 1800 disabused Americans of the idea that they could get along without any kind of standing force whatsoever, the nation limited itself to a small, oftentimes backward regular establishment consigned to the periphery of national life. Americans prided themselves that theirs was the antithesis of the garrison state. Many and varied were the interpretations of the true character of the "City upon a Hill," but no one suggested that it was rising in the shadow of a citadel.

Such were the usual terms under which the military was allowed (barely) to subsist. From time to time, however, perceived danger or self-induced neurosis persuaded these same Americans that the well-being of the Republic demanded the *immediate* acquisition of immense military power. When it came to pursuing the nation's Manifest Destiny, preserving the Union, ending the suffering of oppressed Cubans, or whipping the Kaiser, no expense or sacrifice was to be spared. Time and again, Americans demonstrated an awesome capacity to transform themselves into rabid militarists and to create in short order a formidable military machine.

Yet as if to reassure themselves that the political risks inherent in expansion were minimal, Americans would impute to their engorged military establishment a comforting character quite at variance from their usual aversion to all things military. Benign and heroic images of an armed citizenry supplanted the disreputable and brutish aura attributed to the soldiery of the small peacetime force. Rather than ideologically *lumpen* regulars—popularly depicted as one step removed from mercenaries—the ranks of the new legions were filled with Citizen-Soldiers—slightly irreverent, contemptuous of military pomp, instinctively democratic in manner and outlook, eager to finish the job and go home, and above all immune to the appeal of Bonapartism. No army of Alvin Yorks or Audie Murphys would respond to the lure of an American Cromwell.

Moreover, expansion was always undertaken with the clear understanding that it was a temporary expedient. Once the enlarged force had accomplished the task for which it had been raised, it would dissolve. And so it occurred—sometimes with astonishing abruptness—time and again.

The idea that the nation might maintain a huge military establishment absent some serious proximate threat found few adherents in or out of uniform. Germany or France or Russia might do so, yet their behavior only testified to how far the Old World lagged behind the New.

In 1993, with the United States reigning as the World's Only Superpower, much of the foregoing has an odd ring to it. Few Americans today can recall when the United States did not possess great military power. The generations that came to maturity during the Cold War have known nothing else. Yet the Cold War was just one more crisis-induced expansion—a variant of the scenario of 1846 or 1861 or 1917, albeit a protracted one. Beginning in the late 1940s but especially after Korea, extraordinary danger mandated the maintenance of a "wartime" military during what was nominally (but not genuinely) "peacetime." Americans came to accept as normal that their soldiers would be stationed around the globe, that their navy would command the world's sea lanes, that their air force would be the world's most powerful.

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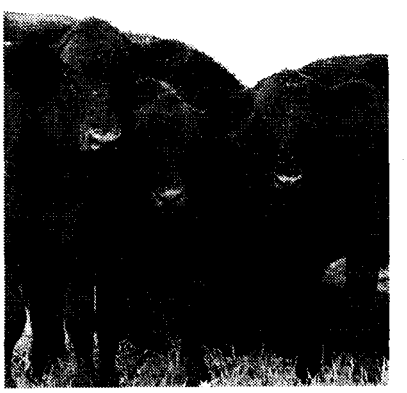

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emerged from the Cold War as militarily pre-eminent, respectable political opinion has been unanimous in insisting that it must remain so. Yet what appears to be an extension of the status quo in fact represents a striking discontinuity. As never before, Americans are defining the nation's role and identity in terms of military muscle—despite the evident uncertainty regarding the purposes for which that muscle should be put to use, as the controversy over Bosnia has shown. Formerly, the United States wielded great military power episodically and out of necessity; henceforth, it does so permanently and out of preference.

Thirty Seconds Over Haiti, Somalia or possibly Bosnia.

Brave New World Order

AT SOME future date, Americans may argue the merits of that departure; for now, it is enough to recognize that it does constitute a departure. While these circumstances do not invalidate previous civil–military practice, they do suggest a requirement to consider whether that practice is adequate to a situation so different from any that Americans have encountered before. Furthermore, this requirement appears at the very moment when the military is beset by demands for change with which it is uncomfortable, at the insistence of an Administration which it views as unsympathetic. It is this combination of circumstances that creates the potential for Clinton's military problem to mushroom into something more ominous.

The American tradition of cavalier disregard for the whole subject of civil–military relations only exacerbates the situation. When it comes to the study of military affairs, the attitudes of the baby-boomers now moving into dominant circles in government, media, and the academy run the gamut from uninterested to ignorant. To the extent that even specialists give any thought to the matter, the reigning attitude contains more than a hint of smugness that lesser nations should still be wrestling with questions that Americans have resolved to their permanent satisfaction. Thus, for example, the distinguished military historian Richard H. Kohn: "The unbroken record of subordination and loyalty by the American armed forces, under the Constitution of the United States, has been a blessing of the American political system, and the envy of nations the world over."

In the typical historical textbook, discussion of the subject begins and ends with the sacking of Douglas MacArthur in 1951. Over time, the Truman–MacArthur controversy has achieved the stature of a Unique Event, as much folklore as history. By dispatching the American Caesar, Harry Truman solved once and for all the central dilemma of civil–military relations in a democracy. A feisty Commander-in-Chief recognized Bonapartism when he saw it and nipped it in the bud; there matters have remained ever since—at least so the story goes. By confining that story to one of aberrant behavior by a military maverick, Americans foreclose any need to peer beneath the surface of civil–military practice and to consider its origins or evolution.

If Clinton's current military problems lead Americans to question the exaggerated emphasis on the Truman–MacArthur controversy, they will have served some useful purpose. To begin with, challenges to civil authority neither began nor ended with Douglas MacArthur. From time to time throughout American history, officers have persuaded themselves that they knew better than their political masters. Whether considering major figures like General Andrew Jackson (who took it upon himself to invade Spanish Florida in 1818), middling ones like George McClellan, Leonard Wood, and William Mitchell (who jousted with Presidents Lincoln, Wilson, and Coolidge, respectively), or smaller fry like the erratic Marine general Smedley Butler, the instigators of the 1948 "admirals' revolt," or figures of more recent notoriety like John Singlaub and Oliver North, the escapades of this group challenge the accepted view of a top brass that is nonpartisan, obedient, and respectful of the Constitution.

Americans may take solace in knowing that in no case did the shenanigans of these officers ever threaten the survival of the Republic. Action by responsible civilian officials—whether forthright as in the firing of MacArthur, or oblique as in the exile of Leonard Wood to Kansas to prevent him from mucking up command relations in World War I—thwarted improper ambitions. Yet credit should go not only to the Commanders-in-Chief. Key to deciding the outcome in each case was that the challenger of civilian supremacy failed utterly to attract a following among his fellow officers. Forced to choose between loyalty to even the most renowned military leader and adherence to its ethic of apolitical service, the American officer corps has opted for the latter.

The importance of this professional ethic can hardly be overstated. Yet in a day when legal codes, voluminous regulations, and bureaucratic oversight are viewed as essential safeguards against malpractice in whatever field, it is worth noting that the ethic itself relies on general principles rather than detailed prescriptive norms. Moreover, the professional

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ethic does not owe its existence to the Constitution or to the Founding Fathers. Rather, it grew out of a particular set of historical circumstances.

The historian William B. Skelton has tied the origins of American military professionalism directly to the requirements of institutional preservation. Faced during the interval between the War of 1812 and the Civil War with widespread popular antagonism, officers came to realize that "intervention in the world of civilian politics might provoke the wrath of Congress, threatening both the army as an institution and their careers along with it." Thus, rather than being inspired by lofty ideals, military deference to civilian authority originated as a stratagem to reassure Americans that the military was not a threat to liberty.

During the next century and a half, the commitment of the officer corps to civilian supremacy became genuine and deep-seated. Today, the tradition of respect for civil authority is embedded so firmly that even the ascent of a President who as a young man worked assiduously to avoid wartime service will not alone dislodge it. Even so, just as certain circumstances gave birth to that ethic, radically altered circumstances could erode the officer corps' commitment to it.

The post–Cold War military environment—institutional uncertainty (how deep will the cuts go?), burgeoning technological change (what is the face of modern warfare?), renewed interest in social experimentation (what role for women and gays?), combined with *expanding* expectations of what the military can and ought to do to make peace, succor the afflicted, and respond to disasters—foster conditions where civil–military harmony should not be taken for granted. To foresee the potential for friction is a far cry from declaring it inevitable. To predict that it could lead to anything like a military coup would strike most Americans as far-fetched. Yet ignoring the military distemper will only allow it to fester.

Waiting for the Axe

WITH ITS agenda already overflowing with pressing problems, it may be naïve to expect the Clinton Administration to devote any attention to a problem that is prospective rather than immediate. Yet considering the potentially devastating effects should the fabric of civil–military relations begin to fray, prudence would dictate at least some consideration of the subject. Were he inclined to do so, what actions could the President take to shore up the military professional ethic? Several suggest themselves.

First, as a matter of some priority, he should work with Congress to fix the end-strength of each of the services. Doing so would go far toward ending the uncertainty that has existed since the Berlin Wall fell and that has fostered an approach to personnel management akin to amputating a hand one finger at a time.

Second, in making senior military appointments, the President should make his choice—and should be *seen* to make his choice—not based on willingness to conform to some litmus test of political correctness, but solely on the basis of ability to provide disinterested professional counsel. Learning from the error his idol John Kennedy made in selecting as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff his pal Maxwell Taylor, Clinton should resist the temptation to choose lackeys. Better to tolerate contentiousness during internal debates than to be saddled with a chairman with no standing as a model for professional behavior.

Third, Clinton should preserve the operating tempo of the services. Reducing tempo—fewer steaming days for ships, fewer flying hours for aircraft—will no doubt appeal to Clinton budgeteers. In addition to exacting a toll in current combat readiness, however, such cuts may unwittingly reinforce a sense of grievance. Clinton can do much to help the services get through the adjustments they face by keeping them busy exercising the instruments of their craft.

A fourth point may well come as second nature to a politician who has spent the preponderance of his career in state government. A shrinking force structure will inspire Pentagon pleas to make those cuts—particularly of ground forces—fall disproportionately on the reserve components. Clinton will be told that a dollar spent on regulars buys more effectiveness than a dollar spent on reserves. As the agonies of National Guard combat brigades activated during the run-up to Desert Storm made clear, the argument is essentially correct. Yet concern for the long-term health of American military professionalism should lead the Administration to reject it anyway. It is among reservists that the tradition of citizen-soldier resides. With one foot planted in the military and one in the civilian world, the "weekend warrior" reminds the careerist that the number of hours per day spent in battledress provides little basis for a definition of professionalism. Especially at a time when the draft is a fading memory, the contributions of the citizen-soldier to sustaining the links between the military profession and the society it serves is not to be slighted.

Finally, in making fateful decisions about when and where American forces will fight, the President should be acutely mindful that his own strenuous efforts to avoid service in America's last unpopular war create an enormous potential for backlash. As long as Clinton remains in office, one danger will loom above all others as a threat to civil–military relations—the scenario in which the President on record as loathing the military dispatches Americans to die in some distant land where the stakes are obscure, the sacrifices substantial, and success elusive. Recriminations from the field could undermine the military professional ethic in a way that could leave the Clinton Presidency—and much more—in a shambles.

Defender-in-Chief?

IN HIS great fictional account of Gettysburg, *The Killer Angels*, Michael Shaara portrays a pensive Robert E. Lee on the eve of battle, calculating his prospects for victory. "You can depend on the troops," Lee assures himself, "but can you count on the generals?" Lee's rumination is as relevant today as it was in 1863. Throughout American history, generals and admirals have come and gone, their influence far less telling than our proclivity for elitist history would suggest. Those too sure of their own irreplaceability can be fired or put out to pasture with the knowledge that for every one thus dispatched several others equally capable (though not necessarily less vain) will proffer themselves as replacements.

The cornerstone of American success in winning wars and in sustaining a

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functioning system of civil–military relations has always been that Americans could count on the troops, a confidence resting (whether very many recognized it or not) on the existence of a military professional ethic as a real, palpable, and inviolate determinant of military behavior.

As the United States flirts with the notion of marrying its ideals (presumed to possess universal applicability) to its military pre-eminence (thought to be unassailable) President Clinton would do well to be mindful of Lee's distinction. Through the challenges ahead, he will preserve the essential balance of civil–military relations not by placating the top brass but by protecting it from the forces that threaten the ethic of military professionalism.

That the United States should look to this particular President to preserve that tradition will strike many as ironic. But there it is. Should he succeed, Bill Clinton will have won an invisible victory that will earn little praise and will pay only modest political dividends. Yet should he do so, Clinton will prove himself to be, as Commander-in-Chief, a worthy heir to Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt. And the American people will owe him a debt of gratitude. □

The Immigration Debate

TIRED, POOR, ON WELFARE

What is the effect of immigrants on the bottom line—and on something more important?

GEORGE J. BORJAS

MORE immigrants will enter the United States during the 1990s than in any other decade in the country's history. We are now admitting over 800,000 legal immigrants annually, and at least 200,000 illegal aliens manage to evade the Border Patrol and settle here permanently. It is not surprising, therefore, that immigration has become a charged political issue. Previous debates revolved around the questions of how well immigrants assimilate and whether they take jobs away from natives. The rapid growth of entitlement programs in the past three decades introduces an additional explosive question: Do they pay their way in the welfare state?

As with all accounting exercises, one's assumptions effectively determine the answer. Two recent assessments, by Donald Huddle and Julian Simon, reach the conclusions that 1) immigrants are a huge drain on the system (Huddle), or 2) "immigrants are a good investment" (Simon). Huddle, in a report prepared for the Carrying Capacity Network (an anti-population-growth group), concludes that the net costs of immigration exceeded $40 billion in 1992. Simon concludes that immigrants paid over $2 billion more in taxes than they took out of the welfare system.

The question is a complicated one. In brief, however, Simon is entirely wrong; Huddle is partly correct, though not always for the reasons he gives; and both misunderstand the real nature of the immigrant/welfare problem.

Huddle calculates that immigrants pay less in *total* taxes than they take out of the welfare system. Extrapolating the results of a study conducted in Los Angeles County to the country as a whole, he claims that immigrants increase expenditures in welfare and other social programs by about $62 billion and that they pay only $20 billion in taxes, imposing a tax burden on natives of $42 billion annually.

Huddle's estimate of net costs seems too high. For example, it assumes that immigrants pay only about 7 per cent of their income in total taxes (less than the California sales tax alone!). Perhaps that is the tax rate that the relatively unskilled immigrants residing in L.A. County face, but it is unlikely to be the tax rate faced by immigrants nationwide. Huddle also claims that for every six immigrants, one native is displaced from his job *and* joins the welfare rolls, adding $12 billion to the costs of immigration. The evidence that immigrants drive natives into welfare is weak. In fact, during the 1980s, a period of rapid immigration, the fraction of natives on welfare declined. If we reject Huddle's assumptions and assume that immigrants pay 20 per cent of their income in taxes and that they don't affect native welfare costs, we would then conclude that immigrants pay in $57 billion and take out $50 billion, for a net contribution of $7 billion.

The Other Side of the Coin

IN VIEW OF the dramatic changes that have occurred in U.S. immigration since 1970, it is obvious that Simon's calculations (based on a 1976 Census survey) give an erroneous account of the impact of *today's* immigration. In fact, it is doubtful that immigrants were such a good investment even in the 1970s. Simon reports, for example, that the typical immigrant household entering in 1974 received $1,400 in services and paid $2,700 in taxes, leading him to conclude that immigrants more than paid their way in the welfare state.

Though the calculation is quite simple, it is also quite wrong. A good hint that something is amiss occurs when Simon reports that natives also pay about $1,000 more in taxes than they receive in benefits. But how can this be? Welfare programs, after all, redistribute income from some groups to others. If both immigrants and natives pay more in taxes than they receive in benefits, who is being taxed and who is being subsidized?

Mr. Borjas is a professor of economics at the University of California, San Diego, and the author of Friends or Strangers: The Impact of Immigrants on the U.S. Economy *(Basic Books, 1990).*

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The problem lies in comparing *total* taxes paid with expenditures in a particular set of programs. As we know all too well, our taxes fund thousands of programs. Shouldn't we, therefore, allocate taxes among programs before we determine if immigrants pay their way through the welfare system?

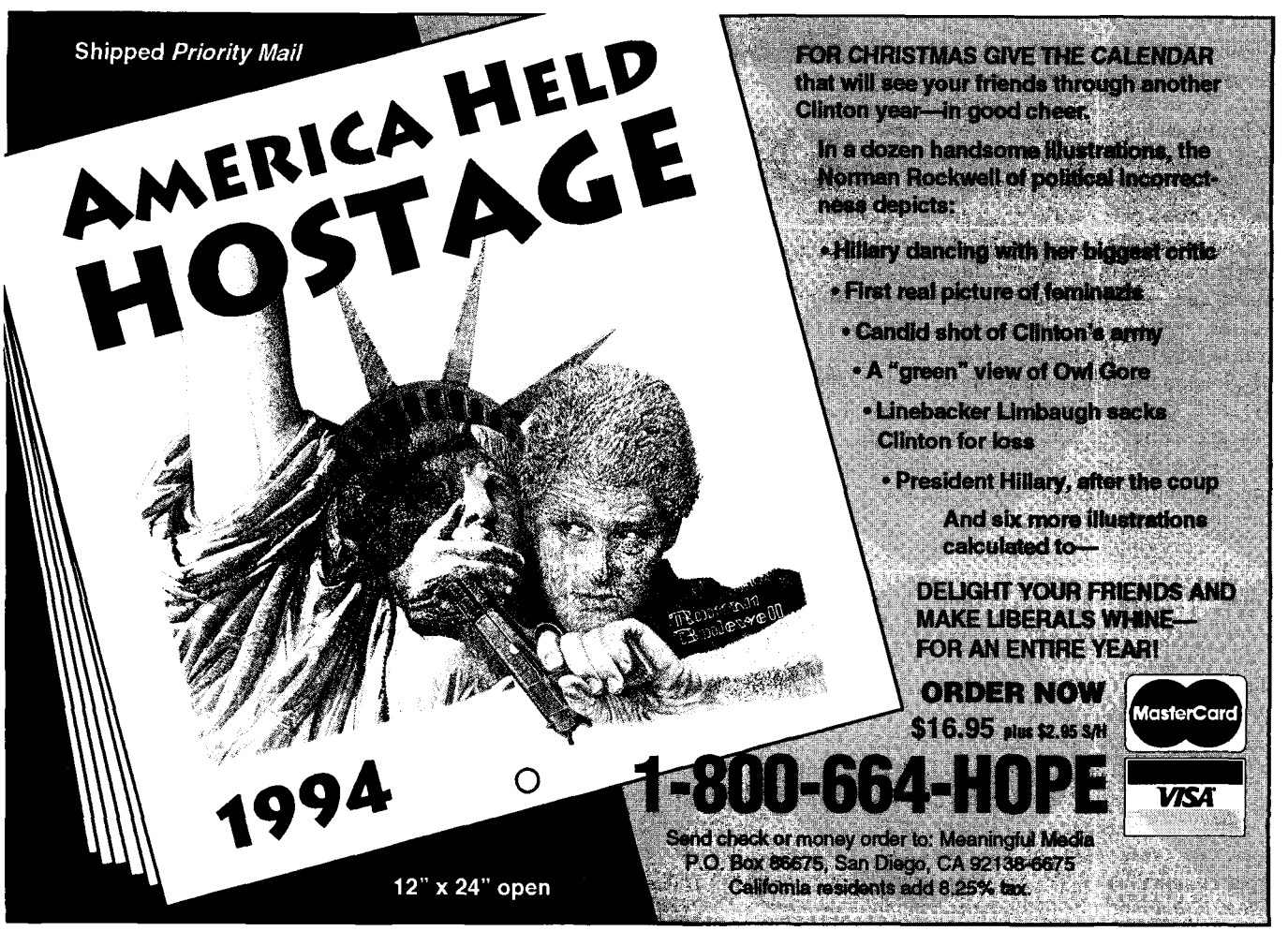
To see how this can lead to very different conclusions, let's update the calculations to 1990, when cash benefits received by immigrants totaled $4 billion. We do not know precisely the extent of immigrant participation in non-cash programs (such as Medicaid and food stamps). However, if immigrants use these other programs to the same extent that they receive cash benefits, they would account for 13 per cent of the cost of all means-tested entitlement programs, or about $24 billion. In 1990, immigrant households received a total income (net of welfare payments) of $285 billion. Recent estimates of the total tax burden faced by U.S. households at various income levels suggest that the average federal tax rate for the immigrant population is around 22 per cent. Including state and local taxes would bring it up to around 30 per cent or around $85 billion.

Clearly, immigrants pay more in taxes ($85 billion) than they take out of the welfare system ($24 billion). But this comparison is completely irrelevant. It is, in effect, saying that immigrants' taxes are used only to fund cash welfare programs. One can justify this calculation by arguing that most other government programs provide "public goods," and that expenditures would be the same whether or not we had an immigrant population. However, a larger population will lead to more crowded freeways and parks, schools and hospitals, thus increasing the cost of providing these public goods. Immigrants obviously benefit from these programs and so should be assigned a user fee for them.

But what should we charge them? It would seem logical to charge immigrants their "fair share" of the costs of the various programs, so that if 21 per cent of our taxes fund defense, then 21 per cent of immigrant taxes should be allocated to defense expenditures. It turns out that only about 9 per cent of our taxes fund means-tested entitlement progams, so that immigrants contribute $8 billion to their funding (9 per cent of $85 billion). Comparing the $8-billion contribution with the $24-billion expenditure, immigrants impose a $16-billion annual burden on native taxpayers.

Now $16 billion is equivalent to a reduction in national income of 0.3 per cent! Moreover, these net costs must be contrasted with the economic benefits. It is evident that employers (as well as consumers) benefit from the presence of a large pool of unskilled workers in the labor force. The available evidence, however, suggests that these benefits are also a tiny fraction of national income, again on the order of 0.2 or 0.3 per cent. At the national level, therefore, it would be not far-fetched to conclude that immigration is a near wash-out.

But these accounting exercises—though they make nice headlines—are beside the point. In the end, the true costs of immigrant participation in welfare programs have little, if any-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thing, to do with the bottom line. Expenditures on the AFDC program, after all, total only about $22 billion annually. The raging debate over welfare in the past thirty years is not over $22 billion. Rather, it is over the possibility that welfare slowly saps a recipient's work incentives, encourages the breakdown of the family unit, and transmits welfare dependency across generations. These are the disturbing consequences that should worry observers of the immigrant experience.

There are some facts about immigrant participation in welfare programs that are striking and indisputable and that do not depend on assumptions about how much we should charge immigrants for public services they receive. In 1970, immigrants were slightly less likely than natives to receive cash benefits such as AFDC or SSI. By 1990, the situation had changed drastically: over 9 per cent of immigrant households received public assistance, as opposed to about 7 per cent of native households.

Not only are immigrants more likely to be on welfare, but they also get more benefits. The typical foreign-born welfare household received about $5,400 in cash benefits in 1990, as compared to $4,000 for a native household. As a result, even though immigrant households make up about 8 per cent of the population, they account for 13 per cent of the expenditures in cash-benefit programs.

This alarming increase has occurred partly because more recent immigrant waves are relatively less skilled than earlier waves. In 1960, the immigrants admitted into the country actually had more schooling than natives. By 1990, the new immigrants had far less schooling than natives, meaning they were likelier to earn low incomes, and therefore to qualify for many welfare programs.

Unfortunately, the debate has focused recently on welfare expenditures incurred by *illegal* aliens, and particularly by so-called citizen-children (the U.S.-born children of illegal aliens who are citizens and thus qualify for social services). Since one in four new cases on the California AFDC caseload is a citizen-child, it is no surprise that illegal aliens are at the center of the debate. Illegals, however, are only part of the problem. Over 12 per cent of non-Mexican immigrant households in California receive public assistance. There are also frighteningly high rates of welfare dependency among refugee populations. Even after being in the country for five years, about two-thirds of Laotian and Cambodian households in California, as well as over one-third of Vietnamese households, receive public assistance. Immigrant households make up only 21 per cent of California's population, but receive one-third of all cash benefits distributed in the state.

Learning to Love Welfare

IMMIGRANT-rights groups often dismiss these facts by claiming that immigrants come to the United States looking for jobs, not to get on the welfare rolls. That may well be true, but the point is simply irrelevant. Even immigrants who want to work find it hard to predict what they will actually encounter when they enter the U.S. labor market. Many immigrants are probably dismayed to find that the roads in Los Angeles and New York are not paved with gold, and that the types of jobs available and the incomes that their skills can command are far below what they expected. As it happens, immigrants are *more* likely to receive welfare benefits the longer they reside in the United States. It seems that assimilation involves learning not only about labor-market opportunities, but also about the programs that make up the welfare state.

Regardless of whether the bottom line on the immigration ledger sheet is minus $2 billion or minus $20 billion, the facts are alarming enough. Because of the increasing proportion of the unskilled among those who reach our shores (or who run across the border), more and more immigrants land in the welfare rolls, even if this was not the driving force of their migration. The potential already exists for the creation of a large new underclass of workers in our society, composed mainly of less skilled immigrants, who will be accorded all the dysfunctional benefits of government assistance. The policy implication is clear: A welfare state cannot afford the large-scale immigration of less-skilled persons. □

The AIDS War

EXPLODING MYTHS

Want to write a best-seller? Don't contradict a widely held and politically correct myth.

MICHAEL FUMENTO

'UNTIL now, most experts have held that everyone is at risk of acquiring AIDS, so messages promoting less risky behavior, they say, should be broadcast scattershot. . . . But other experts are now arguing otherwise." So read the first paragraph of a front-page *New York Times* story, in March 1993, entitled "Targeting Urged in Attack on AIDS." Six years had elapsed between the appearance of my first article suggesting that AIDS be treated like other diseases—by identifying and then reducing risk factors—and the time that suggestion appeared in America's newspaper of record. What happened during that time to me and to the first edition of my book shows how the AIDS debate has been dominated by politics, to the detriment of science and public health.

As of August of 1988, I had spent nine months negiotiating with a conservative think tank concerning a fellowship to complete the book. Everything had been confirmed and I was told that a letter would be sent in a matter of days with the official invitation. Then an article of mine ap-

This article is excerpted from The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS, © *Michael Fumento, published by Regnery Publishing.*

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peared—a cover story in *The New Republic*—criticizing some conservatives' reaction to AIDS. Several weeks went by without my receiving any letter. When I finally called I was told the fellowship had been denied and that was the end of it. There was never any written notification or reason given. The infamous article, incidentally, was entitled "The Political Uses of an Epidemic."

Months before *Myth* was complete, letters were already circulating to book distributors asking that the book be kept off store shelves. When it was published, in 1989, my editor and I thought that only a few stores would go along with this boycott. We were wrong. Indeed, one of the largest chains in the country refused to buy a single copy until I announced their boycott on national TV. An ABC reporter called them about it, and then and there, it seems, they decided to begin stocking it, albeit too late for the book to take advantage of the publicity. A short while later, the president and CEO of this chain signed his name to a full-page advertisement in numerous newspapers condemning "special-interest groups" for, among other things, trying to keep certain titles out of stores. This threat to the Republic, of which the ad warned, was the effort of a Christian group to get the chain to stop selling girlie magazines. Perhaps if *Myth* had included some dirty pictures, the chain would have felt obliged to carry it.

In metropolitan Denver, where I was living the following year—an area with a population of about 2.5 million people—the book was unavailable at the distributor level, and all the stores just happened to be sold out. Both the Tattered Cover, one of the largest, best-known bookstores in the nation, and the B. Dalton store advised me they had no intention of reordering the book, at least until the paperback version came out. At the Tattered Cover I was told they weren't carrying the book because "it is over six months old." I personally surveyed their massive collection of AIDS books and found that of the 80 books they carried on AIDS, 68 were published in 1989 or earlier (the time of the search was October of 1990). The store carried books that said AIDS is really syphilis, that the disease is the result of biological warfare, that it can be cured through a positive mental attitude. It had

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Gene Antonio's book, *The AIDS Coverup*, which said that as much as a fifth of the U.S. population would be dead or dying of AIDS by 1990. It had AIDS books from publishing houses so tiny that some of them weren't even typeset. But it did not have *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, published in hardcover by Basic Books.

Ironically, the Tattered Cover, in celebration of Banned Books Week, had just organized a seminar on censorship, mounting a large store display. Needless to say, *Myth* was not featured.

A Foundation of Lies

HAVING denied the public the right to see the book, AIDS activists concentrated on telling them what they would have read had they been able to obtain a copy. To summarize one review, Donna Minkowitz at the *Village Voice* said it was "bilge" built on "a foundation of lies." Common epithets included: cruel, uncompassionate, racist, sexist, and homophobic.

Probably the most prestigious science journal in the world is the British magazine *Nature*. *Nature*'s view of *Myth* ran quite early, something journals will do when they are making a conscious effort to affect how a book will be received. The reviewer was Duncan Campbell, who, among many other things, asserted:

> Only a writer whose prejudices deny humanity could write in such bad taste as this: "Although AIDS is no joke, there is good news and bad news about the length of HIV infectiousness . . . the 'good news' [is] that the great majority, and perhaps almost all, of HIV-infected persons will develop debilitating symptoms or die."

In fact, what the book says is:

> The "good news" here is actually terrible news for anyone infected: Originally, it was thought that only a small percentage of those infected with the virus would go on to develop the disease. While this was reassuring to infected persons, it made the long-term outlook for the spread of the disease look bad because it meant that large numbers of healthy persons would be spreading the virus to others indefinitely. But a consensus of opinion has now formed that the great majority, and perhaps almost all, of HIV-infected persons will develop debilitating symptoms or die.

How different, I wonder, is this from taking a statement like, "Judaism is not a gutter religion" and presenting it as "Judaism is . . . a gutter religion"?

There is no nice term for what Campbell did. He lied. He lied blatantly, and he lied often. What's really remarkable, however, is that an esteemed scientific journal such as *Nature* should assign a nonscientist such as Duncan Campbell to review the book at all. Campbell's only AIDS background is as a homosexual AIDS activist. Further, when I offered a reply, *Nature* refused to run it. Acting book-review editor Maxine Clarke wrote back: "My own view is that Mr. Campbell is surely at least as qualified as you to comment on the AIDS epidemic."

Science is probably the most prestigious science magazine in the United States. But *Myth* fared no better there. *Science* also skipped over any number of scientists, doctors, and science writers and turned *Myth* over to a professor of post-structuralist linguistics, Paula Treichler.

"I got carried away on Oprah *and confessed."*

Professor Treichler is best known for co-editing *A Feminist Dictionary*, which enlightens readers on such topics as: "testosterone poisoning," "lesbian consciousness," "egotistical world view" (defined as "men's point of view on all issues"), "compulsory heterosexuality," and "de-dyking the apartment" (that's when the folks come over and you have to make it look like your lover isn't).

Miss Treichler is decidedly *not* known for her expertise in AIDS. Her major contribution on the subject was in a Marxist quarterly, *October* (the name refers to the October Revolution). Her essay railed against the assertion that the anus is more susceptible to penetration by the AIDS virus than the vagina, not on any scientific grounds but because it makes AIDS appear to be a "gay disease," which in turn "protects not only the sexual practices of heterosexuality but also its ideological superiority."

Wrote Miss Treichler in her *Science* review, "Fumento's own political agenda is never, after all, very far from his science. He calls, among other things, for AIDS estimates to be revised downward (for all groups, not only heterosexuals)." In fact, even as my book was appearing on store shelves in January (four months before Miss Treichler's review appeared), the federal Centers for Disease Control *did* revise downward the projections for all groups, making me virtually the only journalist in the country to have predicted the event. *Science*, too, refused to run a response, although at least it refrained from sending me an abusive letter.

Of Mice and Men

ACTIVISTS also pressured television shows and publications to lock me out. Four national television shows, including *Good Morning America* and *McLaughlin*, *Eleventh Hour*, and *A Current Affair*, scheduled me for appearances, then pulled out without giving me a reason.

There were other such incidents. A reporter for the *New York Daily News* called my publicist, eager to interview me the next time I was in town. But when my publicist returned the call, the reporter said his editor had refused to allow him to do the story. At about the same time a reporter for *The New Yorker*, Peter Bayer, told me he had heard of *Myth*'s troubles from *Newsday*'s Jack Schwartz and expressed horror that such a thing could happen in this country. He asked to see a copy of one of the very few articles chronicling the story and I faxed it. But he never called, nor did he return my repeated calls.

But of all the acts of cowardice surrounding *Myth*, the most painful concerned my job at the *Rocky Mountain News*. In October 1989, I moved out to the Denver area to take a job as editorial writer with the *News*, edited by

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Jay Ambrose. About four weeks after *Myth* started being shipped to stores and two days after *USA Today* photographed me in the newsroom for its upcoming profile, the *News* fired me. The reason: I had "made too many phone calls." I've been at newspapers where reporters were criticized for not making *enough* phone calls ("I want to see you burning up those phone lines!" was a favorite of my previous editor), but this was something quite new. The man responsible, for this indefensible charge, Managing Editor Michael Finney, had just weeks earlier responded to pressure from a feminist group by announcing an affirmative-action plan, scheduling sensitivity sessions for white males, and publicly expressing his sorrow at being a white male. It wasn't too difficult to figure out what happened. After this, but for the occasional freelance piece, I was unemployed for a year and a half.

Not Really about AIDS

IN ESSENCE, this book isn't really about AIDS. The AIDS crisis and the way our government, our leaders, and the media have manipulated it have provided perhaps the best example of the politically correct intellectual dark ages into which our country has fallen. If these forces can take a grim disease that has devastated minority sectors of the population while leaving the majority essentially unscathed, and if they can declare through proclamations, millions of dollars of advertising, and vast media publicity that, nonetheless, it does "not discriminate," then the Newspeak dictionary is on its way to completion. It is *1984* arrived just about on schedule, a world in which "Ignorance is Strength."

And yet, because of the courage of one publisher and the bullheadedness of one author, *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* rises like the phoenix from the ashes. Its fate I cannot guess. But what can be said with certainty is that during the six years that I have labored to get our nation to treat AIDS like a disease instead of a political weapon, hundreds of millions of AIDS-designated dollars have been squandered and tens of thousands of Americans have been needlessly infected and will die horribly. No matter how successful the second edition of this book, it will never bring them back. □

Racial Politics

BLACK POWER, NINETIES STYLE

Like the Clinton Administration, the new black leaders are veterans of the Sixties. It shows.

MINOO SOUTHGATE

'A TORCH has been passed," declared Reverend Benjamin Chavis in July, in his first speech as the executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Chavis, 45, had in mind the passing of the civil-rights leadership from the old guard to his generation. After he spoke of black empowerment and the new political muscle of the Congressional Black Caucus (CBC), Chavis walked over to where the CBC's chairman, Representative Kweisi Mfume (D., Md.) was seated, and the two men embraced. The moment, said radical columnist Earl Caldwell in the *New York Daily News*, symbolized a "bonding between the two most powerful groups of the black community: the oldest and larg-

Minoo Southgate, who writes mainly on race and black politics, is based in New York.

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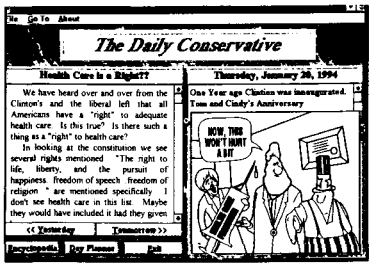
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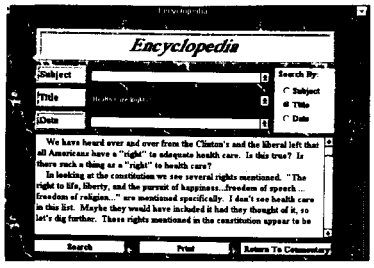

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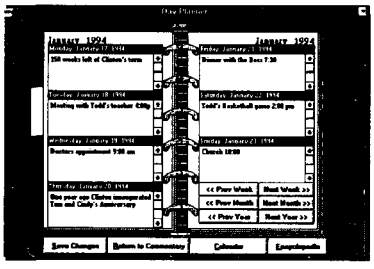

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est civil-rights group and the new 39-member congressional caucus." Caldwell credits Chavis and Mfume with the most significant change in black leadership since the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

In mid September, the leadership flaunted its militancy with its public embrace of Nation of Islam's Minister Louis Farrakhan—a separatist, anti-white racist, and anti-Semite—at the CBC's annual legislative meeting. Before a huge audience, Mfume announced a "sacred covenant" between the CBC and Farrakhan on legislative concerns; Chavis rhapsodized about "the spirit of unity"; and Reverend Jesse Jackson placed race above ideology, asserting that "People with different points of view can still have unity on racial issues." By embracing Farrakhan, the NAACP and the CBC snubbed white liberal House Democrats. "I represent the people of Baltimore, not the people of the Hill," Mfume shrugged.

Radicals and leftists welcomed the new militancy of mainstream black politics. The CBC "flexed its political muscle" by "publicly embracing" Farrakhan, cheered Lenora Fulani, co-chair of the leftist and anti-Semitic New Alliance Party. But the new black leadership has among its allies not just the radical Left but also the Clinton Administration.

The New NAACP

WHEN CHAVIS was competing against Jesse Jackson for the NAACP directorship, Chavis's radicalism made him the Clintons' preferred candidate. Chavis supported the plan to lift the ban on gays in the military, and his obsession with "environmental racism"—which he defines as a "targeting of people-of-color communities for toxic-waste facilities"—struck a chord with Vice President Al Gore. Chavis was picked to devise environmental and land-use policies for the Clinton–Gore transition team.

A Sixties radical, Chavis has been the titular head of the legal arm of the Communist Party USA since 1973. In 1972, Chavis was convicted of leading the Wilmington Ten in fire-bombing a white-owned grocery store. (He was freed after four years in prison when an appeals court ruled that evidence had been falsified.) In 1987, he was arrested in New York, where he had joined Reverend Al Sharpton in a "Day of Outrage" demonstration against racism.

Prison experience, says W. Hampton Sides in *The New Republic*, has earned Chavis a "certain stature amid the gang culture of the inner cities," and has also "ingrained in him a deep-seated victimology, a sense of the nobility of helplessness and suffering." Chavis called the L.A. riots a "people's rebellion" and rushed to Los Angeles in the tense days before the second Rodney King verdict "to be with those young brothers and sisters while they're being encircled right now."

By attending the Chicago gang summit in October, Chavis, Jackson, and Farrakhan gave some legitimacy to the twenty thousand gang members responsible for much of the city's drug dealing and drug-related murders. "This ain't no gang meeting," said Jackson. "We're having an urban-policy meeting."

Railing against "greedy capitalist imperialism," Chavis seeks "economic equality" in part by forcing corporations into "fair-share agreements" under which they must hire and promote blacks, and buy goods and services from minority-owned businesses. The NAACP's $1-billion accord with Flag Star Companies, Chavis said, "set a standard" for "relations between the civil-rights movement and Corporate America." The NAACP has strong-armed seventy other companies into similar accords.

At a press conference in August, the NAACP blasted Hughes Aircraft's record of minority hiring without even discussing its concerns with the company first. Although Hughes has one of the best records of work-force diversity in the field, it has responded with appeasement rather than confrontation. "The NAACP is an important organization," says Dave Barclay, Hughes's vice president of work-force diversity. "We are interested in knowing how we might improve."

In late September, the NAACP targeted AT&T, which was vulnerable because of a racially offensive cartoon that had appeared in its in-house magazine. AT&T was guilty only in that its editors failed to spot the cartoon, which was produced by an outside design firm. AT&T promptly fired the design firm. In a letter to all employ-

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ees, president Bob Allen apologized for the mishap and announced measures to "accelerate diversity" at AT&T. But the cartoon had given the militants an opening.

Despite AT&T's generous contributions over the decades to black educational, artistic, and advocacy organizations and its good record of minority hiring and promotion, the company was denounced and its New York headquarters were picketed by Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson's son. Allen vowed to work with the NAACP to "enhance [AT&T's] relationship with the African-American community, as well as with the African people in the Caribbean" and "Africa."

Chavis's radical politics has some critics. When Chavis was attending the Chicago gang summit, Congressman Mel Reynolds (D., Ill.) and fifty black professionals were holding a news conference billed as the "African American Male Anti-Gang Summit." Those "who support the gangs and attempt to legitimize them," said Reynolds, "do not speak for us."

In the conservative black-oriented magazine *Destiny*, John Parker called Chavis's agenda "the clearest departure from mainstream black America." "Environmental racism, embracing street gangs, and endorsing the homosexual agenda?" Parker mused. "The majority of Americans are more concerned with crime, the breakdown of the black family, and other social pathologies within their own communities."

Mfume's Black Caucus

'BLACK Caucus Comes of Age!" cheered Representative Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.), after the Caucus broke with the White House and Congress on a bill to give the President the line-item-veto authority.

When President Clinton withdrew Lani Guinier's nomination to the top civil-rights post in the Justice Department, the Caucus signaled its displeasure by rebuffing the President's request for a meeting and boycotting his barbecue. Rangel called Lani Guinier a victim of "high-tech lynching," and Mfume exacted a stiff penalty (the $500-million Child Immunization Act and the $1-billion Mickey Leland Hunger Relief Act) before he delivered 38 Caucus votes for Clinton's tax hike. The CBC also ostracized its lone dissenter, Republican Gary Frank of Connecticut.

The Caucus owes its new militancy largely to Mfume, its chairman since January. Mfume (originally named Frizzell Gray) grew up on Baltimore's West Side, where he spent much of his youth hanging out on the streets. He fathered five sons by three women, all out of wedlock. His adopted name, of Ibo derivation, means "conquering son of kings."

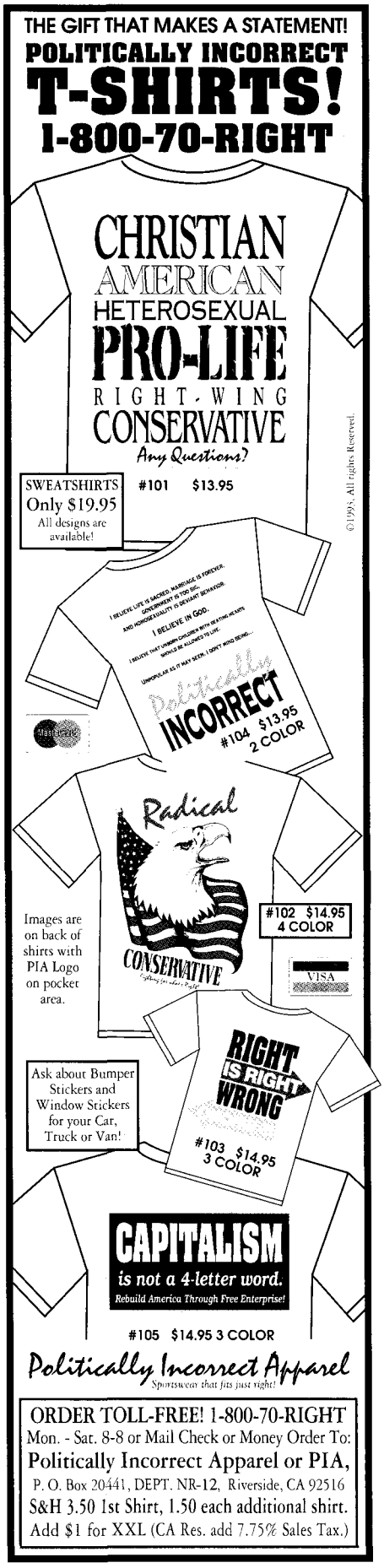
"Black people aren't important to the Clinton Administration," Mfume declared in the Nation of Islam's newspaper *The Final Call*, vowing to end the "days of second-class citizenship." His militancy has earned him praise from Farrakhan's New York representative, Minister Conrad Muhammad, who describes the 44-year-old congressman as "a star for black people," a politician "who will not sell you out."

Another militant Caucus member who embraced Farrakhan was Maxine Waters (D., Calif.). She was "cast into the limelight"—as *Ebony* put it—by the L.A. riots, becoming a "new political star" and a "central advocate for urban renewal." Representative Waters alienated many by calling the riots an "uprising," but candidate Bill Clinton was not one of them. She served as co-chair of Clinton's presidential campaign, became his most visible urban-affairs advisor. She was the choice of Gloria Steinem and Al Sharpton for Vice President.

Miss Waters's sympathies for looters and gang members were shared by Mr. Clinton. The looters were "women who wanted shoes for their children and bread," she explained.

It "was heartbreaking," he echoed, "to see some little children going into the stores . . . and stealing from their neighbors, but they live in a country where the top 1 per cent of Americans have more wealth than the bottom 90 per cent." Clinton invited two L.A. gang members to his inauguration and to his luncheon given to honor "outstanding individuals."

A "root causes" radical, Miss Waters holds "economic, social, cultural, and political" factors responsible for the urban crisis, and the government alone responsible for its solution. Full of sympathy for gangs and rioters, Miss Waters ignored their Korean victims in her congressional district; un-



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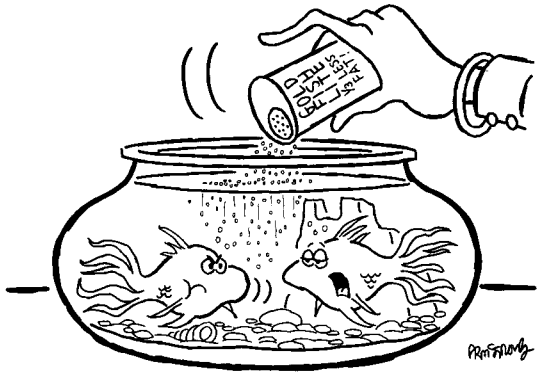
insured Koreans whose stores were burned benefited little from the aid dollars that flooded L.A.

Charles Rangel has also crossed the line between mainstream politics and militant activism. During New York's mayoral race, Rangel threatened that David Dinkins's Hasidic critics "would have a major problem" if Dinkins was defeated. Rangel also claimed that Rudolph Giuliani's white supporters were racist and that his "best asset" was that he was white.



"I was afraid this might happen someday."

Dinkins values his reputation as a "racial healer," but his administration was far from conciliatory. Its militancy is reflected best in its brochure inviting young people to join the Youth Commission for Human Rights. The brochure calls the Crown Heights riot an "uprising," and holds that there "won't be peace" until cops stop running "young men of color . . . off the streets." It promotes class warfare (only "good" schools in good neighhoods get computers), and it incites racial strife ("There won't be peace until New Yorkers stop . . . crossing the street to get away from Black and Latino youth").

The Leadership Divide

BLACK leadership's growing militancy has distanced it from its constituency. "Black people have more in common with Jerry Falwell, while black leaders like Jesse Jackson and Maxine Waters have more in common with white hippies," says Professor Walter Williams.

According to Milton Morris, a black think-tank research executive, black Americans "view themselves substantially more conservatively than we conventionally assume." Morris's poll shows that only 9 per cent of blacks feel the Rodney King verdict justified the L.A. riots. More blacks support the death penalty than oppose it, and 57 per cent oppose additional welfare benefits for single mothers who have additional children.

Conservative blacks—the ideological descendants of self-help advocate Booker T. Washington—call for personal responsibility and private enterprise, and they reject government dependency. More importantly, they do not separate blacks' interest from America's interest. "Black representation on Capitol Hill has all too often been too 'race conscious,' pulling the country toward political division," Emanuel McLittle and James White write in *Destiny*. "A different focus must emerge from black leaders that looks for what is good for the growth of America first, thereby benefiting their constituents."

Black conservatives condemned the L.A. rioters. While black militants rushed to claim the mayhem as *their* riot, conservatives like Thomas Sowell bristled at the notion that "the actions of hoodlums, thugs, and looters [represented] either the actions or the views of the black community."

Many blacks do not support Clinton-approved radicals and liberals. Lani Guinier, said a *Destiny* editorial, represented "Hillary's Brand of Civil Rights." Her writing revealed "a bitter enmity for America and democratic principles." *Destiny* suggests that the Clintons are using "black radicals as point-men" to execute their own "radical left agenda."

Sadly, the new militant leadership, heartened by a like-minded Clinton Administration, will continue the political conditioning that has kept inner-city blacks at the bottom of the economic ladder and impeded their rise into the mainstream. □

The La Penca Bombing

CASE REOPENED

So who *did* try to kill Comandante Cero? The Left, the CIA, neither—or both?

MARTHA HONEY

MARTIN AROSTEGUI, in his piece "The La Penca Bombing: The Case of the Danish Assassin" (May 24), almost hit the bull's eye. He came close to accurately determining the true identity of the man who, posing as a Danish photographer, planted a bomb at a 1984 press conference at a Nicaraguan Contra camp. The object of the attack—Edén Pastora (a/k/a Comandante Cero), a maverick rebel leader who was being simultaneously targeted by the Sandinistas, the CIA, ultra-rightist Contras, and the drug cartel—survived. Three journalists died and two dozen others were wounded in the bombing, which became one of the most complex and perplexing mysteries of the Reagan era's war against the Sandinistas.

Arostegui, however, named the wrong guy and so blew what would have been a major scoop. Instead his piece contributes—to use his own phrase—to the "vine of disinformation" which has surrounded the La Penca investigation. The handful of us who have devoted years to finding the bomber's true identity and his paymaster know that disinformation—including scores of false identities and phony leads—was time and again cir-

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culated by Reagan and Bush hardliners, CIA hirelings, and their Contra underlings. This disinformation always blamed the Sandinistas, but—curiously—always named the wrong trigger man and terrorist group.

That Arostegui missed the mark is not surprising. His article was not intended to uncover the truth. Rather, its purpose was to take potshots at two of the so-called leftist journalists injured in the bombing—Susan Morgan and my husband, Tony Avirgan—and to discredit the evidence indicating CIA involvement in the bombing and its cover-up. Quoting Curtin Winsor, former U.S. ambassador to Costa Rica, Arostegui makes the preposterous and slanderous assertions that "the Avirgans were suspected of being paid agents of the Sandinistas," and that Tony Avirgan has a violent revolutionary past, was seen accepting money from Nicaraguan Embassy officials, and was in on the La Penca bombing plot. Incredibly, Arostegui never bothered to call us to solicit our response to these crude charges, and NATIONAL REVIEW never checked before publishing them.

The truth is that, as freelance journalists for two decades, we have reported for major U.S., British, and Canadian media. We have never taken money from the Sandinistas or from anyone other than our news clients. Any of our editors or colleagues would attest to our honesty. We have won numerous awards in Canada, the U.S., and Costa Rica for our investigative reporting. Tony has no violent past. Like millions of Americans we opposed the Vietnam War. As pacifists, we organized non-violent protests and opposed violent tactics.

Arostegui also irresponsibly "outs" an important and very nervous source, Jorge Massetti. A one-time Argentine guerrilla who has become a critic of both Castro's Cuba and the Sandinistas, Massetti has asked everyone who has interviewed him to protect his anonymity. Arostegui broke this promise, and Massetti feels betrayed and endangered.

Massetti is also angered because Arostegui attributes a mixture of fact and fiction to him. The ex-guerrilla says that, from photos, he recognizes the La Penca bomber as another Argentine leftist guerrilla whom he knew only by the code name "Martín El Inglés." Massetti says he met

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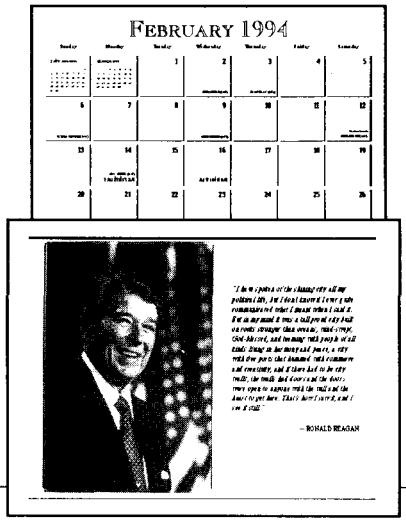

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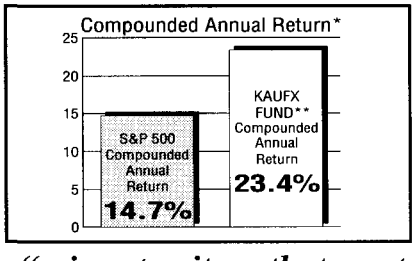

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"Martín El Inglés" briefly in Europe and in Managua years before the bombing, that this man became part of the Sandinista counter-intelligence unit known as the Fifth Directorate, and that he supposedly died in an ill-conceived 1989 guerrilla attack in Argentina. Massetti says he knows nothing about the La Penca plot itself, although years after the bombing he did overhear some comrades make a cryptic reference which implied that "Martín" was the bomber.

Arostegui, however, embellishes on this by falsely stating that Massetti told him that the bomber's real name was Alberto Martín Díaz (Massetti says he's never heard this name), that he had also been part of the hit team which in 1980 assassinated exiled Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza in Paraguay (not true), and that he had seen "Díaz" in Havana in 1982 (Massetti didn't say this). Who fed Arostegui this false information? Was it Curtin Winsor or Otto Reich (former head of the State Department's now defunct propaganda unit, the Office of Public Diplomacy), the only others he quotes and two of the Reaganites key in spreading disinformation about La Penca? Again, why didn't *NR* fact-checkers catch this?

Arostegui uses these misstatements to accuse us of purposely ignoring Pastora's early statement that the bomber reminded him of one of the members of the Argentine-led hit team which the Sandinistas had dispatched to kill Somoza. In fact, Pastora initially told us that the bomber resembled a Colombian named Calvo who had been part of the hit team. However, upon closer study of the photos and other information Pastora concluded that Calvo was too old and too short to have been the La Penca bomber.

"It took lots of hard work to get me where I am today. Fortunately I didn't have to do any of it myself."

The Real Scoop

IN THE months since Arostegui's article appeared, several journalists, including Juan Tamayo, Doug Vaughan, Tony Avirgan, and me—but not the elusive Arostegui—have successfully untangled one big knot in the disinformation vine: we have conclusively determined the bomber's true identity. This is based partly on interviews with Massetti by *Miami Herald* Foreign Editor Juan Tamayo and on the interviews Argentine journalists did with ex-guerrillas in that country. By piecing together the sketchy biographical information of "Martín El Inglés," they determined that his real name was Vidal Roberto Gaguine. In late July, Doug Vaughan located Gaguine's father and brother, who live in Miami, and they confirmed that the man in the La Penca photos was Vidal Roberto. Finally, a police expert compared fingerprints of the La Penca bomber and Gaguine and concluded they matched.

During this same period I contacted once again Peter Torbiornsson, the Swedish television journalist with whom the La Penca terrorist, posing as a Danish photographer, had traveled in the weeks leading up to the bombing. Torbiornsson admitted something he had never said before: that he had met the man in Managua about six weeks before the Pastora press conference and that he was in the presence of Cuban intelligence agent Renan Montero. Torbiornsson, a Sandinista sympathizer, says he believed "the Dane" was sent to spy on Pastora, and so he agreed to facilitate his mission. He swears he had no idea the man was an assassin.

Gaguine was a leftist Argentinian who worked for the Sandinistas' Fifth Directorate. Tony Avirgan and Doug Vaughan have both gone to Managua seeking more information and explanations. So far top Sandinista officials, including former Interior Minister Tomás Borge, are less than forthcoming. Montero—described as a master spy and a "man with a thousand secrets"—has returned to Cuba.

This, however, is not the end of the story. Rather, these new findings need to be reconciled with earlier evidence, all of which pointed toward Washington, not Managua. In our 1985 La Penca report—compiled for three U.S.-based press organizations and based on over a hundred interviews—Tony Avirgan and I concluded that the bombing was organized by a right-wing network which included a Costa Rican–based farmer named John Hull; other Americans working for Oliver North and the CIA; Felipe Vidal and other Cuban Americans; various Contras aligned with the FDN (Nicaraguan Democratic Forces); and drug traffickers.

Contras and Miami Cubans who said the bomber was part of their network told us that he was either an Arab or a Jew, that he spoke English, French, and Spanish with a South American accent, and that he spent time in Miami after the bombing. Gaguine was a Sephardic Jew whose family had immigrated to Argentina from Turkey; he spoke all three languages; and, according to his father and brother, he was in Miami in the mid 1980s.

Over the years, every other journalist who investigated La Penca—including Susie Morgan and filmmaker Judy Jackson, PBS *Frontline* producer Charlie Stewart, NBC producer Leslie Cockburn, *Newsday*'s Brian Donovan, and the *Tico Times* in Costa Rica—reached similar conclusions. So, too, did Costa Rican judicial prosecutors who in 1990 indicted Hull and Vidal for murder for their role in the bomb plot. Both fled to the United States; Hull was smuggled out aboard a Drug Enforcement Agency plane.

Why, if innocent, did Hull and Vidal flee, and why have U.S. officials not honored Costa Rica's request to extradite Hull so he can stand trial? Costa Rican prosecutors, while now accepting that Gaguine was the La Penca bomber, are refusing to drop their charges against Hull and Vidal, arguing that there is overwhelming evidence that these two CIA operatives played a role in the bombing.

These investigations—which Arostegui flippantly dismisses as "left-

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wing conspiracy theories"—turned up a long trail of evidence showing that the CIA, the North network, and Contra-linked drug traffickers all wanted Pastora out of the way. On May 1, 1984, the CIA gave Pastora a thirty-day ultimatum to align his forces under the control of the FDN or suffer the consequences. Pastora called the press conference on the final day of this ultimatum in order to denounce CIA interference. The bomb exploded ten minutes into Pastora's diatribe.

Oliver North's diary shows that U.S. officials were tracking Pastora in the days prior to La Penca. Three days beforehand North himself made a secret trip to Costa Rica, where he met with the U.S. Embassy's military attaché, John Taylor, and a top Contra official, Luis Rivas. These two, like North, were avidly anti-Pastora. Curiously, the pages of North's diary for this date are missing.

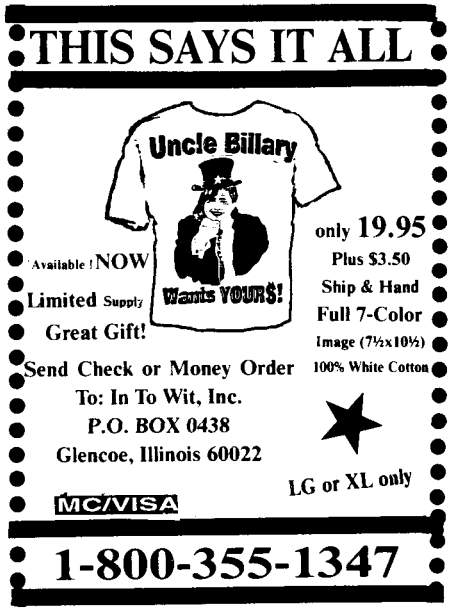
Within hours of the bombing, officials with the Office of Public Diplomacy (OPD) and the CIA "tipped" journalists that the bomber was an ETA terrorist named Miguel Lujua Gorastiola and that he worked for the Sandinistas. ABC News and other U.S. media ran this story. But it was false. The *Tico Times* found that Lujua had been under house arrest in France since January. There was no way he could have been the La Penca bomber.

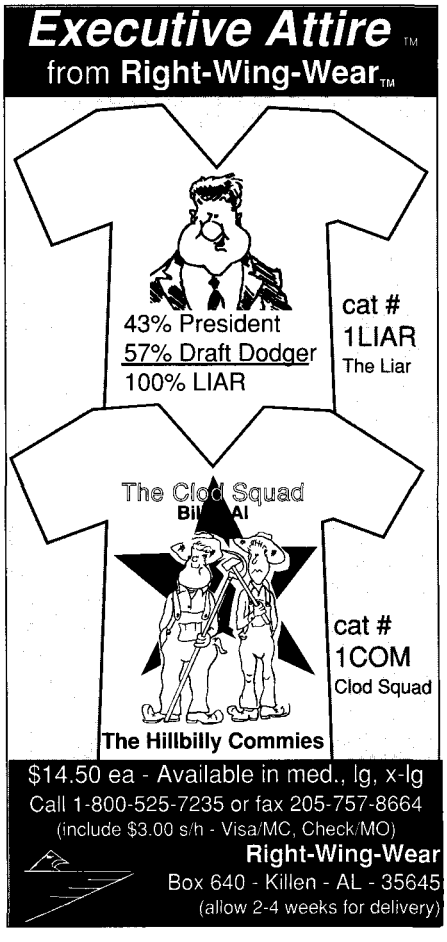
Subsequent investigations revealed that, over the preceding months, U.S. officials had laid the groundwork for this phony ETA story. In mid-march Otto Reich had hired a private contractor to produce a dossier on ETA activities in Central America. On March 8, 1984, Lujua's photo appeared in a Costa Rican newspaper, and the article quoted U.S. officials as saying Lujua was part of an ETA sabotage team supposedly en route to Costa Rica.

This bogus ETA story was followed by a series of other phony leads. These included "tips" by U.S. officials and their Contra and Costa Rican collaborators that the bomber was a Libyan working for Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, a Venezuelan, a leftist Uruguayan, a Swede living in Nicaragua, and a leftist Dane linked to the PLO. All these served to deflect serious investigations. Why this U.S. cover-up?

Costa Rican judicial prosecutors found even more damning evidence: that a CIA agent named Dimitrius Papas illegally paid off Costa Rican investigators to put out some of these false leads and to virtually shut down the Costa Rican government's initial investigation of the bombing. In addition, a U.S. bomb expert took the most important piece of physical evidence to survive the blast, the detonator, thereby aborting any definitive analysis of the bomb itself.

These are some of the pieces of evidence which indicate that the CIA as well as the Sandinistas had a role in the bomb plot. In order to fully unravel who was responsible for the La Penca bombing, independent investigators need to be allowed access to the security files and to key officials in both Managua and Washington. Only once this has happened and the contradictions of these two conflicting trails of evidence are resolved can we truly close the book on La Penca. □





SO THE LEFT KNOWS

MARTIN AROSTEGUI

MARTHA HONEY admits that the plot to assassinate Edén Pastora was hatched by the Sandinista intelligence services and their Cuban advisors. It is difficult to disregard the truth after NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Miami Herald*, working quite separately and following different leads, arrived at the inescapable conclusion of Communist involvement in the assassination attempt.

It is perfectly possible that the name I got for the hit man is incorrect, since international terrorists are not in the habit of leaving their personal calling cards. Great care was taken in Managua and Havana to mask his iden-

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tity under layers of false nationalities and names. Adding to this contrived confusion were persistent allegations made by Martha Honey and others to the effect that the attempt on Pastora was the work of a right-wing conspiracy stretching from a Costa Rican rancher to Oliver North. But Miss Honey now agrees that the bomber was an Argentine leftist guerrilla working for the Fifth Directorate.

The *Miami Herald*, with the help of Tony Avirgan, took up where NATIONAL REVIEW left off and has uncovered an association between the Argentine terrorist and Renan Montero. Montero's track record goes back to Che Guevara's ill-fated guerrilla operation in Bolivia, where Montero was charged with setting up clandestine urban support for the failed effort to start a Communist insurrection in the Andes. Until recently, Montero was acting as an advisor to Sandinista Defense Minister Humberto Ortega, who continues in his post.

Through the persevering efforts of Juan Tamayo, the *Miami Herald* appears to have established the personal identity of the hit man as Roberto Gaguine, a member of the Argentine Ejército Revolucionario de Pueblo (ERP), which should qualify Florida's largest-circulation daily for the Pulitzer Prize. The Semitic features which Gaguine inherited from his Jewish immigrant parents would help to explain, I suppose, why Martha Honey managed to confuse him for so long with a "right wing Libyan" named Amac Galil.

Reaganite Conspiracy?

ALTHOUGH we now know who placed the bomb at La Penca, Martha Honey keeps clutching at straws in pursuit of her obsession that the assassination attempt on Pastora was covered up as some diabolical conspiracy of the Reagan Administration. So she resorts to nitpicking at minor inaccuracies in my article—inaccuracies that are probably inevitable in any coverage of the shadowy world of intelligence operations—even while conceding that I "almost hit the bull's eye."

Let me clear up some of the "untruths and slanderous accusations" which Martha Honey attributes to me. Jorge Ricardo Massetti, a former leader of the ERP, was unsure about the hit man's exact name in our initial discussions, only being able to say that he had been known as "Martín El Inglés." It was common practice in the ERP, he explained, to use code names even among themselves. He suggested that I get a list of ERP casualties in a 1989 attack on an army barracks in Buenos Aires, where he believed that "Martín El Inglés" had died. I got the list from Argentina and passed it to Massetti, who told me that he was quite certain he recognized the name of Alberto Martín Díaz. Upon examination of additional evidence which the *Miami Herald*, with its far more extensive resources, was able to compile, Massetti later confirmed the identity of the hit man as Roberto Gaguine.

I can appreciate why Massetti is nervous. It takes an inordinate amount of courage to reveal the darkest secrets of the terrorist regimes he once served, something he has done, it should be noted, for no personal or selfish gain. Perhaps feeling vulnerable and pressured, he has hedged on some of the information he originally revealed to me. During our interview, which went on for several days, he told me of a chance meeting between himself and the La Penca bomber at an ERP safehouse in Havana. I even noted the address. But this detail now merely corroborates the latest evidence about the hit man's closeness to Castro's DGI.

Martha Honey makes much of negating what she describes as my assertion that the La Penca bomber participated in the assassination of Anastasio Somoza. This is actually Edén Pastora's assertion, and Miss Honey claims to have disproved it. But, again, she seems to be missing the forest for the trees. Whether it was Díaz or Gaguine or someone of another name who blasted Somoza's limousine in downtown Asunción, he was part of the same ERP team that was organized in Managua whose hit men were also directed against Pastora and others considered a threat to the Sandinistas.

Miss Honey accuses Ambassador Reich of "creating disinformation" by pointing to the involvement of the ETA. She must have been out of town when 13 members of the ETA were rounded up in Costa Rica's capital, San José, shortly before the La Penca bombing, after one of them was observed drawing sketches of Pastora's home. That these terrorists were under orders from the Sandinistas emerged in their police questioning. The episode was widely covered in the local and international press, including the Spanish weekly *Cambio 16*, Spain's equivalent of *Time* or *Newsweek*.

So Martha Honey now says that we must "reconcile" the clear evidence about Sandinista and Cuban direction of the plot against Pastora with her theories which are supported by some Costa Rican investigators. The question does linger as to why the CIA neglected to pursue a more aggressive investigation of La Penca despite requests from Reagan appointees. The thought has crossed my mind, if I am allowed to engage in some conspiratorial fantasizing of my own, that elements entrenched in the U.S. bureaucracy blocked an effective investigation as part of a deal with the Sandinistas when pressures were building to wind down the Contra War.

I concur entirely with Martha Honey that intelligence files on the case should be opened up to public scrutiny. I would add that key witnesses should be given the protection they need. While investigators in Costa Rica struggle to arrive at a conclusion that will please everyone, the United States should prove that it has nothing to hide about the bombing at La Penca.

As to the question of the Avirgans' own politics, in her book, *In Search of the Assassin*, Susie Morgan, who was close to them, cites a doctor in the clinic where she was treated for the wounds she suffered at La Penca as warning her off the Avirgans because they were suspected of being Sandinista collaborators. Curt Winsor told me that he also heard reports to that effect when he was ambassador to Costa Rica.

I accept Martha Honey's word that these rumors are false. But in her and Tony Avirgan's stubborn insistence that the CIA was—very improbably—involved in an assassination attempt that was carried out by a Sandinista agent under Cuban and Nicaraguan direction, they leave the impression of having strong ideological—as well as journalistic—motives for their investigation. Hence, the irony that they are dissatisfied with its success—and with their scoop. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

November 17, 1993

Dear Rusty,

Sorry if I seem distracted. I'm keeping one eye on C-SPAN, watching the NAFTA debate, and the other eye on the phone bank, where Bill, Mr. Gergen, Uncle Lloyd, and Mickey Kantor are drumming up votes. Plus I have to keep another eye on the parking lot outside, where George Stephanopoulos is washing Newt Gingrich's car. He has a tendency to miss spots. A few minutes ago, I could swear that I heard a kind of muffled cry from behind the closed study door, just off the Oval Office. I tried to open it, but it was locked. Just then, David Gergen appeared at my side.

"Can I help you, Al?" he asked.

"I thought I heard something in the study," I said.

"Just the wind," he said.

Everyone is in high-stress mode: phones ringing, people shouting, deals being cut. Carol Moseley Braun calls every few minutes. She's wavering in her support for NAFTA. She's heard waverers can call the White House for some "extra incentive."

"Carol," I said, "the bad news is that we don't need Senate votes. The good news is that we're going to need your vote to pass health care."

She seemed satisfied with that.

Rusty, I think I've done my part. Debating Perot on *Larry King Live* was the most nerve-racking night of my life. I was pretty confident, boning up on treaty details, figuring the environmental angle, that sort of thing. Then, on Tuesday, I dropped by the Oval Office to get a pep talk from Bill. He was in one of his moods.

"Al," he said, "you're not going to let this guy tear the bark off me tonight, are you?"

"I think what President Clinton means," Mr. Gergen chimed in, "is that during the vice-presidential debate, you were a little—and let me, I think it was entirely inadvertent on your part—but you were a little . . . slow to defend the President. Particularly on the character issue."

I decided to put their minds at ease right there.

"Bill," I said, "if Perot tries to play the character card, I'll just look him in the eye and say, 'Hey, that's our President you're talking about, and if he cheated on his wife a little bit a few years ago, well big whoop, this is a trade bill we're talking about and that's that.' I think that'll make his head spin."

Before they could wish me luck, I dashed out of there—I was running late, and Tip was waiting.

"Hi, Tip," I said, sliding into the seat next to her.

"Hi? Hi? You'd have to be 'high' to be for this looney-tunes deal. Clinton may not have inhaled, but somebody in that White House is smoking wacky tabacky. A hundred million jobs. Say good-bye."

Tipper had been doing this all week. She thought that if she could get me used to Perot's accent, I'd be more relaxed on the show. Actually, every time she did it, I cracked up laughing.

We got to the studio and I did a last-minute check: Smoot–Hawley picture, Alliance Airport prospectus, Xerox of Perot's prescription for Prozac (it turned out I didn't need that after all. How did DG get it?). When Perot started talking, he sounded just like Tipper. I just kind of giggled. He heard me laughing, I think, and that made him madder and madder.

I licked the little guy fair and square. Afterward, Perot said, "You tell your boss that his little Cuban-hit-squad plan won't work. I got me a crystal dome in the middle of the desert and a rocket ship if I need it, so I'll be saying 'aloha' on a steel guitar if you all keep it up."

I wasn't sure what he meant by all that, but it seemed to me that he was attacking Bill's character.

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Well, sure Bill fooled around a little. And maybe he was a hippie in the Sixties. But that was then and this is now. And you own an airport that will make a lot of money either way. So stick that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Perot."

And I strode out of the studio. And so we're all here in the Oval Office, hustling votes. Mr. Gergen had a plan to give David Bonior and Dick Gephardt some "walking around money"—we wouldn't actually buy their votes, you understand, we'd just compensate them for not getting the vote out on their side. Then Mr. G. came up with a new strategy. We promise any congressman anything for his or her vote. Between my performance on *Larry King* and six hydroelectric plants, four once-discontinued weapons systems, a promise from Treasury to allow $1.3 billion in loopholes, twelve dairy subsidies, and re-instating the helium reserve, we might just pass this thing.

The tough calls are about the health-care plan. Republicans wanted a smaller program, Connecticut congressmen wanted more insurer input, and Mickey, Bill, Mr. G., and Uncle Lloyd have given in on every point. If HRC was here, she'd fight every last deal. Actually, where is she?

Well, they just tallied the votes, and we won! The room got pretty quiet. The only thing you can hear is the wind in the study off the Oval Office.

Gotta go, Rusty. Senator Moseley Braun is on the phone again. She says she's ready to deal.

Gotta go, Al

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Table for One

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

HERE, one is invited to believe, is a book that we have been waiting for. The author, who has written cultural criticism for conservative journals such as *The New Criterion* and *The American Spectator*, proposes a civil and reasonable discussion about the place of homosexuality and homosexuals in American life. His title is from President Clinton's expressed hope for "an American home where everyone has a place at the table." Mr. Bawer contends that inviting homosexuals to the table need not disrupt, and can greatly enhance, our life together. The public debate about homosexuality to date, he says, has been conducted mostly by "belligerent extremists" on all sides. It is time to get civilized about the subject.

He wants his readers to embrace "my hope in the ultimate triumph of reason over irrationality, acceptance over estrangement, love over loathing." More specifically, he wants to persuade his fellow homosexuals that "there's no inherent conflict between homosexuality and decency." (The book is about male homosexuality. Lesbianism, he says, is entangled with the issues of feminism, "which is another ballgame entirely.") In responding to social prejudices, Mr. Bawer sets himself firmly against the self-declared "queers" who "return rancor for rancor," and almost as firmly against "completely closeted gays" who, he says, live a life of fear and dissimulation. He describes himself as a "monogamous, churchgoing Christian" and assures us that society's full acceptance of him and his kind will not frighten the horses and should not frighten any fair-minded citizen.

A Place at the Table: The Gay Individual in American Society, by Bruce Bawer (Poseidon, 268 pp., $21)

Mr. Bawer knows that, in offering this apologia, he is likely to come in for severe criticism from what is euphemistically called the gay community. The first half of the book—his analysis of the widespread "homophobia" that allegedly makes homosexuality a "problem" for society—betrays considerable nervousness about being perceived as the gay equivalent of an Uncle Tom. He repeatedly protects himself by explaining that even the most outrageous behavior of the "belligerent extremists" on the homosexual side is an understandable reaction to society's oppression. Yet other homosexuals, he says, will criticize him for being so uncool as to be bothered by what other people think.

Bonnie Gardner

"In such circles, writing a book like the present one is the most unsophisticated thing that anybody could do. It's bad form; it reveals that people's attitudes about homosexuality *matter* to you. Among such homosexuals, the approved attitude toward bigots is one of condescension. . . . The bigots, after all, are morons, servants, proles; they're the ones who deliver your groceries, repair your car, take your ticket at the theater or the movies or the ballet. Who *cares* what they think? The philosophy of such homosexuals can be summed up in one sentence: 'How can you possibly insult me when I hold you in no esteem whatsoever?' " Bruce Bawer cares very much what other people think. His care is poignant; it is sometimes tinged by desperation. He wants to be accepted; he wants his "marriage" with Chris Davenport to be approved; he wants to help spare boys the anguish that attends growing up gay in America.

There is no denying that public debates over homosexuality in the last decade and more have often been fevered, confused, uncivil, and downright nasty. It is frequently forgotten that agitations about homosexuality are part of a great cultural commotion about sexuality itself. The homosexual insurgency did not come out of nowhere. It is the logical extension of the doctrine, which has now assumed dogmatic status in this "therapeutic society," that there is no higher morality than self-realization through self-expression. Some heterosexuals who oppose the insurgency, including some calling themselves conservatives, do not have the nerve or the wit to challenge the dogma that gave it birth. They wink at fornication and adultery, and take in stride the serial polygamy that is the current practice of divorce. They are in a doubtful moral position to censure homosexuals, who, in Joseph Campbell's feather-brained phrase, also want to "follow their bliss." Such heterosexuals are, as Mr. Bawer might say, hypocrites.

One big problem with *A Place at the Table* is that Mr. Bawer throws around words like hypocrite rather indiscriminately. For someone who wants to foster civil conversation, he has the bad habit of bringing more fuel to overheated disputes. Or perhaps it is more than a habit. Perhaps the author, unable to explain why people disagree with him, has no choice but to indulge in unbridled polemic that frequently verges on vituperation. Repeatedly, we are told that those who do not approve of homosexuality are sexually insecure. Mr. Bawer is even-handed, however. The

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"queer" militants who disagree with him are also sexually insecure. Now in fact one expects that most people, sexual turbulence being as it is, are sexually insecure, more or less, at some times more than others. Certainly Mr. Bawer in his more vituperative moments does not evince the tranquillity that he claims for himself.

It is an annoying conceit in the literature of homosexual advocacy to assert that heterosexuals disapprove of homosexuality because they envy what they perceive as the sexual fun and freedom that gays have. It seems altogether probable that some straight men do. It is also more than possible that some men with strong homosexual desires hate themselves for feeling as they do, and vent that hatred in hostility to homosexuals.

But to attempt to explain, meaning to explain away, those who disagree with you by reference to fear and envy is no way to conduct a civil argument. It is especially unbecoming in an author who could not be more explicit in confessing his envy of the domestic security and social acceptance enjoyed by heterosexuals. In addition, such sexual insecurity and envy does nothing to explain why women are as disapproving of homosexuality as men. Feminism may be "another ballgame entirely" for Mr. Bawer, but he should not have to be reminded that women constitute more than half of this putatively homophobic society.

The author just knows that those who disagree with him, both gay and straight, are "operating out of fear, or ignorance, or both." Those who opposed opening the military to gays produced "a disgraceful spectacle." The role of heterosexuals is "to listen and learn," while homosexuals are qualified to be teachers because they know both the gay and the straight worlds. Mr. Bawer is not asking for tolerance. He despises tolerance. Tolerance, as distinct from acceptance, is the result of "sheer ignorance." People, such as William Buckley, who disapprove of homosexuality while they have homosexual friends are guilty of "moral cowardice," "inconsistency," and "brutality." They are "simply hypocrites." So much for civility. The author's controlling presupposition, as distinct from argument, is that "disapproval of homosexuality—as distinguished from disapproval of certain aspects of the gay subculture, or of the 'lifestyle' choices of certain gay individuals—is not a morally legitimate option."

Now it seems obvious that the great majority of people—for various reasons and in varying degrees—disapprove of homosexuality. This is true also by Mr. Bawer's own account of our allegedly homophobic culture. Since such disapproval is "not a morally legitimate option," it would appear that most people are beyond the pale of the reasonable discussion for which the author calls. Put differently, approval (not mere toleration) of homosexuality is the ticket to the discussion. The discussion is not about whether homosexuality should be approved or disapproved, but only about how approval is to be secured in social practice and policy. That is a rather narrow discussion, and, since this reviewer does not hold a ticket, anything we might say here will presumably be dismissed as irrelevant by Mr. Bawer. Nonetheless, we soldier on in the hope of advancing the conversation that, despite all, the author seems to want.

In engaging Mr. Bawer's arguments one engages the chief contentions of the gay-advocacy genre of which this book is part. For example, he addresses the obvious question of just how many gays or homosexuals (he uses the terms interchangeably) there are. The old Kinsey figure, claiming that 10 per cent of the male population is homosexual, has now been thoroughly discredited. Current research indicates that in the United States, as in other developed societies, somewhat over 1 per cent of the population is exclusively homosexual. Mr. Bawer is not buying. He notes that the new figure cannot be trusted because in a homophobic society some men are reluctant to tell interviewers that they are homosexual. He does not note that the Kinsey "finding" rested upon extremely dubious methodology, including data gathered from an unrepresentatively large number of men in prison. Mr. Bawer offers no scientific research that might challenge the now accepted figure of 1 per cent. But he does have his impressions. "My own experience, not only in New York City but in cities and towns around the United States and elsewhere, suggests to me that the 10 per cent figure is about right."

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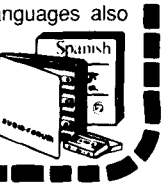

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sees what one wants to see, and Mr. Bawer leaves no doubt that he wants to see the pervasiveness of homosexuality in American society. In addition, he has the tedious habit of assuming that every man who pays attention to him is interested in going to bed with him. For but one instance, he and his friend Chris pass on the street a young man walking arm in arm with his wife and pushing a baby carriage. "The young husband's eyes will suddenly meet mine or Chris's in a fleeting, painful, haunted stare, and all at once we'll both realize that the picture is a lie, a forgery, and that this family's home is built on quicksand." Not necessarily so. The fellow's stare may reflect his thought that there are too many strange people on the streets of New York and it's time to take the family and move up to Westchester. We don't know what that husband was thinking. We do know that homosexual advocates have a propensity for, and an interest in, believing that the straight world is a hypocritical façade behind which men writhe in sexual envy of gays.

Whether homosexuals are 1 per cent or 10 per cent of the male population may be a matter of indifference in determining whether homosexuality should be approved. But it obviously is a matter of great concern to both gay advocates and their opponents, and understandably so. Statistically, it bears on the question of how deviant or marginal homosexuality may be. That, in turn, bears on the question of how much society should bend to accommodate gay demands, and on the political clout behind those demands. Also, the dispute over numbers is, however implicitly and intuitively, a dispute over morality. Both friends and foes of the gay movement sense that there may be some connection between the normal and the normative. And once that is allowed, it is but a short step to the consideration of the natural and unnatural. After that step, the danger is that people might make connections with the moral and immoral; they might even invoke venerable concepts such as natural law. Recognizing the danger, gay advocates are eager to block this line of thinking before it starts. Hence the insistence that 10 per cent—or, as some gays contend, much more than 10 per cent—of the male population is homosexual. Not for nothing is one of the favored slogans of the movement "We Are Everywhere!"

A related dogma in gay advocacy is that, when it comes to being homosexual or not, there is no choice, no ambiguity, and no gradation. Especially no choice. Some gays dissent from this dogma, claiming that being gay is their choice (as in "sexual preference"), but Mr. Bawer is not among them. Whether one is homosexual "is certainly fixed by early childhood (if not by birth)." It is to be embraced as one's "fate" or "destiny"; free will has nothing to do with it. And there are no ambiguities. "A man who is more tempted by homosexuality than heterosexuality *is* a homosexual." And a boy of, say, 14 years? Bawer does not say directly, but every example he gives suggests that those who waver in their sexual orientation are in fact homosexual. "Either you're gay or you're not," he writes. And if you are in doubt, you are gay. If you are more homosexually than heterosexually tempted at some time or in some circumstances, you are gay.

But surely that cannot be right. Human beings, and maybe males more than females, have an almost infinite capacity for sexual fantasy and temptation. There are people who say that they have never given a thought to fornication or adultery, never mind homogenital sex, pedophilia, or incest. And if they ever did have such a thought, it was immediately repelled with deep and automatic revulsion. Good for them. The rest of us should try to believe them, while acknowledging that their experience is not ours. Like Mr. Bawer, they live in a world untouched by sexual ambiguity. Those who know the shadowed sides of sexual desire, however, do not usually believe that their vagrant temptations define who they are.

We do not think, for example, that a man who is, at some point, more strongly attracted to another woman than to his wife is in fact an adulterer. (Except in the sense that, as Jimmy Carter quoted Jesus, he may have committed adultery in his heart.) Rather, we say he is a husband who is sorely tried. Contra Bawer, the capacity to behave in a certain way, even when joined to an intense and repeated desire to behave in a certain way, does not require that a person behave in that way in order to be "true to himself." There are ways of behaving that, no matter how attractive, we know to be false to ourselves. For those whom Mr. Bawer defines as homosexual, not to act upon desire is to lead "a tortured, empty, loveless life." To love the good and resist evil, one might counter, is the most basic rule for human flourishing. Contemporary gay advocacy does return us to such fundamentals of Ethics 101.

Put simply, most of us live in a world of right and wrong. Apart from the wrong of those who disagree with him, Mr. Bawer lives in a world of right and right. There is a right way "for me" and a right way "for you." Biology is fate, and fate determines whether you are gay or straight. The rest is simply a matter of "doing what comes naturally." Thus is the authority of the natural, even the moral imperative of the natural, invoked for the doing of the unnatural. This deterministic reading of human behavior is crucially important to the purposes of the gay movement. Chastity is not virtue but a form of self-crippling. Moreover, nothing can be done to "cure" homosexuals or to help them develop their heterosexual potential. Psychological programs and Christian ministries aimed at helping people toward heterosexuality are a fraud. There is no such thing as an ex-gay, according to Mr. Bawer. There are only fulfilled gays and frustrated gays. This view, he says, is supported by "reputable psychologists," ignoring the fact that reputable psychologists and a great deal of human experience can be mustered on the other side of the question.

The relentless assault on the idea that there may be an element of choice or decision and the polemic against the effort to help the sexually conflicted toward a heterosexual resolution are understandable. That idea and that effort challenge the deterministic foundation of the gay ideology by suggesting that, despite the impulses and desires by which we are racked, people are moral agents possessed of free will and are responsible

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for the lives they lead. There are many influences over which we have slight control, but we are never simply "fated" or "destined." While Bawer's is not a work of philosophy, underlying the advocacy is an unexamined philosophical anthropology that is at odds with any possible philosophy of human freedom. Again, this way of thinking is not unique to gay advocacy. Our culture is largely dominated by the imperative of being "free to be me"—with "me" being defined by our strongest libidinal urgencies. There is no honest way of countering the gay argument without recognizing that it is part and parcel of assumptions to which many, if not most, heterosexuals also subscribe.

How to Raise Gay Sons

AT a practical level, the gay argument for determinism means that nothing should be done to dissuade a youngster from acting on his homosexual desires. "Above all," writes Mr. Bawer, "what parents must be helped to understand is that they *cannot* reduce this 'risk' [of a boy being homosexual]. What they *can* reduce dramatically, however, by raising their children not to draw oppressive 'distinctions' between straight and gay, is the risk that those children, if they do discover themselves to be gay, will despise the idea so much as to be incapable of facing it honestly and living with it responsibly." He proposes that society develop "rituals of courtship" for gay boys, and encourage them to aspire toward forming a lasting and committed relationship in homosexual "marriage."

Interestingly, Mr. Bawer says he did not discover that he is homosexual until he was in college. It came upon him "instantaneously, with the force of a thunderclap." He admits that "it may sound incredible that it could have taken me as long as it did to realize I was gay," and in fact it is incredible since elsewhere he describes his earlier and uneasy erotic relationships with boys. More important, he says that he now views his late recognition as "a blessing, a manifestation of a valuable defense mechanism that protects young people from the truth about themselves until they're ready to accept it."

His own account makes it clear that an awareness of social opprobrium discouraged him from an earlier identification of himself as homosexual. Was society's "homophobia" in his case, then, a blessing? And would not rituals of courtship and other positive reinforcements for quicker boys who have their thunderclap experience at, say, age 12 deprive them of the waiting period for which Mr. Bawer is grateful in his own case? But the story of his epiphany is convenient for his argument that "you are or you aren't." In making that argument, he typically speaks about adult males, even if only of college age. However, most heterosexual adults, and parents in particular, are anxious about homosexuality as it pertains to the sexual development of younger boys.

On the one hand, Mr. Bawer says to the sexually uncertain boy: If you think you are, you are. And he calls upon parents to be "accepting" of that "discovery" and show that they approve it. On the other hand, he says it is a good thing that, at least in his case, he was protected from the recognition of his homosexuality until he was prepared to handle it responsibly. As the author likely knows, current disputes over homosexuality are largely driven by concern about what happens to little boys. That has probably always been the case. Mr. Bawer and others may be right when they say that the North American Man–Boy Love Association is on the kooky fringe of the homosexual subculture. There is no secret, however, about the significant role that boys play in the actual and fantasy world of homosexuality. Nor, one assumes, would Mr. Bawer attempt to deny that all adult male homosexuals were once boys who were, at some time at least, more or less uncertain about their sexual orientation and "identity."

It is beside the point, and more than a little disingenuous, to contend that most sexual abuse of young people happens in the non-gay world. Given that 90 to 99 per cent of the population is not homosexual, most of everything happens in the non-gay world. Whether or not the relative incidence of such abuse is higher among homosexuals (and it is highly counter-intuitive to suggest that it is not), many gays are entirely straightforward about their goal of recruiting boys to the homosexual subculture. Mr. Bawer knows that and he disapproves of it,

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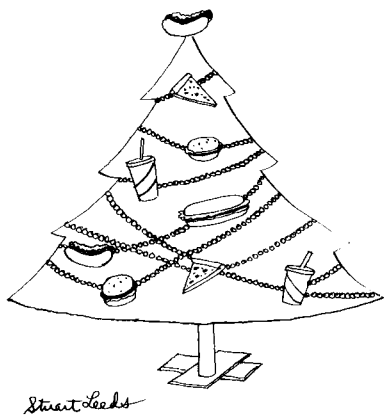
as he disapproves of so much in the subculture. (He disapproves but, despite his "mainstream monogamy," he indicates that he regularly "visits" that subculture on the side.) To be sure, gays have no monopoly on sexual abuse. But gay sexual abuse is different in that it is the seduction of the young into a long-term, perhaps lifelong, "alternative lifestyle." Moreover, much gay ideology denies the appropriateness of terms such as abuse and seduction. It is, according to this way of thinking, simply a matter of helping boys to accept and enjoy what they already are, namely, gay. If it happens that a boy is not gay, he will view the encounter as a kinky experience that he puts behind him as he moves on to take his place in the straight world.

The dogma, then, is that all homosexuals were "fated" to be homosexual, and anything anybody might try to do to change their sexual orientation is futile and cruel. To which some of us will want to respond, as calmly and respectfully as possible, that such claims are not supported by our knowledge of human behavior based upon careful reflection and our own experience—personal, pastoral, and clinical. This disagreement cannot be resolved "scientifically" by, for example, the finding of a gene that disposes a person to homosexual desire. Whether the behavior in question is homosexuality, alcoholism, or violence, a finding of biological disposition does not require or justify acting on that disposition.

And, no matter how deterministic we are in theory, we all live *as if* we and others are moral agents possessed of free will. As numerous philosophers of determinism have put it with ironic resignation, we have no choice but to act as if we are free. The dogma of homosexual determinism, it becomes evident, is in the service of a prior decision. The determinative reality is that Mr. Bawer, along with the gay movement, approves of homosexual behavior and condemns those who do not approve. When all the contentions about scientific findings and social oppression are cleared away, we are faced with what is inescapably and irreducibly a moral judgment.

In truth, most Americans do not get very agitated about what the beautiful young men, and the not so beautiful middle-aged men, are doing in the local equivalent of Greenwich Village. Homosexuality becomes the subject of public controversy when it touches on the vulnerabilities of young people. That was the case in the battle over the "Rainbow Curriculum" in New York City public schools, and is the case in similar battles around the country. People oppose quota systems for gays, the blessing of gay unions, and other steps aimed at creating the impression of "moral equivalency" between homosexuality and heterosexuality because they want their children to grow up heterosexual. Exactly why parents so passionately want their children not to be homosexuals is a question insufficiently explored by gay advocates such as Mr. Bawer. The passion is airily derided as homophobia.



Maybe phobia, if we allow that some phobias may be rational, is the right word. But of what are people afraid?

Fear is the flip side of hope. For most people, marriage and family is the most important and demanding project of their lives. For this great good they have made sacrifices beyond numbering, and they fervently hope that their children will embrace and continue the project. They want grandchildren. Moreover, they know that, without the discipline of a woman in marriage, men are inclined to promiscuous behavior that is destructive for them and others. In sum, they want the best for their children, including the morally best. If they believe that a homosexual way of life is immoral or, at most, a sorry substitute for the best, they will not want their children to be homosexuals. Mr. Bawer must try to persuade such parents that they are wrong. But here he and others of like mind are in something of a bind.

In support of the argument that the homosexual life is not a choice, Mr. Bawer contends that no rational person would choose it. The homosexual life, both "mainstream" and "subcultural," is depicted in grim terms. Homosexuals are the victims of social contempt and persecution. The gay world is anything but gay; it is inhabited by an inordinate number of the neurotic, the self-absorbed, the lonely, the alcoholic, the sexually compulsive, and the suicidal. And all of it shrouded by the specter of deadly communicable disease. Of course the sad reality of the gay world is, according to Mr. Bawer, the consequence of the society's homophobia. But his point is that, since no rational person would choose to be part of such a world, homosexuality is not a choice.

One might well agree that it is not a rational choice, while knowing that people—especially young people, and especially in the sphere of the sexual—do not always, do not typically, behave according to calculations of rational choice. Moreover, the stark way in which Mr. Bawer and others depict the homosexual life can only reinforce the prejudices that they blame for their unhappiness. It can only strengthen the desire of parents that their children be spared the miseries of that life, and thereby, according to Mr. Bawer's argument, only increase the miseries of those in that life and those headed for that life. All homosexuals have suffered for being homosexual, says Mr. Bawer; all are victims, including "mainstream" homosexuals like himself who, he claims, have achieved a modicum of happiness. It follows—although this is the opposite of what he wants to suggest—that parents have every reason to hope that their children will not be homosexuals. The argument ends up in an impossible muddle, and gay ideology offers no way out of it.

Abandon All Hope?

IT COMES back to the dogma of determinism. Mr. Bawer cannot bring himself to say: "My living the way that I do is significantly, if not determinatively, contingent upon my decision, and I am prepared to make a moral case for my decision." According to his account, being gay is something, and finally an unfortunate something, that just happened to him. How he lives is ordained by that fate. Most non-homosexual Americans, on

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the other hand, cannot bring themselves to abandon their own life experience that sexual desire is a realm of ambiguity, confusion, gradation, temptation, and decision. It is also a realm of moral possibility. Certainly most parents are not prepared to accept that, with respect to sexuality or anything else, they can have no positive influence on what their children will become. That, they rightly sense, would be to abandon hope and resign the office of parenthood. And so it would seem that, between Mr. Bawer's movement and this homophobic society, that is where the argument stands. Stalemate.

A Place at the Table is a book very much worth reading. For all its incivilities, it is as civil an expression of gay ideology as we are likely to get. Mr. Bawer discusses, often with lucidity and literary grace, the goals of the movement, conflicts within the movement, the importance of approval by the churches, the negative aspects of quota systems for gays, and why conservatives should support gay unions as a simulacrum of marriage. Each of these discussions warrants an essay in itself, but for that there is neither time nor space. I would not end, however, without responding to the poignant plea with which the book concludes. It has to do with Mr. Bawer and his friend Chris Davenport, and the home they have made for themselves. He asks us to "recognize this relationship as a blessing, as something touched by grace." In the final line of the book, he asks us, he almost begs us, to look at them and say, "What they feel for each other is a good thing. Let us rejoice in it."

How might we respond to his plea? Lovingly and truthfully, one hopes; with a love that dare not deceive and a truth that does not want to wound. Much of what they presumably feel for each other—the comforts of companionship, the mutual bearing of burdens, their shared devotion as Christians—is undoubtedly a good thing. We can and should rejoice in it. And nobody is beyond a blessing, nor is anything human untouched by grace. But there is an awful sadness. Those who understand homosexuality as an objective disorder and homogenital sex as intrinsically wrong cannot in good conscience offer their moral approval of the way of life chosen by Mr. Bawer and Mr. Davenport. They may think it a lesser evil than ways chosen by some other gays in the bleak subculture described in this book. They can offer their understanding, their compassion, their prayers, their friendship, and the promise of forgiveness and new life. Of course none of these is what Mr. Bawer is asking for. He leaves no doubt that he despises and rejects what can be offered. We must morally approve or else be counted as the enemy. One is sorry, truly sorry, that Mr. Bawer and so many others think that that is the way it has to be. But that is their choice. One hopes that they will reconsider. □

The Last Gentleman

JEFFREY HART

THIS remarkable book is beautifully evocative of an important period of American cultural life, the years 1930 to 1960, a cultural period both intellectually sophisticated and startlingly naïve about much. It also brings us a careful, honest, and in the end very moving por-

The Beginning of the Journey: The Marriage of Lionel and Diana Trilling, by Diana Trilling (Harcourt, Brace, 432 pp., $24.95)

trait of two powerful New York intellectuals, the author and her husband. It contains—at least for me, who knew them in the Fifties and Sixties—some surprises about both.

It can be argued that Lionel Trilling was the most important writer on literature of the period following World War II. His stature was confirmed by *The Liberal Imagination* (1950), which appeared the year I entered Columbia, where he taught. *The Liberal Imagination* was a collection of essays, most of them previously published. Brought together, they made a whole much greater than the sum of its parts. When I described Trilling as a "writer on literature" instead of a "critic" I did so with purpose. He was much more than a critic as that term is generally understood. I still think, as I did then, that *The Liberal Imagination* belongs to the great tradition of reflection that includes Johnson, Hazlitt, Arnold, Wilson, and Eliot. There followed more books and articles of great distinction, as well as the rewards of fully achieved stature.

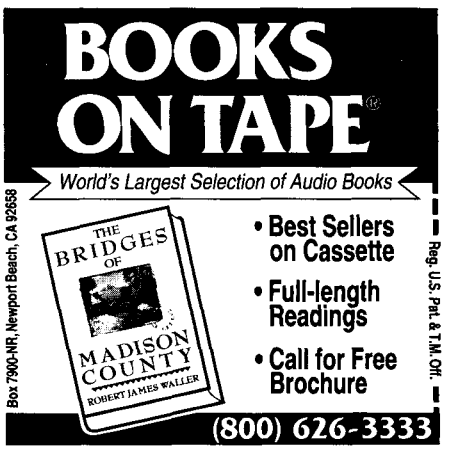
To what extent did those rewards register in Trilling's emotional life? I knew him as one of my principal undergraduate professors, later as a colleague, when I saw quite a bit of him and his wife. In view of the personal miseries recorded in this book, I need to assert that no sign of these miseries was ever visible to me.

Lionel Trilling possessed a comprehensive courtesy. He was refined in manner and almost infinitely considerate, though sharp about sloppiness. His fine suits were a rebuke in themselves to sloppiness, a worthwhile point to make to undergraduates, also to faculty members. In telling contrast to much academic critical practice today, the essays he regularly published were of great and immediate interest to his students and added felt importance to classroom discussion. Like his colleague Mark Van Doren, he delivered a further and welcome message. He seemed to be *in* the academy but not entirely *of* it. He and Van Doren were professors but also men of the world who looked far beyond the academy's gates.

Diana Trilling was an important cultural voice in her own right. I found her to be unfailingly good company, up for any subject, witty, cordial, high-spirited.

It came as a surprise, therefore, to

Mr. Hart is a senior editor at NR.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learn here that both Lionel and Diana Trilling suffered from a variety of physical and emotional maladies from which they were never entirely free. Lionel suffered from back pains which often were excruciating, and also from severe depression and self-doubt. Diana developed a life-threatening thyroid condition which required, in those days, surgery. She also had a number of acute and powerful fears, such as the fear of heights. Both the Trillings were under Freudian analysis for years. They had ugly domestic quarrels.

My own view is that there is something heroic in the fact that despite all of this they made a life together, they prevailed, and today in her book Diana Trilling clearly is devoted to Lionel. Despite it all, they achieved much.

Mrs. Trilling's evaluation is rather different, and of course she is entitled to it. She dislikes the flawless image her husband presented to his students and to the world. She would have preferred him to be more open about his problems, more *authentic*. "I very much disliked the image of Lionel as someone immune to profanation," she says. "I felt that it lessened and falsified him. I preferred him in all his vulnerable humanity." But in implicit contradiction—though not to "I preferred"—she does describe brilliantly the effect of his artifice and elisions upon his students:

> Lionel represented for his gifted students a literary academic whose thought ranged well beyond the academy, linking literature to the wider political and moral life of the nation. The social relevance and moral intensity which in our American midcentury gave criticism its newly important role in society made Lionel himself into a kind of moral exemplar for his students, someone whose life and character might set the pattern for their own public and private choices. Lionel did not create or encourage this image. Consciously he scorned it. Yet unconsciously he conspired in it.

That certainly is how I saw him and responded to him as a student and later as a colleague. That is what he meant to seem, indeed be, in his public role; and it was worth being. I know that people undergoing analysis often make uncomfortable disclosures and are encouraged to do so; but if in my presence Lionel Trilling had ever begun discussing his sex life, I think I would have fainted dead away on the carpet.

The Columbia sociologist and radical C. Wright Mills once urged his readers to translate their private problems into public and political ones. I cannot imagine worse advice.

Diana Trilling here writes of many things. We revisit the speakeasies of the 1920s, the grittiness of the Depression, the life of the New York intellectuals (quite freshly), the political quarrels over World War II and Stalinism. Of particular interest to me was her evocation of Columbia in its great period, from the presidency of Nicholas Murray Butler in the 1930s to the beginning of Columbia's disintegration around 1960. Strangely, Lionel Trilling was bookishly excited by the 1968 riots which destroyed his world, when he should have taken his musket off the wall.

The Columbia I entered as a junior in 1950 and began teaching at in 1956 was an extraordinary institution. A few names will give you an idea: Trilling, Niebuhr, Barzun, Tillich, Van Doren, Joe Krutch, F. W. Dupee, Quentin Anderson, Gilbert Highet, Moses Hadas, Fritz Stern, Garrett Mattingly, Donald Frame, Richard Chase, Marjorie Nicholson, and no doubt I have omitted here a dozen more. These people were not remote. They actually taught. I just remembered Robert K. Merton, and Ernst Cassirer.

I would place Columbia between 1950 and 1960 far above Harvard or Yale. For a variety of reasons it seems unlikely that university talent can again be concentrated in this way in one institution.

One final note, but an important one. Diana Trilling has here committed another act of heroism. Losing her eyesight, she had to dictate this book. But that circumstance, in my judgment, has made her prose freer and more colloquial. It has led to some quietly surprising and felicitous combinations of words—what eighteenth-century writers called "energy," meaning energy within the sentence. These local events enhance the overall eloquence of Mrs. Trilling's book, her best, I think. □

Ostpolitik Revisited

RADEK SIKORSKI

DURING the late 1970s and early 1980s, I followed with bewilderment the antics of German politicians, particularly those of the Left, when they came to Eastern Europe. Instead of denouncing our tyrannical rulers, they often denounced us, the ruled, for opposing them. They showered Communist regimes with preferential credits, while refusing even to talk to their powerless subjects. I resented them for advocating "peace," by which they meant the status quo. This "peace" which kept them in prosperity and freedom and us in poverty and oppression. Being young and naïve at the time, I attributed such attitudes to a mixture of fear of Soviet power and general Western degeneracy. Timothy Garton Ash adds a more humdrum cause: national self-interest.

Ostpolitik, as initiated by Konrad Adenauer in the 1950s, proclaimed by Willy Brandt in the 1960s, and continued by Hans-Dietrich Genscher until the 1980s, was a risky idea: it was meant to overcome the status quo by recognizing it, and to stabilize East Germany in order eventually to join it to West Germany. If Communism could not be overthrown, the argument went, then reform could only come from within the Communist elites themselves. If we cannot free a concentration camp by direct action, and prisoners' revolts prove unsuccessful, then we'd better deal with the commandant. If instead of calling him names we treat him deferentially and bribe him generously, he might relax his hard regime. Once he feels secure in his power over the compound he might allow the prisoners more exercise rights, parcels from the outside,

In Europe's Name: Germany and the Divided Continent, by Timothy Garton Ash (Random House, 680 pp., $25)

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, is currently based in Poland and England.

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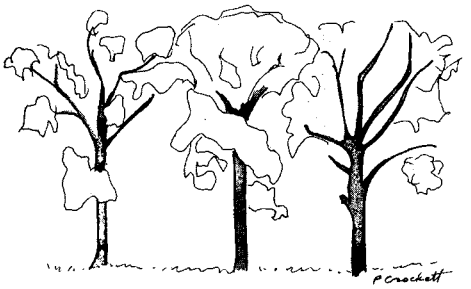
and, who knows, perhaps one day even a freely edited prison bulletin. Step by step, we will have transformed the concentration camp into a normal prison, fit for inclusion into the family of civilized prisons.

Ostpolitik worked, Mr. Garton Ash argues, but mainly in unintended ways. Willy Brandt's Eastern Treaties, in which West Germany recognized the Yalta frontiers, cleverly undermined Communist regimes by exposing the bogusness of the German threat, always used in Communist propaganda as a justification for Communist vigilance. On the other hand, the billions of Deutschmarks in subsidized credits, which were supposed to foster reform, became a substitute for it. They hurried along the system's collapse but in a perverse way: Communist economies collapsed precisely because the Western loans had allowed them to stumble on unreformed. Arguably, the day of reckoning would have come earlier in their absence.

Are there any lessons to be learned from the way Germany achieved its unification? At least one of the legacies of *Ostpolitik* which Mr. Garton Ash mentions will probably endure: as the book's title suggests, *Ostpolitik* gave Germany a vocabulary of foreign policy in which German questions are couched, not to say masked, in Eurospeak. This or that policy is proposed or opposed—for example, the economic colonization of Eastern Europe—in the name not of Germany, but of Europe. In this particular connection, such *maskirovka* is useful for all concerned: inevitable and desirable German economic penetration becomes more palatable to others when phrased in Euroidiom. But such vocabulary is more of a hindrance than a help to informed debate. What is, for example, the European answer to the GATT dispute? There is none. Germany has to choose whether to put its weight on the side of the U.S. and her commercial interests or on the side of France and her political interests. Likewise, there is no European answer to the post-Yalta security challenge. Britain wants to keep NATO and the Atlantic connection in place. France is doing everything to get the Americans out. Neither is interested in doing what Germany would like to do—extend the area of stability further east. Here, too, Germany has to calculate its national interest and choose, sometimes with and sometimes against her European partners.



How will Germany cope with her new-found power and freedom of action in post-Yalta Europe? Germany's awkward size (too big for Europe, too small for the world, as Henry Kissinger put it) is again a source of anxiety to her neighbors. The last time a united Germany gained freedom of action—after 1870—she wasted it spectacularly. Mr. Garton Ash is skeptical about her chances this time round: "Taking all in all, the favorable variant that we have imagined for Germany and Europe at the beginning of the twenty-first century did not seem probable." *Ostpolitik* showed Germany to be capable of patience, sensitivity, and even self-effacement toward the strong—the United States and the Soviet Union, which held the keys to her unification. But now, German politicians are called upon to a much harder task: behaving with patience and sensitivity toward the weak—their liberated but impoverished neighbors in Central Europe. This, as the history of *Ostpolitik* shows, they sometimes failed to do even in the most constructive period of their recent history. And now, the inducements to sensitivity and subtlety are rapidly diminishing.

For the moment, German statesmen still talk of voluntary self-limitation: of saving Germans from themselves, so to speak. But this phase will pass. By the end of 1994, the last Russian troops will have gone from the former East Germany. Soon afterward, grassroots German public pressure will increase for the U.S. troops to leave too, and they probably will. Around this time a new generation of politicians will come to the fore, men and women who will understandably resent any foreign attempts to tar them with the brush of the German past. The taboos that held German aspirations in check for the last 45 years will be broken. Then, toward the end of the decade, the economic gains of unification will start outweighing its costs, and Germany will again bask in the glory of wealth and prestige. And "with success"—the author memorably quotes Boris Becker—"many Germans have a certain tendency to flip their top."

In Europe's Name is an excellent work of modern political history. In *The Spectator*'s best tradition, its former foreign editor displays skepticism, discernment, and wit. His ability to place himself beside his subject and see his point of view is positively Kissingerian. Judging by this work, he would quite enjoy being a diplomat himself. □

FILM

'Remains' to Be Seen

JOHN SIMON

I HAVE not read Kazuo Ishiguro's ***The Remains of the Day***, but seeing the Merchant–Ivory movie version makes me want to do so, which is a good sign. Had I begun by seeing the inept *Howards End*, nothing about it would have induced me to read Forster's masterpiece. *The Remains of the Day*, on screen, has a restraint, an elegant spareness, an invitation to thought: it is rather like a Japanese rock garden, and also a poignant portrait of the English class system up to World War II. The samurai credo joins the gentleman's-gentleman mentality, the twain meeting in a coupling that puts Kipling to rest.

Stevens, the butler hero, is a superlative practitioner of the craft of service, near-indentured to his master, Lord Darlington, an aristocratic twit secretly working on appeasement with Hitler as he convokes international meetings at his stately manor, Darlington Hall. Stevens stands by his master through the thick of political

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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intrigue and the thin of postwar disgrace. Finally, Darlington Hall is bought by a millionaire American (the movie, I gather, conflates two characters here, somewhat awkwardly), and the new master, Mr. Lewis, lends Stevens a Daimler (a Ford in the novel, but the Merchant–Ivory appetite for luxury must be indulged) for a trip from Oxfordshire to the West Country. Most of the story is told in flashbacks as Stevens journeys and remembers.

He is off to meet Miss Kenton, the meticulously dedicated ex-housekeeper of Darlington Hall, who slowly fell in love with him but could not deflect him from his emotionally repressed, intellectually blinkered robotism into becoming a man. She eventually left to get married west of the mooning she did over Stevens, but the marriage ultimately failed, and she is, twenty years later, seeking employment. Stevens sets out to get her back—as housekeeper and keeper of his heart. But alas for the best-laid plans of butlers and men!

The film operates on three levels. The overplot concerns Lord Darlington's political machinations; the plot, the relationship (or nonrelationship) of Stevens and Miss Kenton; the underplot, the below-stairs activities and permutations. There is, perhaps, even a fourth, quasi-documentary, level about how a great manor is run, from butler and housekeeper down to the last footman and scullery maid. Every aspect of service, from dusting to decanting, is scanned by the camera; from setting a table to setting an example to those lower in the hierarchy—the hierarchy of service, that is, which ceremoniously reflects that of the Empire. Both, we can sense, are headed for extinction.

There is an interesting coincidence in that just as Kazuo Ishiguro was born Japanese and bred English, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, the screenwriter, was born in Germany but is domiciled in India. So East and West meet in both novelist and scenarist. And the class system was equally marked in England and India, Japan and Germany (if, like Mrs. J., you were of Eastern European Jewish origin). *The Remains of the Day* views this strict social order with mingled admiration and distaste. Thus Stevens, who permits himself no political opinions of his own, is questioned by a sadistic guest at Darlington Hall about political matters, and emits no more than a ceremonially formulaic, perfectly noncommittal answer. The inquisitor then turns this into proof that the lower orders are incapable of thought.

It is to Mrs. Jhabvala's credit that she has managed to objectify and animate what in the novel is mostly internalized, point-of-view reflection. And, for once, that basically amateurish director, James Ivory, rouses himself to greater professionalism. His chief flaw has been the inability to hit on the right tempos: compartmentalizing scenes into languid talkiness or hectic action, and not finding musical ways for the orchestration and interpenetration of the two. Here, because the nature of the material calls for small, spasmodic outbursts within an overwhelming stasis, Ivory's idiosyncrasy can feel right at home.

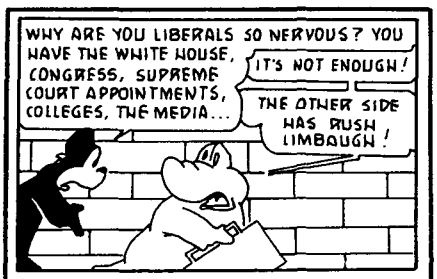
Thus in the earlier sequences of the film, the tone is set by Miss Kenton's shocked observing of the fate of Stevens's father: himself a fine former butler, he is now hired by his son as underbutler, but old-age failings reduce him to something even lower on the scale, until he sickens and dies —all this without a single moment of filial emotion from the son. In later sequences, as Miss Kenton falls deeper and deeper in love, Stevens's nonresponse elicits similarly intensifying shock on the woman's part. Her weapon becomes raillery; his, impassivity.

The best scenes are those where Stevens almost breaks through his self-imposed carapace: either humorously, as when he is commanded to disburse sexual enlightenment to Lord Darlington's ward, or desperately, when Miss Kenton comes upon him in his private quarters reading a Victorian novel of feelings, and his shame is equal to having been caught masturbating. Such scenes, of course, are bound to stand out from the surrounding flatness, which, in turn, derives pathetic significance from them.

The real pathos is kept carefully in abeyance till the end, when it gathers intensity until, at the very last, it makes the film almost unendurably moving. Here both Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson crown their excellent work with a bravura duet that skewers the heart. Throughout, Miss Thompson manages to be both wry and tremulous, her Miss Kenton a double-bottomed creature, aglow under her surface propriety or acerbity. That great, equinely English face of hers, pitched somewhere between Virginia Woolf and Joyce Grenfell, represses as much as it expresses.

But at this game, owing to his bigger part, she is surpassed by the amazing Mr. Hopkins. He does not even get the privilege of a rich, contradictory inner life until the very end, yet he must somehow make credible that this self-castrated character can arouse a woman to love. Perhaps only Ralph Richardson could have pulled this off, but Mr. Hopkins, lacking Sir Ralph's wonderful eccentricity, nevertheless comes close. Observe, for example, how he handles the postwar scenes in which his loyalty to Lord D. begins to embarrass even him: you get a sense of pained perplexity such as few could make so eloquent.

Everyone in the cast is very good, notably James Fox as the vapid and vainglorious Darlington, with one exception: the Lewis of Christopher Reeve, who should never be allowed to play a character not based on a comic strip. Even though Lewis is far from a demanding role, Mr. Reeve, whose head looks to me always screwed on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upside down, turns him into a boob the equal of Darlington. We are told that he made his fortune in dry-goods; all the more reason not to seem perennially wet behind the ears.

There is highly accomplished cinematography from Tony Pierce-Roberts; the fox hunters foregathering on the front lawn of Darlington Hall couldn't look better in the finest British sporting prints; the cutlery and crystal on the Darlington dinner table glisten brightly enough for gods, never mind quislings. Equally fine are the costumes by Jenny Beavan and John Bright; Richard Robbins's music is entirely adequate. But the accomplishment above all others is the production design of Luciana Arrighi, who, with the help of the architectural historian Joe Friedman, assembled four separate English country houses seamlessly into Darlington Hall, making it stupendously palatial above-stairs, and wondrously warren-like below.

Despite minor directorial flaws (I can't imagine Stevens, or the camera representing his point of view, spying through a peephole), *The Remains of the Day* will long remain in your memory as a portrait of heroic futility, heartbreaking fatuity, and purblind doggedness, as they become the downfall of a society, an empire, and, worst of all, a single human soul.

■ I must warn you in the minimal space remaining against a movie of maximal dishonesty and stupidity: ***My Life***, written and directed by Bruce Joel Rubin, the horrendous hack who gave us the stultifying *Ghost* and the pretentious, contemptible *Jacob's Ladder*. Here we have the happy young Los Angeles couple of Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman: she pregnant with their first baby, he about to die of a malignant tumor. I shall spare you the various sentimental simplicities, except to say that Keaton is videotaping his boring life and banal personality as a posthumous gift to his unborn child. Of course, he lives long enough to see, cuddle, and slobber over the adorable baby, the miracle of whose birth we too must witness in every last blatant detail.

The film dabbles in all kinds of shallow mysticism, bargain-basement philosophizing, and the notion that if you return to your humble Detroit roots, reconcile yourself to your Ukrainian-American family, and love your lovely wife to bits (as she does you), you can enter the realm of Thanatos peacefully, even ecstatically as you ride the same amusement-park roller-coaster that scared you in life, only now with your hands not clutching the bar in front of you, but waving liberatedly into a glorious final whiteout.

We are not spared a solitary verbal or visual platitude in this piece of treacle produced by Mr. Rubin's friend Jerry Zucker, who also gave us *Airplane!* and the *Naked Gun* movies. I may have seen worse films than this, but none that made me more ashamed of belonging to the same species as its makers. □

DELECTATIONS

Nights on the Town

TAKI

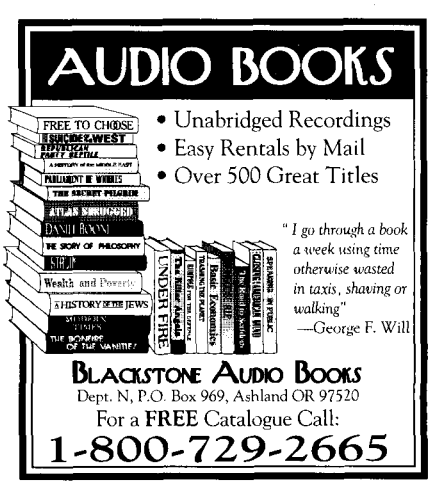
LIKE Count Dracula I love the night, and therefore nightclubs. Back in the good old days when an ex-general was President, I used to come down from prep school and go to El Morocco, on 54th Street between Third and Second Avenues, in the company of some older Greek shipowning friends. After I left university, it was Elmo's every night except Sunday, because the owner, John Perona, was a strict Catholic. Otherwise the place had very little in common with religion in general and the Ten Commandments in particular. Adulterous affairs mostly began on the dance floor, while assignations were arranged in the long narrow hall leading to the gents' and ladies'. People coveted their neighbors' wives, lied like Hell about their finances, and I personally remember at least two cases of Elmo's regulars bearing false witness in a court of law.

The main room at El Morocco was zebra-striped, and the first table on the right as one came in was reserved for the biggest VIP, whoever that happened to be. The second most important table was John Perona's, across the room, and those who were invited to sit there had no tab. Needless to say, in those halcyon days, no ladies were invited to sit with the boys at the owner's table.

It is difficult to describe, especially during today's egalitarian night-times—full of zonked-out disco dwellers and pelvis-churning dummies—how truly glamorous the Elmo's crowd was. There were two orchestras, one that played mostly Porter and Gershwin, the other rumbas, sambas, and mambos. On a normal night Aristotle Socrates Onassis would be there, more often than not without his wife, Tina, who would come in later with the then young Reinaldo Herrera. Cee-zee Guest, among the most beautiful women in New York, was a regular, and at times she'd come in dressed in riding breeches and boots straight from the Madison Square Garden horse show. JFK, without Jackie, would come in and go straight to the Champagne Room in the back, where discretion was observed at all times, unlike in the front. The rich South American contingent would head for Elmo's as soon as they landed at Idlewild, as did every Hollywood star who knew how to pick up a fork and knife.

Errol Flynn would either sit at Perona's table or cruise the room. More often than not he was invited by some fool socialite to sit down, and nearly as often Errol would take off with the fool's wife or date. That is where I met him, but never had a chance to develop the friendship. Flynn died in

Taki Theodoracopulos, who writes the "High Life" column for The Spectator *in London, is the author of* Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*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1957, age fifty, from too much high life. At that time I was going rather steady with the beautiful Linda Christian, the actress once married to Tyrone Power, who had the annoying habit of flirting with other men while in my company. Although Linda was 15 years older, I was madly in love and wished to marry her. She would laugh at me and ask me what we would live on if my father objected. One night I walked into Elmo's and there she was, with my old man. They got along swimmingly. He pulled the same stunt with Joan Collins, too, whom I first met at El Morocco and followed all the way to Hollywood.

El Morocco died when the twist was born, and along with it died society as we knew it. In one of my last visits, the legendary polo playboy Porfirio Rubirosa threw a party to celebrate my wedding. He, too, died prematurely, in a car crash, returning from an all-night party in Paris the very next year, 1965, a party we had left together at 5 A.M.

Needless to say, there were other great nightclubs, some of which equaled Elmo's, such as New Jimmy's, on the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris, and L'Eléphant Blanc, also in the city of light. Both are long gone. This is the bad news. The good is that Annabel's, in London, still remains; in fact it's going better than ever. At 44 Berkeley Square, in Mayfair, it has now entered the language. One hears about the Annabel's of air travel, or the Annabel's of hotels. It has replaced Rolls Royce as a synonym of excellence. Owned by Mark Birley, son of Sir Oswald, the court painter, it resembles a grand country house, its walls covered with priceless paintings. Annabel's has the best staff in the world, and an exclusive membership. Still, it's just a nightclub, the perfect place to dine and dance, or to find adventure. A socialist British rag once wrote the following about my favorite nightclub: "Society is just another name for that mélange of aristocrats, pace-setters, and other rich overachievers who are forever exercising their money and power to get a good table at Annabel's."

Well, as always, the socialists got it wrong. Take, for example, the arbitrary way the one and only Mabel chooses the members of the Ladies' club. These are gentlemen who are allowed to go into Mabel's domain, the Ladies' room, and chat with Mabel or their girlfriends when there's a lull. The founding member was an Irish rugby player by the name of Tom Gallagher. His charm far exceeded his money and his station in life, yet there are hundreds of richer, grander, and more influential men whom Mabel would never allow to enter her portals. I value my membership in the Ladies' far more than those of my other clubs, as do the other five members. One of the pleasures of my life is to enter Annabel's. There are beautiful girls, perfect service, good food and drink, and—most important—no freaks, no grunge, no transvestites, no professional gays. For me, a poor little Greek boy, it's like entering Heaven. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Let the Sea Make a Noise: A History of the North Pacific from Magellan to MacArthur, by Walter A. McDougall (Basic, 848 pp., $30)

THIS BOOK about the struggle among Americans, Russians, and Japanese for the North Pacific is packed with wit, wisdom, and good writing. Mr. McDougall makes the reader smell the sea, the redwoods, and filthy Russian furtrappers wintering with Aleut women. He also exposes us to thoughts of insightful protagonists which go far beyond their place and time. The book consists of 63 snapshots of history, interspersed with 14 imagined conversations between the author and deceased diplomats of Japan, Russia, and the U.S., as well as the former queen of Hawaii and California's Father Junipero Serra. His characters speak with informal frankness, and Mr. McDougall manages this difficult technique with the right mixture of humor and seriousness. The book is important for understanding the changes that are about to take place in what has become the world's richest zone. America's Cold War against the Soviet Union allowed Japan (and China to a lesser degree) to enjoy peace and free trade without paying a price for them. Now, as America retreats from military responsibility and the defense of free trade, these Asian powers must decide how to treat one another—and Russia. Mr. McDougall shares the judgment he attributes to William Henry Seward: "It behooves the Yanks and the Japanese not to fall out but to help each other, and Russia as well." To understand why this is possible as well as desirable, read the book.

—ANGELO M. CODEVILLA

There's No Such Thing as Free Speech . . . and It's a Good Thing Too, by Stanley Fish (Oxford, 332 pp., $25)

NEED one read a book in order to review it? For several centuries, the answer seemed self-evidently affirmative. But what was once self-evident is now downright quaint. "No longer," reports post-modern literary critic Stanley Fish, "is it taken for granted that poems come first and interpretations of them second." In his latest work, a collection of essays on literary, legal, and political issues, Professor Fish writes with the braggadocio of an eight-year-old riding a bicycle: "Look, ma—no hands!" No fear of falling assails Mr. Fish: obstacles such as truth, fairness, and merit—in short, the conceptual hurdles that have tormented the rest of us since second grade—simply do not exist for him. The Truth, Mr. Fish argues, is unavoidably unavailable to "the darkened glasses of mortal man." (Of course, why Mr. Fish is entitled to certainty on this one point is profoundly unclear.) All arguments, even those wrapped in the garb of "objectivity," are inescapably "political." Right-wing critics of political correctness, Mr. Fish insists, simply aim to substitute one version of political correctness for another. Warren Christopher, take note: such sophisticated thinking qualifies Mr. Fish for a top-level post in the Clinton Administration.

—CRAIG LERNER

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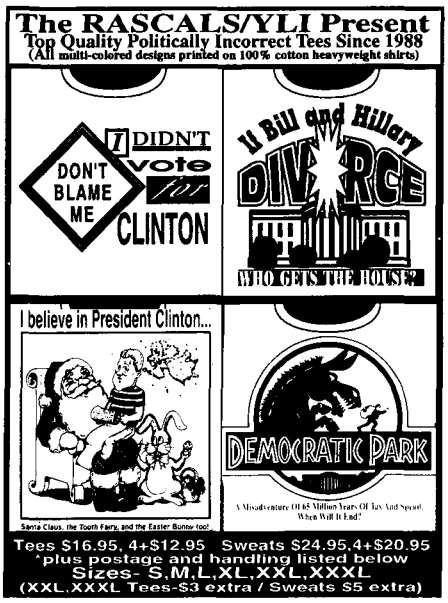
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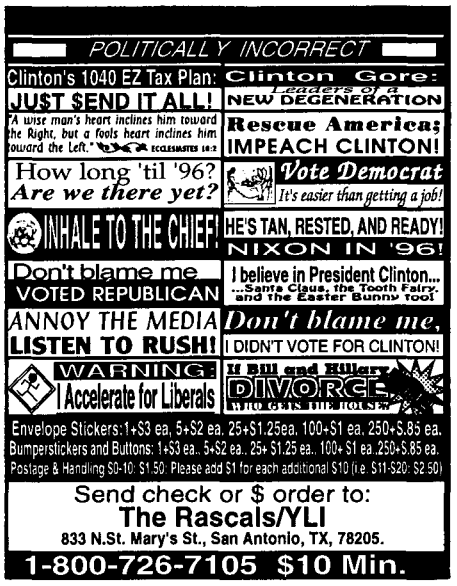
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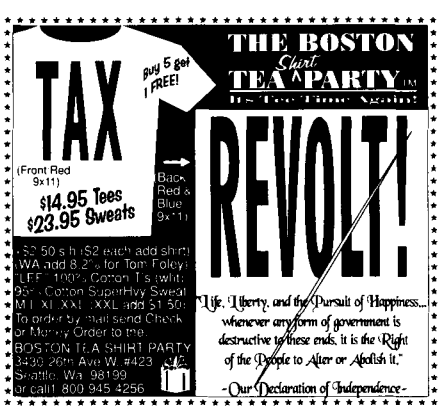
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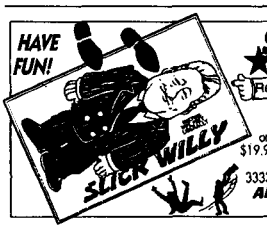

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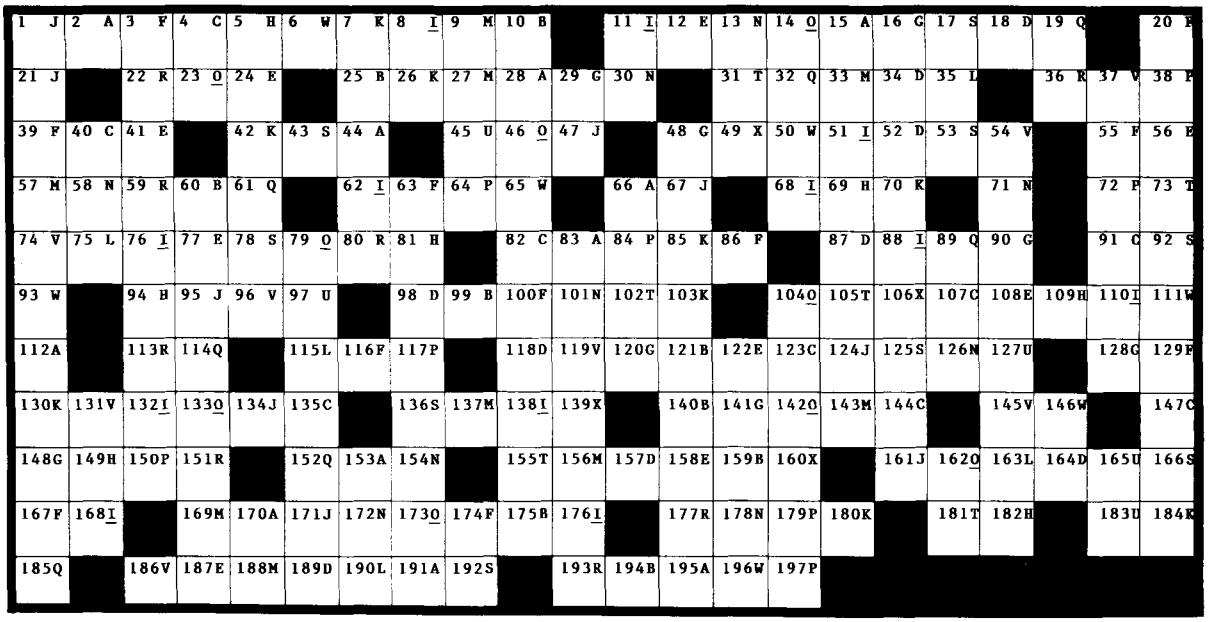
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Home of Providence (2 words) — 83 153 15 44 2 28 112 170 195 191 / 66

B. Topics of certain *NR* contests — 121 99 159 25 140 175 194 10 60

C. A monarch is one — 91 4 144 82 40 123 147 107 135

D. Like a lot of minority groups, politically — 98 87 164 52 189 34 157 18 118

E. Mackintoshes — 187 56 12 77 122 24 108 158 41

F. Closemouthed—literally — 129 20 167 116 39 55 63 100 3 174 / 86

G. Many — 48 141 120 90 16 148 29 128

H. Month with scariest last day — 69 109 94 182 5 81 149

I. Flu precautions — 11 88 8 62 51 168 138 132 110 76 / 68 176

J. Alaska seaport — 124 21 161 95 67 1 171 134 47

K. Kate, dressed up — 180 42 70 184 103 130 7 85 26

L. Shy — 115 75 163 190 35

M. Unplanned — 137 188 169 143 9 33 156 57 27

N. Ross Perot, in Graeco-Latin — 154 58 101 30 178 172 126 71 13

O. Jack London subject (2 words) — 23 46 79 14 133 104 162 173 142

P. Stressed — 38 179 150 84 72 64 117 197

Q. Feline litter — 89 32 152 61 185 114 19

R. Recessive oceanographic phenomena (2 words) — 151 193 177 22 113 80 59 36

S. Unaware — 92 53 78 166 136 125 17 43 192

T. Italian dishes — 155 105 102 181 73 31

U. Like certain feline remarks? — 127 165 183 45 97

V. Averred — 131 145 74 119 54 37 96 186

W. State-sponsored form of gambling — 6 146 93 50 111 196 65

X. Endure — 106 49 160 139

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. TOM TEEPEN: *The Real World*: "With the Cold War wraps off, the world is turning out to be hugely untidy . . . The world would not be better without us and we would not be safer trying to retire from it. That's impossible anyway. The nations are too interconnected."

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Perot vs. *Gore*

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12

Ross Perot uses arguments so transparently indefensible as to leave an urbane audience gasping. To the extent that he gets away with it, it is because of the confidence of his manner, the categorical enthusiasm he shows: for his points, for the way in which Ross Perot presents those points, and, above all, for Ross Perot himself.

The two novelties in the exchange with Al Gore had to do with Mexico's economic usefulness to the United States, and with something that came to be called the "social tariff."

Perot thought it useful to demean Mexico. He did this by macroeconomic condescension (Mexico's income is less than Ohio's) and by personal patronization (the dream of the Mexican is an outhouse). His point, as he gave it again and again, is that a poor country isn't worth trading with. "People who can't make anything, can't buy anything."

Al Gore missed an opportunity that seems pretty obvious. He was anxious to demonstrate that, under NAFTA, more Americans would get work. He cited car consumption in Mexico but didn't stress that part of the story that most efficiently dispatched Perot's derogations. Said Gore: Last year, Mexicans purchased 750,000 automobiles, but only 1,000 of these were made by the Big Three in Detroit. Gore's point was that, under NAFTA, Mexico would need to relax, and in due course abolish, those restrictions that keep Mexicans from buying American cars.

But the point to stress, surely, was that a nation that can buy 750,000 automobiles is a nation with palpable economic resources. In six years, Mexico has traveled from a trade surplus of $5 billion (i.e., Mexico was selling more than it was buying from America) to a trade deficit of $5 billion (i.e., Mexico is now buying more from the U.S. than selling). One billion dollars of purchases from America generates 22,000 jobs. So that already, we can see 100,000 American jobs dependent on Mexican patronage.

To the extent that Perot permitted himself to consider the point, it was to insist that U.S. goods going to Mexico are there only transiently. If a U.S. manufacturer ships a carload of fabric to be stitched into shirts by Mexican workers and sent back to sell to U.S. purchasers, it is correct to say that the ultimate sale is to an American, not to a Mexican. But the fabric producers in America, and the retailers who go on to sell the shirts, are in business because of the economic intervention of the Mexican stitchers. And the economic calculations are based on the value of the goods Mexican stitchers can buy from America with the income they receive for their work.

The most curious point is Perot's newfound indignation at the very idea that the United States would trade with a country which has been a one-party state more or less forever, and doesn't have human-rights or ecological practices that meet U.S. standards.

Can Perot mean it?

It is inconceivable that he should. The social tariff of Ross Perot would mean an immediate end to trade with all of Africa, with China, and, as of about ten years ago, with all of Latin America. We would immediately cease trading with the Middle East, except Israel.

Perot is here attempting to appropriate the sympathy of the human-rights crowd. It happened that he took this tack the very day that one human-rights organization pointed out that a thousand Haitian children are starving every day on account of the blockade we have imposed on economic traffic. At this point the U.S. refuses to trade with only three dictatorships: Cuba's, North Korea's, and Vietnam's. It would have been nice if the Vice President had asked Perot how many Americans would lose their jobs after we effected his social tariff.

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The end of the colloquy was damaged by the manifestly rehearsed perorations. But even though Gore had pre-framed his ending, it nevertheless communicated the truth, which is that NAFTA is an important moment in U.S. history, and that to reject it would give out emanations comparable to Smoot–Hawley in 1930. It is a pity that there should be congressional hesitation at such a moment, but appropriate that Ross Perot should emerge as the principal advocate of the negative vote on NAFTA. □

New York and Race

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 8

New York City is attempting to assimilate the political event of a week ago. It is discouraging that so many commentators appear to rely on the race question as the key to a true understanding of the city. And in doing so, they encourage others to think in the same tender.

Sober citizens were understandably exercised when President Clinton, in town to urge the re-election of David Dinkins last month, suggested that hostility to his re-election was traceable to race prejudice. That maddened a lot of New York voters, who were entitled to think: What does this Rhodes Scholar redneck, hailing from a state into which we had to send the army of the United States to bring about integration in the schools, know about race relations in New York? After all, if white New York were consolidated against a black candidate for mayor, then how did Mr. Dinkins make it the first time around? And then a quiet fury builds up in the brainpan of the discriminating voter who, having spent time and exercised conscientious judgment, ends up convinced that Giuliani is a better bet—only to see himself classified, by the Clinton code, as a racist.

The striking aspect of the voting wasn't the split white vote, but the solid black vote. It isn't reasonable to doubt that there were white voters who went against Dinkins because he is black. But how to account for the motives of black New Yorkers? They voted for him 95 per cent. It is too easy to avoid discomfort here by saying simply that, traditionally, blacks vote for Democrats. That Basic Law of Political Demography doesn't account, e.g., for 60 per cent of black voters choosing Republican Governor Kean in

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New Jersey, or 13 per cent voting for Republican Richard Nixon in 1972.

Add to this that Mr. Dinkins was not judged to have dealt successfully with critical episodes. His indecisiveness in Crown Heights, where for the first time since the death of Hitler someone was killed simply because he was Jewish, was not exemplary. And it continues to appall that he did nothing to discourage, let alone disrupt, a boycott by blacks of a Korean grocer. These two acts did a lot to undermine Mr. Dinkins's claim as the obvious choice to preside over inter-ethnic harmony in New York.

And then of course New York City has a great deal to worry about that has nothing whatever to do with race relations. The Republicans nominated a candidate who twice remarked his ambition to live up to the standards of former mayor John Lindsay. It is rewarding to recall what this signified to the New Yorker worried about the three principal concerns of the city, which are taxes, crime, and education. Mr. Lindsay was opposed in 1965 by the Conservative candidate (me) on the grounds that the differences between his program and that of Democratic candidate Abraham Beame were undiscernible. The allegation was ratified six years later when, having lost the primary to a conservative Republican, Lindsay changed his affiliation, and took shelter where he really belonged—with the Democrats.

The point being that Mr. Giuliani made concessions to liberal New York prejudices (e.g., rent control) while doing less to inspire conservative enthusiasm. The Conservative Party candidate, George Marlin, was all but ignored, and the reason for this became, finally, clear: Enough New Yorkers feared that four more years of fiscal slide under Mayor Dinkins had to be resisted at any cost, and that, *pace* Hamlet, New Yorkers were not better off bearing the ills they had, than flying to others that they knew not of.

Mr. Giuliani made extravagant gestures, immediately on his election, to reassure black leaders and their constituents that he would continue to place a high value on race relations. Mr. G. is a competent human being, very good at training his attention on the job at hand. What his problem will be is harnessing the forces required in order to do something about a city in an advanced stage of decomposition. The statistics on New York are pretty dismaying, identifying it as the great sanctuary of high taxation, bureaucratic engorgement, and bad education. In order to accost these problems, let alone that of crime, Giuliani will need to do the kind of thing that affronts standard liberal priorities. Dinkins turned out to be the first black mayor of a major city who failed to win re-election. Giuliani could face his own problem, in 1997. Maybe one day a New York mayor immobilized by the bureaucracy will simply resign, announce his intention to move to New Hampshire, and tell the voters to take time away from their racial ululations, grow up, and then vote in a reform government. □

Feelgoodism In New York

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22

In early October 1976, the word reached the Catholic Chancery in New York that Democratic candidate Jimmy Carter had no plans to attend the annual Alfred E. Smith Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. He might as well have said that he had other plans and could not attend his inauguration as President. Not only the New York establishment but the political establishment in general descended on the disoriented peanut farmer running for President: Politicians do not pass up the Al Smith Dinner. It is a rite of passage absoutely required. And the pressure isn't generated only by Catholic interests, although the Catholic cardinal always presides. The dinner, the 48th of which was held last week, is designed to raise money for Catholic and Jewish charities, and extravagant pains are taken on the one hand to observe the formal Christian symbols (benediction is said), but on the other hand to observe the ecumenical imperative. The hundred-odd guests sitting on the dais are rigorously bipartisan.

The most visible candidates are always there. Each guest, as he mounts the dais, is introduced by name, much as if he were attending a state dinner at Buckingham Palace, and the thousand guests vary slightly the intensity of their applause. Political ears were sharply tuned on Thursday last because the three candidates for mayor of New York came in: Mr. David Dinkins, Mr. Rudolph Giuliani, and Mr. George Marlin. There was special electricity in the air because, incredibly, Candidates Giuliani and Marlin had never so much as shaken hands. The reason for this is that Giuliani's tacticians quite correctly decided that he should avoid any debate in which Mr. Marlin figured, for the simple reason that Marlin is more appealing to the hard right wing in New York. Accordingly, the reasoning goes, any debate featuring all three candidates would move votes from the Republican Giuliani to the Conservative Marlin. Why should Giuliani invite such traffic?

It was at first surprising, though on afterthought less so, that when Edward Koch's name was blared out the applause was especially intense. Surprising because retired politicians in New York fade from the headlines almost as fast as retired Presidents. It was my lot to be seated between George Marlin and Rudy Giuliani, as a buffer, presumably, though their brief exchanges were entirely civil. But it was explained to me that the applause for Koch was not only because he is a popular personality, but because it was generally acknowledged that the person who beat him in the Democratic primary (in 1989 he was fighting for a fourth term) became a mayor far less effective than Koch.

The cardinal, with his sonorous and mellifluous voice, introduced Senator Dole with the usual hyperboles (hyperbole blossoms at Al Smith Dinners). The crowd anticipated a barrel of fun for several reasons. For one, Dole is a truly amusing natural wit, moreover one whose voice perfectly accompanies that wit. For another, he is the toughest partisan on the street. Hubert Humphrey was that way: but like Humphrey at Al Smith Dinners, Dole chose to take the high road.

What did he say about the Clinton health bill? Guess. He said that it should be very carefully considered, because it is much harder to correct bad legislation after it becomes law. What else? Well, he said, he remembered that one day his hero, General Eisenhower, was walking early in the morning along the Rhine, just before the final offensive against the Nazis, and he spotted a young soldier doing the same thing. Ike approached the GI and asked what he was thinking about. What he was thinking about, said the soldier, who did not recognize his commander, was the grave days ahead. Replied Ike: That's what he too was thinking about. You got to hand it to Bob Dole. He can give a speech that would go over just as well before an assembly of all Democrats, all Republicans, or all Trotskyists. Maybe not all-Nazis would have liked this one.

The cardinal pronounced the speech the equivalent of Lincoln's Third Inaugural Address.

I exaggerate. But the Al Smith Dinners are a great institution, and they aren't the place to go if you are in the mood to alienate anybody. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Time Capsule

THEY SAY a drowning person sees his whole life flash before him as he goes down for the third time. The feminization of America is having the same effect on me.

The chain of reasoning in date-rape cases brings back my grandmother's lecture on the proper way for a lady to walk past a barbershop.

"Always look straight ahead. If you look in, the men will think you're looking in."

"But if I looked in, I *would* be looking in."

"Yes, but not really."

Whenever I watch debates about women in combat, I begin hurtling through time the moment a worried general utters the words "male bonding" and "unit cohesion." The brass had better worry; anyone who has ever been in a girls' gym class has heard a snippy little voice say, "I'm not going to throw the ball to *her*."

Dee Dee Myers's disjointed press briefings? I am back once more in a Fifties dorm, listening to a panicky coed as she tries to figure out when her last period started.

"It's my middle, but it isn't really my middle because it's February, and that messes everything up because it's so short. I think it was the day you traded that green sack dress you hated for Flo's blue shrug—no, no, wait a minute, it was *before* that, because Flo wore the shrug to the movies the night I had cramps. What movie did we see? If I knew that, I could call the theater and find out when it played. Oh, I know! It was the one where Deborah Kerr saved the boy from being a sissy—no, no, wait! I take that back. It was the one where Charlton Heston was Andrew Jackson, and Yul Brynner did . . . um, something, I forget what, and there was this big battle."

Just about everything brings back memories of how I got started in writing. The 2,476th feature on mammograms, the 4,728th segment on unwed mothers, the eternal "special" hosted by Connie Chung, Meryl Streep's face as she discusses her "films"—expose me to any one of these and I will start reciting verbatim from the 1958 *Writer's Market*:

> True-confessions stories must be about subjects of interest to women: marital discord, adultery, problem children, alcoholism, insecurity, anxiety, depression, nervous breakdowns, accidents, illness, surgery, and sudden death. Upbeat ending essential. No humor; our readers take life seriously. Length 3,000 to 5,000; payment 5 cents per word. Enclose SASE.

The first story I sold was called, "I Committed Adultery in a Diabetic Coma." I think of it every time a Women's Health Special Supplement falls out of the newspaper.

The feminization of America has progressed so far that sometimes I have a hard time telling whether I'm watching the news on CNN or a three-hankie weeper on American Movie Classics. Barry Goldwater's sudden espousal of gay rights, or Barbara Stanwyck yearning for social approval? George Bush sabotaging himself to preserve his "place in history," or Lana Turner agonizing over What People Will Think? The scandal-tainted politician who decides to retire "to spend more time with my family," or Joan Crawford growling, "I'll do anything for those kids, you hear me, anything"?

It's especially confusing to watch old movies in the era of apologies. A nation so nice-nellied that it sees nothing odd about apologizing for homeless gypsies has only one apology left, and we just used it. In October, the Senate passed a resolution apologizing to Hawaii for overthrowing Queen Liliuokalani in 1893. It finally happened: we apologized to ourselves. Is that Joan Fontaine cringing through *Rebecca* or not?

I FOUND myself aboard another time capsule when the Houston Oilers fined football star David Williams for skipping out on a game in order to attend the birth of his child. The Sensitivity Patrol led by Anna Quindlen flew into the usual hysterical rage, but I flew back to the 1940s and sat on the floor beside our huge Philco console with my ear pressed against the brocaded vent so as not to miss a word of *Abbott & Costello*.

This particular show was as wonderfully wacky as the others. Not once did Lou Costello give any indication that anything was wrong. Not until the next day did we learn that he had gone on the air only hours after receiving word that his son had drowned. No one called him "insensitive" for leaving his wife alone while he made the whole country laugh; in the flood of admiring editorials that followed, one word stood out: "trouper."

The feminization of America has made emotions sacrosanct while condemning as cold and unfeeling rigorous concepts such as duty and honor. Propelled by incessant hosannas to woman's "finer" this and "softer" that, we make emotional decisions instead of ethical ones and congratulate ourselves for having "heart."

We need to get a grip on ourselves while there's still time. A bracing antidote to feminization is Mary Wollstonecraft, the Ur-feminist of the rational eighteenth century, who knew that political correctness is nothing more than female touchiness writ large. Said she: "I wish to persuade women to endeavor to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness." —FLORENCE KING

"Cut down on eating, drinking, and especially *being merry."*

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